

THE MYSTERY OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM

The Fitzroy Edition of
JULES VERNE

Edited by I. O. Evans



A FLOATING CITY
THE BEGUM'S FORTUNE
FIVE WEEKS IN A BALLOON
DROPPED FROM THE
CLOUDS
THE SECRET OF THE ISLAND
MICHAEL STROGOFF
THE DEMON OF CAWNPORE
TIGERS AND TRAITORS
FROM THE EARTH TO THE
MOON
ROUND THE MOON
INTO THE NIGER BEND
THE CITY IN THE SAHARA
PROPELLER ISLAND
THE MYSTERY OF ARTHUR
GORDON PYM
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE
SEA
AT THE NORTH POLE
JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE
OF THE EARTH

The Mystery of Arthur Gordon Pym

by

EDGAR ALLAN POE

and

JULES VERNE

Devised and Introduced by
BASIL ASHMORE



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INTRODUCTION

IT IS regrettable that one of Poe's finest tales has been out-of-print for many years, for *The Strange Adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym* is guaranteed to win the admiration of all who dearly love a novel with a plot. And what a plot this is! Utterly unlike the elegaic languors of *Eleanor* or the frenzied Gothic splendours of *The Masque of the Red Death* it still manages to burn with a weird inner fire, so typical of Poe when he was really inspired. Superficially this tale is told with a journalistic directness that reminds the reader of Defoe. We are given minutely detailed descriptions of a strange sea voyage, related with a stern restraint that heightens realism. The over-all effect makes one feel that Poe once, surely, suffered similar adventures himself; that we are listening to a new and wilder Ancient Mariner who holds us with a glittering eye. If the truth be told, of course, Poe's two sea voyages were completely uneventful crossings of the Atlantic. The source of his inspiration can be traced to the careful assimilation of a Journal by Benjamin Morell and a lecture given by Jeremiah Reynolds in 1836.

Yet those with some knowledge of Poe's life will soon discover that this novel contains far more than a journalistic retelling of an old sea journal. It is, in fact, nothing less his own allegorical autobiography. The very title shows that a symbolical likeness to the protagonist was at the back of the authors mind when he began to write. The syllables Arthur Gordon Pym and Edgar Allan Poe have an obvious resemblance. In the opening chapters there is a parallel with his early life, the relationship between young Pym and his grandfather is remarkably like that between young Poe and his adopted father. Pym's escape to sea is probably an oblique reference to Poe's escape from a life of commerce and there are many other references which interested students may find for themselves. It is sufficient to point out the end of the tale where a helpless boat rushes down to an abyss from which there is no obvious escape. This symbol of the boat and the abyss was used in every tale he ever wrote about the sea! It obviously had a deep significance for one whose life was always beset by misfortune and who saw little hope of escape from misery in the future.

Symbols and autobiographical significance, however, at a point-

less if a work of fiction may not be enjoyed for its own sake. And all who wish to read for sheer entertainment need have no misgivings. Seek for symbols, or ignore them, you will always be held by the power and sheer dramatic force of Poe's narration. Few landsmen could describe the ocean and win praise from Joseph Conrad, yet the author of *Typhoon*, writing about this novel, said: "This is as fine a piece of work as anything of the kind could be! It is so authentic, though fantastic, that it might have been written by a real sailor of sombre and poetic genius." By an odd, macabre co-incidence Pym's agony at sea was actually re-lived on the authors death-bed. Poe imagined that he *was* Pym, lying imprisoned in the hold. And he called incessantly for Pym's friend to rescue him, imagining as in the book that he was dying of thirst.

The one real weakness of the story lies in the conclusion. In the last few pages Poe discards realism and plunges into fantasy. The end certainly strengthens the case for regarding the work as a personal allegory. Subconsciously the motives behind the story-telling gained the upperhand. Symbolism became too obvious and any artistic completion of the novel seemed impossible. How could the poet possibly complete a tale which described a journey he himself had yet to make? We are therefore left with the despairing image of the doomed boat, the rush to the abyss and the strange hooded form.*

This can surely be the only reason why Poe's one novel has been unobtainable for many years. Standing on its own it presents a tantalising fragment. Few authors have the gift or the audacity to attempt a completion of another man's work. Fortunately the present writer recently discovered that the great Jules Verne *had*, in fact, once provided a solution in a full-length sequel! Yet this was itself unknown to British readers, having merely appeared in this country as a serial in a nineteenth century *Boys Own Annual*. The two works are therefore now included in a single volume and will probably be read by many for the first time. A change in style may possibly be noted on leaving the American poet for the French novelist. But Verne deserves our admiration for the way he re-creates the weird imaginative atmosphere of the earlier work. Even more praiseworthy is the manner in which he has managed to gather the tangled skeins of the original plot, completion and rationalised the final section which many writers would have preferred to ignore. For this, at least, he has earned the right to an equal place as the co-author of this striking novel.

BASIL ASHMORE

*As it happens there is an actual legend in the Solomon Islands which bears a strange resemblance to Poe's imaginative ending. The Islanders apparently believed that if a boat sailed too far to lee-ward it entered a realm of horror where the sea began to run down-hill and invisible voices called out "Lost, lost, lost," while a monstrous white fish lurked to snatch the traveller in his jaws. If the unfortunate man passed this spot he would then enter a zone of fire where great green bubbles burst up from the depths and invisible voices screamed for fear of an unseen "Thing" which they alone could see. The boat was then whirled further downward to a mighty cauldron where it paused for a moment before taking a last terrible leap, and in the dreadful silence the single voice of a lonely bird called "*I kavaa, I kavaa*". After which the boat would plunge over the edge of the abyss and down into everlasting darkness!

THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM OF NANTUCKET

IN THIS SECTION JULIUS VIRNI GIVFS A BRIEF SUMMARY OF THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF EDGAR POE'S NARRATIVE:

The story is told by the principal character. Arthur Pym states in the preface that on his return from his voyage to the Antarctic seas he met, among the Virginian gentlemen who took an interest in geographical discovery, Edgar Poe, who was then editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger* at Richmond, and that he authorized the latter to publish the first part of his adventures in that journal "under the cloak of fiction." That portion having been favourably received, a volume containing the complete narrative was issued with the signature of Edgar Poe.

Arthur Gordon Pym was born at Nantucket. . . . Having left school, he formed a friendship with one Augustus Barnard, the son of a ship's captain. This youth, who was eighteen, had already accompanied his father on a whaling expedition in the southern seas, and his yarns concerning that maritime adventure fired the imagination of Arthur Pym. Thus it was that the association of these youths gave rise to Pym's irresistible vocation to adventurous voyaging, and to the instinct that especially attracted him towards the high zones of the Antarctic region. The first exploit of Augustus Barnard and Arthur Pym was an excursion on board a little sloop, the *Ariel*, a two-decked boat which belonged to the Pym family. One evening the two youths, both being very tipsy, embarked secretly, in cold October weather, and boldly set sail in a strong breeze from the south-west. The *Ariel*, aided by the ebb-tide, had already lost sight of land when a violent storm arose. The imprudent young fellows were still intoxicated. No one was at the helm, not a reef in the sail. The masts were carried away by the furious gusts, and the wreck was carried helplessly before the wind. Then came a great ship which passed over the *Ariel* as the *Ariel* would have passed over a floating feather.

Arthur Pym gives the fullest details of the rescue of his companion and himself after this collision, under conditions of ex-

treme difficulty. At length, thanks to the second officer of the *Penguin*, from New London, which arrived on the scene of the catastrophe, the comrades were picked up, with life all but extinct, and taken back to Nantucket.

Their first adventure had not cooled the two youths, and eight months after the affair of the *Ariel*—June, 1827—the brig *Grampus* was fitted out . . . for whaling in the southern seas. This brig was an old ill-repaired craft, and Mr. Barnard, the father of Augustus, was her skipper. His son, who was to accompany him on the voyage, strongly urged Arthur to go with him, and the latter would have asked nothing better, but he knew that his family, and especially his mother, would never consent to let him go.

This obstacle, however, could not stop a youth not much given to submit to the wishes of his parents. His head was full of the entreaties and persuasion of his companion, and he determined to embark secretly on the *Grampus*, for Mr. Barnard would not have authorized him to defy the prohibition of his family. He announced that he had been invited to pass a few days with a friend at New Bedford, took leave of his parents and left his home. Forty-eight hours before the brig was to sail, he slipped on board unperceived, and got into a hiding-place which had been prepared for him unknown alike to Mr. Barnard and the crew.

The cabin occupied by Augustus communicated by a trap-door with the hold of the *Grampus*, which was crowded with barrels, bales, and the innumerable components of a cargo. Through the trap-door Arthur Pym reached his hiding-place, which was a huge wooden chest with a sliding side. This chest contained a mattress, blankets, a jar of water, ship's biscuit, smoked sausage, a roast quarter of mutton, a few bottles of cordials and liqueurs, and also writing materials. Arthur Pym, supplied with a lantern, candles, and tinder, remained three days and nights in this retreat. Augustus Barnard had not been able to visit him until just before the *Grampus* set sail.

An hour later, Arthur Pym began to feel the rolling and pitching of the brig. He felt very uncomfortable in the chest, so he got out of it, and in the darkness while holding on to a rope which was stretched across the hold to his friend's cabin, he was violently sea-sick in the midst of the chaos. Then he crept back into his chest, ate, and fell asleep.

Several days elapsed without the reappearance of Augustus Barnard. Either he had not been able to get down into the hold again, or he had not ventured to do so, fearing to betray the

presence of Arthur Pym, and thinking the moment for confessing everything to his father had not yet come.

Arthur Pym, meanwhile, was beginning to suffer from the hot and vitiated atmosphere of the hold. Terrible nightmares troubled his sleep. He was conscious of raving, and in vain sought some place among the mass of the cargo where he might breathe a little more easily. In one of these fits of delirium he imagined that he was gripped in the claws of an African lion, and in a paroxysm he was about to betray himself by screaming when he lost consciousness. The fact is that he was not dreaming at all. It was not a lion that Arthur Pym felt crouching upon his chest, it was his own dog, Tiger, a young Newfoundland. The animal had been smuggled on board by Augustus Barnard. . . . At the moment of Arthur's coming out of his swoon the faithful Tiger was licking his feet and hands with lavish affection.

Now the prisoner had a companion. Unfortunately the said companion had drunk the contents of the water jar while Arthur was unconscious, and when he felt thirsty he discovered there was "not a drop to drink!" His lantern had gone out during his prolonged faint; he could not find the lantern and tinder-box, and he then resolved to join Augustus Barnard at all hazards. He came out of the chest, and, although faint from inanition and trembling with weakness, he felt his way in the direction of the trap-door by means of the rope. But, while he was approaching, one of the bales of cargo, shifted by the rolling of the ship, fell down and blocked up the passage. With immense but quite useless exertion he contrived to get over this obstacle, for when he reached the trap-door under Augustus Barnard's cabin he failed to raise it, and on slipping the blade of his knife through one of the joints he found that a heavy mass of iron was placed upon the trap, as though it were intended to condemn him beyond hope. He had to renounce his attempt and drag himself back towards his chest, on which he fell, exhausted, while Tiger covered him with caresses.

The master and the dog were desperately thirsty, and when Arthur stretched out his hand, he found Tiger lying on his back, with his paws up and his hair on end. He then felt Tiger all over, and his hand encountered a string passed round the dog's body. A strip of paper was fastened to the string under his left shoulder.

Arthur Pym had reached the last stage of weakness. Intelligence was almost extinct. However, after several fruitless attempts to procure a light, he succeeded in rubbing the paper with a little phosphorus . . . and then by a glimmer that lasted less than a

second he discerned just seven words at the end of a sentence. Terrifying words these were: *blood—remain hidden—life depends on it.*

What did these words mean? Let us consider the situation of Arthur Pym, at the bottom of a ship's hold, between the planks of a chest, without light, without water, with only strong liquor to quench his thirst. And this warning to remain hidden, preceded by the word "blood"—that supreme word, king of words, so full of mystery, of suffering, of terror! Had there been strife on board the *Grampus*? Had the brig been attacked by pirates? Had the crew mutinied? How long had this state of things lasted?

As Arthur Pym lay stretched upon his mattress, incapable of thought, in a sort of lethargy he suddenly became aware of a singular sound, a sort of continuous whistling breathing. It was Tiger panting, Tiger with eyes that glared in the midst of the darkness, Tiger with gnashing teeth, Tiger gone mad. Another moment and the dog had sprung upon Arthur Pym, who, wound up to the highest pitch of horror, recovered sufficient strength to ward off his fangs. Wrapping around himself a blanket which Tiger had torn with his white teeth, he slipped out of the chest, and shut the sliding door upon the snapping and struggling brute.

Arthur Pym contrived to slip through the stowage in the hold, but his head swam, and falling against a bale, he let his knife fall from his hand.

Just as he felt himself breathing his last he heard his name pronounced, and a bottle of water was held to his lips. He swallowed the whole of its contents, and experienced the most exquisite of pleasures.

A few minutes later, Augustus Barnard, seated with his comrade in a corner of the hold, told him all that had occurred on board the brig.

ARTHUR PYM NOW TELLS THE STORY AS HE HEARD IT FROM HIS FRIEND.

Augustine had called to me at first in a low voice and without closing the trap—but I made him no reply. He then shut the trap, and spoke to me in a louder, and finally in a very loud tone. Still I continued to snore. He was now at a loss what to do. It would take him some time to make his way through the lumber to my box, and in the meanwhile his absence would be noticed by

Captain Barnard, who had occasion for his services every minute in arranging and copying papers connected with the business of the voyage. He determined, therefore, upon reflection, to ascend and await another opportunity of visiting me. He was the more easily induced to this resolve, as my slumber appeared to be of the most tranquil nature, and he could not suppose that I had undergone any inconvenience from my incarceration. He had just made up his mind on these points when his attention was arrested by an unusual bustle, the sound of which proceeded apparently from the cabin. He sprang through the trap as quickly as possible, closed it, and threw open the door of his state-room. No sooner had he put his foot over the threshold than a pistol flashed in his face, and he was knocked down at the same moment by a blow from a handspike.

A strong hand held him on the cabin-floor, with a tight grasp upon his throat; still he was able to see what was going on around him. His father was tied hand and foot, lying along the steps of the companionway, with his head down, and a deep wound in the forehead, from which the blood was flowing in a continued stream. He spoke not a word, and was apparently dying. Over him stood the first mate, eyeing him with an expressing of fiendish derision, and deliberately searching his pockets, from which he presently drew forth a large wallet and a chronometer. Seven of the crew (among whom was the cook, a negro) were rummaging the state-rooms on the larboard for arms, where they soon equipped themselves with muskets and ammunition. Besides Augustus and Captain Barnard, there were nine men altogether in the cabin, and these among the most ruffianly of the brig's company. The villains now went upon deck, taking my friend with them, after having secured his arms behind his back. They proceeded straight to the fore-castle, which was fastened down—two of the mutineers standing by with axes—two also at the main hatch. The mate called out in a loud voice—"Do you heard there below? tumble up with you, one by one—now, mark that—and no grumbling!" It was some minutes before any one appeared;—at last an Englishman, who had shipped as a raw hand, came up, weeping pitiously, and entreating the mate, in the most humble manner, to spare his life. The only reply was a blow on the forehead from an axe. The poor fellow fell to the deck without a groan, and the black cook lifted him up in his arms as he would a child, and tossed him deliberately into the sea. Hearing the blow and the plunge of the body, the men below could not now be induced to venture on deck either by threats or promises, until a proposition was made

to smoke them out. A general rush then ensued, and for a moment it seemed possible that the brig might be retaken. The mutineers however, succeeded at last in closing the forecastle effectually before more than six of their opponents could get up. These six, finding themselves so greatly outnumbered and without arms, submitted after a brief struggle. The mate gave them fair words—no doubt with a view to inducing those below to yield, for they had no difficulty in hearing all that was said on deck. The result proved his sagacity, no less than his diabolical villainy. All in the forecastle presently signified their intention of submitting, and ascending one by one, were pinioned and thrown on their backs, together with the first six—there being, in all of the crew who were not concerned in the mutiny, twenty-seven.

A scene of the most horrible butchery ensued. The bound seamen were dragged to the gangway. Here the cook stood with an axe, striking each victim on the head as he was forced over the side of the vessel by the other mutineers. In this manner twenty-two perished, and Augustus had given himself up for lost, expecting every moment his own turn to come next. But it seemed that the villains were now either weary, or in some measure disgusted with their bloody labour, for the four remaining prisoners together with my friend, who had been thrown on the deck with the rest, were respited while the mate sent below for rum, and the whole murderous party held a drunken carouse, which lasted until sunset. They now fell to disputing over the fate of the survivors, who lay not more than four paces off, and could distinguish every word said. Upon some of the mutineers the liquor appeared to have a softening effect, for several voices were heard in favour of releasing the captives altogether on condition they joined the mutiny and shared the profits. The black cook, however (who in all respects was a perfect demon, and who seemed to exert as much influence, if not more, than the mate himself), would listen to no proposition of the kind, and rose repeatedly for the purpose of resuming his work at the gangway. Fortunately he was so far overcome by intoxication as to be easily restrained by the less blood-thirsty of the party, among whom was a line-manager, who went by the name of Dirk Peters. This man was the son of an Indian woman of the tribe of Upsarokas, who live among the fastnesses of the Black Hills, near the source of the Missouri. His father was a fur-trader, I believe, or at least connected in some manner with the Indian trading-posts on Lewis river. Peters himself was one of the most ferocious-looking men I ever beheld. He was short in stature, not more than four feet

eight inches high, but his limbs were of Herculean mould. His hands, especially, were so enormously thick and broad as hardly to retain a human shape. His arms, as well as legs, were bowed in the most singular manner, and appeared to possess no flexibility whatever. His head was equally deformed, being of immense size, with an indentation on the crown (like that on the head of most negroes), and entirely bald. To conceal this latter deficiency, which did not proceed from old age, he usually wore a wig formed of any hair-like material which presented itself—occasionally the skin of a Spanish dog or American grizzly bear. At the time spoken of he had on a portion of one of these bear-skins, and it added no little to the natural ferocity of his countenance, which betook of the Upsaroka character. The mouth extended nearly from ear to ear; the lips were thin, and seemed, like some other portions of his frame, to be devoid of natural pliancy, so that the ruling expression never varied under the influence of any emotion whatever. This ruling expression may be conceived when it is considered that the teeth were exceedingly long and protruding, and never even partially covered in any instance by the lips. On passing this man with a casual glance one might imagine him to be convulsed with laughter, but a second look would induce a shuddering acknowledgment that if such an expression were indicative of merriment, the merriment must be that of a demon. Of this singular being many anecdotes were prevalent among the seafaring men of Nantucket. These anecdotes went to prove his prodigious strength when under excitement, and some of them had given rise to a doubt of his sanity. But on board the *Grampus* it seems he was regarded at the time of the mutiny with feelings more of derision than anything else. I have been thus particular in speaking of Dirk Peters, because, ferocious as he appeared, he proved the main instrument in preserving the life of Augustus, and because I shall have frequent occasion to mention him hereafter in the course of my narrative—a narrative, let me here say, which, in its latter portions, will be found to include incidents of a nature so entirely out of the range of human experience, and for this reason, so far beyond the limits of human credulity, that I proceed in utter hopelessness of obtaining credence for all that I shall tell, yet confidently trusting in time and progressing science to verify some of the most important and most improbable of my statements.

After much indecision and two or three violent quarrels, it was determined at last that all the prisoners (with the exception of Augustus, whom Peters insisted in a jocular manner upon keep-

This note Arthur Pym had received. Just as he had arrived at the last extremity of distress his friend reached him.

Tiger was not mad. He was only suffering from terrible thirst and soon recovered when it was relieved.

Augustus added that discord reigned between the mutineers. . . . The half-breed continued to be very friendly with him, so that he began to wonder whether the man might not be counted on in an attempt to regain possession of the ship.

They were just thirty days out when, on July 4, an angry dispute arose among the mutineers. . . . Then a terrible storm arose, and raged until July 9. . . . Next day, a man named Rogers died in convulsions, and, beyond all doubt, of poison. . . .

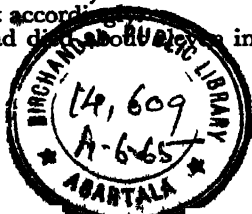
There was not an hour to lose. The half-breed having informed Augustus that the moment for action had come, the latter told him the truth about Arthur Pym.

A tempest was raging, and presently a gust of irresistible force struck the *Grampus* and flung her on her side, so that on righting herself she shipped a tremendous sea, and there was considerable confusion on board. This offered a favourable opportunity for beginning the struggle, although the mutineers had made peace among themselves. The latter numbered nine men, while the half-breed's party consisted only of himself, Augustus Barnard, and Arthur Pym. As he possessed only two pistols and a hanger, it was necessary to act with prudence.

ARTHUR PYM TAKES UP THE STORY ONCE MORE.

By good fortune I at length hit upon the idea of working upon the superstitious terrors and guilty conscience of the mate. It will be remembered that one of the crew, Hartman Rogers, had died during the morning, having been attacked two days before with spasms after drinking some spirits and water. Peters had expressed to us his opinion that this man had been poisoned by the mate, and for this belief he had reasons, so he said, which were incontrovertible, but which he could not be prevailed upon to explain to us—this wayward refusal being only in keeping with other points of his singular character. But whether or not he had any better grounds for suspecting the mate than we had ourselves, we were easily led to fall in with his suspicion, and determined to act accordingly.

Rogers had died about noon in the forenoon, in violent con-



vulsions; and the corpse presented, within a few minutes of death, one of the most horrid and loathsome spectacles I ever remembered to have seen. The stomach was swollen immensely, like that of a man who has been drowned and lain under water for many weeks. The hands were in the same condition, while the face was shrunken, shrivelled, and of a chalky whiteness, except where relieved by two or three glaring red splotches, like those occasioned by erysipelas; one of these splotches extended diagonally across the face, completely covering up an eye as if with a band of red velvet.

In this disgusting condition the body had been brought up from the cabin at noon to be thrown overboard, when the mate getting a glimpse of it (for he now saw it for the first time), and being either touched with remorse for his crime or struck with terror at so horrible a sight, ordered the men to sew the body up in its hammock, and allow it the usual rites of sea-burial. Having given these directions he went below, as if to avoid any further sight of his victim. While preparations were being made to obey his orders, the gale came on with great fury, and the design was abandoned for the present. The corpse, left to itself, was washed into the larboard scuppers, where it still lay at the time of which I speak, floundering about with the furious lurches of the brig. Having arranged our plan, we set about putting it in execution as speedily as possible. Peters went upon deck, and, as he had anticipated, was immediately accosted by Allen, who appeared to be stationed more as a watch upon the fore-castle than for any other purpose. The fate of this villain, however, was speedily and silently decided; for Peters, approaching him in a careless manner, as if about to address him, seized him by the throat and before he could utter a single cry tossed him over the bulwarks. He then called to us, and we came up. Our first precaution was to look about for something with which to arm ourselves, and in doing this we had to proceed with great care, for it was impossible to stand on deck an instant without holding fast, and violent seas broke over the vessel at every plunge forward. It was indispensable, too, that we should be quick in our operations, for every minute we expected the mate to be up to set the pumps going, as it was evident the brig must be taking in water very fast. After searching about for some time, we could find nothing more fit for our purpose than the two pump-handles, one of which Augustus took, and I the other. Having secured these, we stripped off the shirt from the corpse and dropped the body overboard. Peters and myself then went below, leaving Augustus to

watch upon deck, where he took his station just where Allen had been placed, and with his back to the cabin companion-way, so that if any one of the mate's gang should come up he might suppose it was the watch.

As soon as I got below I commenced disguising myself so as to represent the corpse of Rogers. The shirt which we had taken from the body aided us very much, for it was of singular form and character, and easily recognizable, a kind of smock which the deceased wore over his other clothing. It was a blue stock-inette, with large white stripes running across. Having put this on I proceeded to equip myself with a false stomach, in imitation of the horrible deformity of the swollen corpse. This was soon effected by means of stuffing some bed-clothes inside my own garments. I then gave the same appearance to my hands by drawing on a pair of white woollen mittens and filling them in with any kind of rags that offered themselves. Peters then arranged my face, first rubbing it well over with white chalk, and afterwards splotching it with blood which he took from a cut in his finger. The streak across the eye was not forgotten, and presented a most shocking appearance.

As I viewed myself in a fragment of looking-glass which hung up in the cabin, and by the dim light of a kind of battle-lantern, I was so impressed with a sense of vague awe at my appearance, and at the recollection of the terrific reality which I was thus representing, that I was seized with a violent tremor, and could scarcely summon resolution to go on with my part. It was necessary, however, to act with decision, and Peters and myself went upon deck.

We there found everything safe, and, keeping close to the bulwarks, the three of us crept to the cabin companion-way. It was only partially closed, precautions having been taken to prevent its being suddenly pushed to from without, by means of placing billets of wood on the upper step, so as to interfere with the shutting. We found no difficulty in getting a full view of the interior of the cabin through the cracks where the hinges were placed. It now proved to have been very fortunate for us that we had not attempted to take them by surprise, for they were evidently on the alert. Only one was asleep, and he lying just at the foot of the companion-ladder with a musket by his side. The rest were seated on several mattresses which had been taken from berths and thrown on the floor. They were engaged in earnest conversation, and although they had been carousing, as appeared from two empty jugs with some tin tumblers which lay about, they

were not as much intoxicated as usual. All had knives, one or two of them pistols, and a great many muskets were lying in a berth close at hand.

We listened to their conversation for some time before we could make up our minds how to act, having as yet resolved on nothing determinate, except that we would attempt to paralyse their exertions, when we should attack them by means of the apparition of Rogers. They were discussing their piratical plans, in which all we could hear distinctly was that they would unite with the crew of a schooner *Hornet*, and, if possible, get the schooner herself into their possession preparatory to some attempt on a large scale, the particulars of which could not be made out by either of us.

One of the men spoke of Peters when the mate replied to him in a low voice which could not be distinguished, and afterwards added more loudly that "he could not understand his being so much forward with the captain's brat in the fore-castle, and he thought the sooner both of them were overboard the better". To this no answer was made, but we could easily perceive that the hint was well received by the whole party, and more particularly by Jones. At this period I was excessively agitated, the more so as I could see that neither Augustus nor Peters could determine how to act. I made up my mind, however, to sell my life as dearly as possible, and not to suffer myself to be overcome by any feelings of trepidation.

The tremendous noise made by the roaring of the wind in the rigging, and the washing of the sea over the deck, prevented us from hearing what was said except during momentary lulls. In one of these we all distinctly heard the mate tell one of the men to "go forward, and order the d——d lubbers to come into the cabin, where he could have an eye on them, for he wanted no such secret doings on board the brig". It was well for us that the pitching of the vessel at this moment was so violent as to prevent this order from being carried into instant execution. The cook got up from his mattress to go for us, when a tremendous lurch, which I thought would carry away the masts, threw him headlong against one of the larboard state-room doors, bursting it open, and creating a good deal of confusion. Luckily neither of our party was thrown from his position, and we had time to make a precipitate retreat to the fore-castle and arrange a hurried plan of action before the messenger made his appearance, or rather before he put his head out of the companion-hatch, for he did not come on deck. From this station he could not notice the

absence of Allen, and he accordingly bawled out, as if to him, repeating the orders of the mate. Peters cried out "Ay, ay," in a disguised voice, and the cook immediately went below without entertaining a suspicion that all was not right.

My two companions how proceeded boldly aft and down into the cabin, Peters closing the door after him in the same manner he had found it. The mate received them with feigned cordiality, and told Augustus that since he had behaved himself so well of late he might take up his quarters in the cabin, and be one of them for the future. He then poured him out a tumbler half full of rum, and made him drink it. All this I saw and heard, for I followed my friends to the cabin as soon as the door was shut, and took up my old point of observation. I had brought with me the two pump-handles, one of which I secured near the companion-way to be ready for use when required.

I now steadied myself as well as possible, so as to have a good view of all that was passing within, and endeavoured to nerve myself to the task of descending among the mutineers when Peters should make a signal to me as agreed upon. Presently he contrived to turn the conversation upon the bloody deeds of the mutiny, and by degrees led the men to talk of the thousand superstitions which are so universally current among seamen. I could not make out all that was said, but I could plainly see the effects of the conversation in the countenances of those present. The mate was evidently much agitated, and presently, when some one mentioned the terrific appearance of Rogers' corpse, I thought he was upon the point of swooning. Peters now asked him if he did not think it would be better to have the body thrown overboard at once; as it was too horrible a sight to see it floundering about in the scuppers. At this the villain absolutely gasped for breath, and turned his head slowly round upon his companions, as if imploring some one to go up and perform the task. No one, however, stirred, and it was quite evident that the whole party were wound up to the highest pitch of nervous excitement. Peters now made the signal. I immediately threw open the door of the companion-way, and descending without uttering a syllable, stood erect in the midst of the party.

The intense effect produced by this sudden apparition is not at all to be wondered at when the various circumstances are taken into consideration. Usually, in cases of a similar nature, there is left in the mind of the spectator some glimmering of doubt as to the reality of the vision before his eyes; a degree of hope, however feeble, that he is the victim of chicanery, and that the

apparition is not actually a visitant from the world of shadows. It is not too much to say that such remnants of doubt have been at the bottom of almost every such visitation, and that the appalling horror which has sometimes been thought about, is to be attributed, even in the cases most in point, and where most suffering has been experienced, more to a kind of anticipative horror lest the apparition *might possibly be* real, than to an unwavering belief in its reality. But, in the present instance, it will be seen immediately, that in the minds of the mutineers there was not even the shadow of a basis upon which to rest a doubt that the apparition of Rogers was indeed a revivification of his disgusting corpse, or at least its spiritual image. The isolated situation of the brig with its entire inaccessibility on account of the gale, confined the apparently possible means of deception within such narrow and definite limits, that they must have thought themselves enabled to survey them all at a glance. They had now been at sea twenty-four days without holding more than a speaking communication with any vessel whatever. The whole of the crew, too—at least all whom they had the most remote reason for suspecting to be on board—were assembled in the cabin, with the exception of Allen, the watch; and his gigantic stature (he was six feet six inches high) was too familiar in their eyes to permit the notion that he was the apparition before them to enter their minds even for an instant. Add to these considerations the awe-inspiring nature of the tempest, and that of the conversation brought about by Peters; the deep impression which the loathsomeness of the actual corpse had made in the morning upon the imaginations of the men; the excellence of the imitation in my person, and the uncertain and wavering light in which they beheld me, as the glare of the cabin lantern, swinging violently to and fro, fell obviously and fitfully upon my figure, and there will be no reason to wonder that the deception had even more than the entire effect which we had anticipated. The mate sprang up from the mattress on which he was lying, and without uttering a syllable, fell back stone dead upon the cabin floor, and was hurled to the leeward like a log by a heavy roll of the brig. Of the remaining seven, there were but three who had at first any degree of presence of mind. The four others sat for some time rooted apparently to the floor—the most pitiable objects of horror and utter despair my eyes ever encountered. The only opposition we experienced at all was from the cook, John Hunt, and Richard Parker, but they made but a feeble and irresolute defence. The two former were shot instantly by Peters, and I felled Parker with a blow on the head

from the pump-handle which I brought with me. In the meantime, Augustus seized one of the muskets lying on the floor and shot another mutineer, — Wilson, through the breast. There were now but three remaining; but by this time they had become aroused from their lethargy, and perhaps began to see that a deception had been practised upon them, for they fought with great resolution and fury, and, but for the immense muscular strength of Peters, might have ultimately got the better of us. These three men were — Jones, — Greely, and Absalom Hicks. Jones had thrown Augustus to the floor, stabbed him in several places along the right arm, and would no doubt have soon despatched him (as neither Peters nor myself could immediately get rid of our own antagonists), had it not been for the timely aid of a friend, upon whose assistance we surely had never depended. This friend was no other than Tiger. With a low growl, he bounded into the cabin, at a most critical moment for Augustus, and throwing himself upon Jones, pinned him to the floor in an instant. My friend, however was now too much injured to render us any aid whatever, and I was so encumbered with my disguise that I could do but little. The dog would not leave his hold upon the throat of Jones—Peters, nevertheless, was far more than a match for the two men who remained and would no doubt have despatched them sooner had it not been for the narrow space in which he had to act, and the tremendous lurches of the vessel. Presently he was enabled to get hold of a heavy stool, several of which lay about the floor. With this he beat out the brains of Greely as he was in the act of discharging a musket at me and immediately afterwards a roll of the brig throwing him in contact with Hicks, he seized him by the throat, and by dint of sheer strength, strangled him instantaneously. Thus, in far less time than I have taken to tell it, we found ourselves masters of the brig.

The only person of our opponents who was left alive was Richard Parker. This man, it will be remembered, I had knocked down with a blow from the pump-handle at the commencement of the attack. He now lay motionless by the door of the shattered state-room; but upon Peters touching him with his foot he spoke, and entreated for mercy. His head was only slightly cut, and otherwise he had received no injury, having been merely stunned by the blow. He now got up, and for the present we secured his hands behind his back. The dog was still growling over Jones, but upon examination we found him completely dead, the blood issuing in a stream from a deep wound in the throat, inflicted no doubt by the sharp teeth of the animal.

It was now about one in the morning, and the wind was still blowing tremendously. The brig evidently laboured much more than usual, and it became absolutely necessary that something should be done with a view to easing her, in some measure. . . . But, to crown all her difficulties, we plumbed the well and found no less than seven feet of water.

Leaving the bodies of the crew lying in the cabin, we got to work immediately at the pumps—Parker of course being set at liberty to assist us in the labour. . . .

When the day at length broke, the gale had neither abated in the least, nor were there any signs of its abating. We now dragged the bodies on deck and threw them overboard. Our next care was to get rid of the main-mast . . . we now proceeded to cut away the foremast. . . . In going overboard the wreck took with it the bowsprit and left us a complete hulk. . . .

The rudder went soon afterwards, the sea which tore it away lifting the after portion of the brig entirely from the water. . . .

We had scarcely had time to draw breath from the violence of this shock when one of the most tremendous waves I had ever known broke right on board of us . . . filling every inch of the vessel with water. . . .

Our chief sufferings were now those of hunger and thirst, and when we looked forward to the means of relief in this respect our hearts sank within us, and we were induced to regret that we had escaped the less dreadful perils of the sea. . . .

The morning of the fourteenth at length dawned, and the weather still continued clear and pleasant with a steady but very light breeze from the NW. . . .

Shortly afterwards an incident occurred which I am induced to look upon as more intensely productive of emotion, as it was more replete with the extremes first of delight and then of horror than even any of the thousand chances which afterwards befell me in nine long years, crowded with events of the most startling, and in many cases, of the most unconceived and unaccountable character. We were lying on the deck, near the companion-way, and debating the possibility of yet making our way into the store-room, when looking towards Augustus, who lay fronting myself, I perceived that he had become all at once deadly pale, and that his lips were quivering in the most singular and unaccountable manner. Greatly alarmed, I spoke to him, but he made me no reply, and I was beginning to think that he was suddenly taken ill, when I took notice of his eyes, which were glaring apparently at some object behind me. I turned my head, and shall never

forget the ecstatic joy which thrilled through every particle of my frame when I perceived a large brig bearing down upon us, and not more than a couple of miles off. I sprang to my feet as if a musket bullet had suddenly struck me to the heart; and, stretching out my arms in the direction of the vessel, stood in this manner, motionless, and unable to articulate a syllable. Peters and Parker were equally affected, although in different ways. The former danced about the deck like a madman, uttering the most extravagant rhodomontades, intermingled with howls and imprecations, while the latter burst into tears, and continued for many minutes weeping like a child.

The vessel in sight was a large hermaphrodite brig of a Dutch build, and painted black, with a tawdry gilt figure-head. She had evidently seen a good deal of rough weather, and we supposed had suffered much in the gale which had proved so disastrous to ourselves, for her foretopmast was gone, and some of her starboard bulwarks. When we first saw her she was, as I have already said, about two miles off and to windward, bearing down upon us. The breeze was very gentle, and what astonished us chiefly was that she had no other sails set than her foresail and mainsail, with a flying jib—of course she came down but slowly, and our impatience amounted nearly to frenzy. The awkward manner in which she steered, too, was remarked by all of us, even excited as we were. She yawed about so considerably that once or twice we thought it impossible she could see us, or imagined that, having seen us, and discovered no person on board, she was about to tack and make off in another direction. Upon each of these occasions we screamed and shouted at the top of our voices, when the stranger would appear to change for a moment her intention, and again hold on towards us—this singular conduct being repeated two or three times, so that at last we could think of no other manner of accounting for it than by supposing the helmsman to be in liquor.

No person was seen upon her decks until she arrived within about a quarter of a mile of us. We then saw three seamen, whom by their dress we took to be Hollanders. Two of these were lying on some old sails near the forecastle, and the third, who appeared to be looking at us with great curiosity, was leaning over the starboard bow near the bowsprit. This last was a stout and tall man, with a very dark skin. He seemed by his manner to be encouraging us to have patience, nodding to us in a cheerful although rather odd way, and smiling constantly, so as to display a set of the most brilliantly white teeth. As his vessel drew

nearer, we saw a red flannel cap which he had on fall from his head into the water, but of this he took little or no notice, continuing his odd smiles and gesticulations. I relate these things and circumstances minutely, and I relate them, it must be understood, precisely as they *appeared* to us.

The brig came on slowly, and now more steadily than before, and—I cannot speak calmly of this event—our hearts leaped up wildly within us, and we poured out our whole souls in shouts and thanksgivings to God for the complete, unexpected, and glorious deliverance that was so palpably at hand. Of a sudden, and all at once, there came wafted over the ocean from the strange vessel (which was now close upon us) a smell, a stench, such as the whole world has no name for—no conception of—hellish—utterly suffocating—insufferable, inconceivable. I gasped for breath, and turning to my companions perceived that they were paler than marble. But we had now no time left for question or surmise—the brig was within fifty feet of us, and it seemed to be her intention to run under our counter, that we might board her without her putting out a boat. We rushed aft, when, suddenly, a wide yaw threw her off full five or six points from the course she had been running, and as she passed under our stern at the distance of about twenty feet we had a full view of her decks. Shall I ever forget the triple horror of that spectacle? Twenty-five or thirty human bodies, among whom were several females, lay scattered about between the counter and the galley in the last and most loathesome state of putrefaction. We plainly saw that not a soul lived in that fated vessel! Yet we could not help shouting to the dead for help! Yes, long and loudly did we beg, in the agony of the moment, that those silent and disgusting images would stay for us, would not abandon us to become like them, would receive us among their goodly company! We were raving with horror and despair—thoroughly mad through the anguish of our grievous disappointment.

As our first loud yell of terror broke forth, it was replied to by something from near the bowsprit of the stranger, so closely resembling the scream of a human voice that the nicest ear might have been startled and deceived. At this instant another sudden yaw brought the region of the forecastle for a moment into view, and we beheld at once the origin of the sound. We saw the tall stout figure still leaning on the bulwark, and still nodding his head to and fro, but his face was now turned from us so that we could not behold it. His arms were extended over the rail, and the palms of his hands fell outward. His knees were lodged upon a

stout rope, tightly stretched, and reaching from the heel of the bowsprit to a cathead. On his back, from which a portion of the shirt had been torn, leaving it bare, there sat a huge sea-gull, busily gorging itself with the horrible flesh, its bill and talons deep buried, and its white plumage spattered all over with blood. As the brig moved farther round so as to bring us close in view, the bird, with much apparent difficulty, drew out its crimson head, and, after eyeing us for a moment as if stupefied, arose lazily from the body upon which it had been feasting, and flying directly above our deck hovered there a while with a portion of clotted and liver-like substance in its beak. The horrid morsel dropped at length with a sullen splash immediately at the feet of Parker. May God forgive me, but now, for the first time, there flashed through my mind a thought, a thought which I will not mention, and I felt myself making a step towards the ensanguined spot. I looked upward, and the eyes of Augustus met my own with a degree of intense and eager meaning which immediately brought me to my senses. I sprang forward quickly, and with a deep shudder threw the frightful thing into the sea.

The body from which it had been taken, resting as it did upon the rope, had been easily swayed to and fro by the exertions of the carnivorous bird, and it was this motion which had at first impressed us with the belief of its being alive. As the gull relieved it of its weight, it swung round and fell partially over, so that the face was fully discovered. Never, surely, was any object so terribly full of awe! The eyes were gone, and the whole flesh around the mouth, leaving the teeth utterly naked. This, then, was the smile which had cheered us on to hope! this the—but I forbear. The brig, as I have already told, passed under our stern, and made its way slowly but steadily to leeward. With her and with her terrible crew went all our gay visions of deliverance and joy. Deliberately as she went by, we might possibly have found means of boarding her, had not our sudden disappointment, and the appalling nature of the discovery which accompanied it, laid entirely prostrate every active faculty of mind and body. We had seen and felt, but we could neither think nor act, until, alas, too late. How much our intellects had been weakened by this incident may be estimated by the fact that when the vessel had proceeded so far that we could perceive no more than the half of her hull, the proposition was seriously entertained of attempting to overtake her by swimming!

I have since this period vainly endeavoured to obtain some clue to the hideous uncertainty which enveloped the fate of the

stranger Her build and general appearance, as I have before stated, led us to the belief that she was a Dutch trader, and the dresses of the crew also sustained this opinion We might have easily seen the name upon her stern, and indeed taken other observations which would have guided us in making out her character but the intense excitement of the moment blinded us to everything of that nature From the saffron-like hue of such of the corpses as were not entirely decayed we concluded that the whole of her company had perished by the yellow fever, or some other virulent disease of the same fearful kind If such were the case (and I know not what else to imagine) death, to judge from the positions of the bodies must have come upon them in a manner awfully sudden and overwhelming in a way totally distinct from that which generally characterizes even the most deadly pestilences with which mankind are acquainted It is possible, indeed, that poison, accidentally introduced into some of their sea-stores, may have brought about the disaster or that the eating of some unknown venomous species of fish or other marine animal or oceanic bird might have induced it—but it is utterly useless to form conjectures where all is involved and will no doubt remain for ever involved, in the most appalling and unfathomable mystery

JULIUS VERNE ONCE AGAIN CONTINUES HIS SUMMARY

We spent the remainder of the day in a condition of stupid lethargy gazing after the retreating vessel until the darkness, hiding her from our sight recalled us in some measure to our senses The pangs of hunger and thirst then returned absorbing all other cares and considerations my companions aroused me at day-break to renew our attempts at getting up provisions from the hull The prize proved to be a bottle, and our joy may be conceived when I say it was found to be full of port wine

Towards night my companions awoke one by one, each in an indescribable state of weakness and horror, brought on by the wine We passed this night in a state of the most intense mental and bodily anguish that can possibly be imagined The morning of the sixteenth dawned at length and we looked eagerly round the horizon for relief, but to no purpose

The day wore on in this manner, when I suddenly discovered

a sail to the eastward, and on our larboard bow . . . I saw distinctly that she was heading immediately for us, with her light sails filled . . . until I was suddenly called . . . once more to the extreme of human misery and despair by perceiving the ship all at once with her stern fully presented towards us, and steering in a direction nearly opposite to that in which I had first perceived her. . . .

ARTHUR PYM CONTINUES :

Having become in some degree pacified, we continued to watch the ship until we finally lost sight of her, the weather becoming hazy, with a light breeze springing up. As soon as she was entirely gone, Parker turned suddenly towards me with an expression of countenance which made me shudder. There was about him an air of self-possession which I had not noticed in him until now, and before he opened his lips my heart told me what he would say. He proposed, in a few words, that one of us should die to preserve the existence of the others.

I had for some time past dwelt upon the prospect of our being reduced to this last horrible extremity, and had secretly made up my mind to suffer death in any shape or under any circumstances rather than resort to such a course. Nor was this resolution in any degree weakened by the present intensity of hunger under which I laboured. The proposition had not been heard by either Peters or Augustus. I therefore took Parker aside; and mentally praying to God for power to dissuade him from the horrible purpose he entertained, I expostulated with him for a long time, and in the most supplicating manner, begging him in the name of everything which he held sacred, and urging him by every species of argument which the extremity of the case suggested, to abandon the idea, and not to mention it to either of the other two.

He heard all I said without attempting to controvert any of my arguments, and I had begun to hope that he would be prevailed upon to do as I desired. But when I had ceased speaking, he said that he knew very well all I had said was true, and that to resort to such a course was the most horrible alternative which could enter into the mind of man; but that he had now held out as long as human nature could be sustained; that it was unnecessary for all to perish, when, by the death of one, it was possible, and even probable, that the rest might be finally preserved; add-

ing that I might save myself the trouble of trying to turn him from his purpose, his mind having been thoroughly made up on the subject even before the appearance of the ship, and that only her heaving in sight had prevented him from mentioning his intention at an earlier period.

I now begged him, if he would not be prevailed upon to abandon his design, at least to defer it for another day, when some vessel might come to our relief, again reiterating every argument I could devise, and which I thought likely to have influence with one of his rough nature. He said, in reply, that he had not spoken until the very last possible moment, that he could exist no longer without sustenance of some kind, and that therefore in another day his suggestion would be too late as regarded himself at least.

Finding that he was not to be moved by anything I could say in a mild tone, I now assumed a different demeanour, and told him that he must be aware I had suffered less than any of us from our calamities, that my health and strength, consequently, were at the moment far better than his own, or than that either of Peters or Augustus, in short, that I was in a condition to have my own way by force if I found it necessary, and that, if he attempted in any manner to acquaint the others with his bloody and cannibal designs I would not hesitate to throw him into the sea. Upon this he immediately seized me by the throat and drawing a knife, made several ineffectual efforts to stab me in the stomach, an atrocity which his excessive debility alone prevented him from accomplishing. In the meantime, being roused to a high pitch of anger, I forced him to the vessel's side, with the full intention of throwing him overboard. He was saved from this fate, however, by the interference of Peters, who now approached and separated us, asking the cause of the disturbance. Thus Parker told before I could find means in any manner to prevent him.

The effect of his words were even more terrible than what I had anticipated. Both Augustus and Peters, who, it seems, had long secretly entertained the same fearful idea which Parker had been merely the first to broach, joined with him in his design, and insisted upon its immediately being carried into effect. I had calculated that one at least of the two former would be found still possessed of sufficient strength of mind to side with myself in resisting any attempt to execute so dreadful a purpose, and with the aid of either one of them, I had no fear of being able to prevent its accomplishment. Being disappointed in this expectation, it became absolutely necessary that I should attend to my

own safety, as a further resistance on my part might possibly be considered by men in their frightful condition a sufficient excuse for refusing me fair play in the tragedy that I know would speedily be enacted

I now told them I was willing to submit to the proposal, merely requesting a delay of about one hour, in order that the fog which had gathered around us might have an opportunity of lifting, when it was possible that the ship we had seen might be again in sight. After great difficulty I obtained from them a promise to wait thus long, and as I had anticipated (a breeze rapidly coming in), the fog lifted before the hour had expired, when, no vessel appearing in sight, we prepared to draw lots.

It is with extreme reluctance that I dwell upon the appalling scene which ensued, a scene which, with its minutest details, no after events have been able to efface in the slightest degree from my memory, and whose stern recollection will embitter every future moment of my existence. I let me run over this portion of my narrative with as much haste as the nature of the events to be spoken of will permit. The only method we could devise for the terrific lottery, in which we were to take each a chance, was that of drawing straws. Small splinters of wood were made to answer our purpose, and it was agreed that I should be the holder. I retired to one end of the hulk, while my poor companions silently took up their station in the other with their backs turned towards me. The bitterest anxiety which I had endured at any period of this fearful drama was while I occupied myself in the arrangement of the lots. There are few conditions into which man can possibly fall where he will not feel a deep interest in the preservation of his existence, an interest momentarily increasing with the frailness of the tenure by which that existence may be held. But now that the silent, definite, and stern nature of the business in which I was engaged (so different from the tumultuous dangers of the storm or the gradually approaching horrors of famine) allowed me to reflect on the few chances I had of escaping the most appalling of deaths—a death for the most appalling of purposes—every particle of that energy which had so long buoyed me up departed like feathers before the wind, leaving me a helpless prey to the most abject and pitiable terror. I could not, at first, even summon up sufficient strength to tear and fit together the smallest splinters of wood, my fingers absolutely refusing their office, and my knees knocking violently against each other. My mind ran over rapidly a thousand absurd projects by which to avoid becoming a partner in the awful speculation. I thought of

falling on my knees to my companions, and entreating them to let me escape this necessity; of suddenly rushing upon them, and by putting one of them to death, of rendering the decision by lot useless—in short, of everything but of going through with the matter I had in hand. At last, after wasting a long time in this imbecile conduct, I was recalled to my senses by the voice of Parker, who urged me to relieve them at once from the terrible anxiety they were enduring. Even then I could not bring myself to arrange the splinters upon the spot, but thought over every species of finesse by which I could trick some one of my fellow-sufferers to draw the short straw, as it had been agreed that whoever drew the shortest of four splinters from my hand was to die for the preservation of the rest. Before any one condemn me for this apparent heartlessness, let him be placed in a situation precisely similar to my own.

At length delay was no longer possible, and, with a heart almost bursting from my bosom, I advanced to the region of the fore-castle, where my companions were awaiting me. I held out my hand with the splinters, and Peters immediately drew. He was free—his, at least, was not the shortest, and there was now another chance against my escape. I summoned up all my strength, and passed the lots to Augustus. He also drew immediately, and he also was free; and now, the chances whether I should live or die, were no more than precisely even. At this moment all the fierceness of the tiger possessed my bosom, and I felt towards my poor fellow-creature Parker the most intense the most diabolical hatred. But the feeling did not last; and, at length, with a convulsive shudder and closed eyes, I held out the two remaining splinters towards him. It was full five minutes before he could summon resolution to draw, during which period of heart-rending suspense I never once opened my eyes. Presently one of the two lots was quickly drawn from my hand. The decision was then over, yet I knew not whether it was for me or against me. No one spoke, and still I dared not satisfy myself by looking at the splinter I held. Peters at length took me by the hand, and I forced myself to look up, I immediately saw by the countenance of Parker that I was safe, and that he it was who had been doomed to suffer. Gasping for breath, I fell senseless to the deck. •

I recovered from my swoon in time to behold the consummation of the tragedy in the death of him who had been chiefly instrumental in bringing it about. He made no resistance whatever, and fell instantly dead when stabbed in the back by Peters. I must not dwell upon the fearful repa. which immediately en-

sued. Such things may be imagined, but words have no power to impress the mind with the exquisite horror of their reality. Let it suffice to say that, having in some measure appeased the raging thirst which consumed us by drinking the blood of the victim, and having by common consent taken off the hands, feet, and head, and throwing them, together with the entrails, into the sea, we devoured the rest of the body, piecemeal, during the four ever memorable days of the seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth of the month.

On the nineteenth, there coming on a smart shower which lasted fifteen or twenty minutes, we contrived to catch some water by means of a sheet which had been fished up from the cabin by our drag just after the gale. The quantity we took in all did not amount to more than half-a-gallon; but even this scanty allowance supplied us with comparative strength and hope. . . .

July 29. Augustus's wounded arm began to evince symptoms of mortification. . . .

July 30. Augustus much worse, as much from want of proper nourishment as from the effect of his wounds.

July 31. Augustus appeared to be in the last extremity.

August 1. We now saw clearly that Augustus could not be saved. He was evidently dying. We could do nothing to relieve his sufferings, which appeared to be great. About twelve o'clock he expired in strong convulsions and without having spoken for several hours. . . . It was not until some time after dark that we took courage to get up and throw the body overboard. It was then loathsome beyond expression, and so far decayed that, as Peters attempted to lift it, an entire leg came off in his grasp. . . .

August 4. A little before daybreak we perceived that the hulk was heeling over . . . and . . . we found ourselves hurled furiously into the sea . . . the hulk was lying keel up. . . . By great good fortune I reached the side of the vessel in safety, although so utterly weakened that I should never have been able to get upon it but for the timely assistance of Peters.

August 7. As day was just breaking we both at the same instant descried a sail to the eastward, and *evidently coming towards us!* We hailed the glorious sight with a long, although feeble, shout of rapture, and began instantly to make every signal in our power, by flaring our shirts in the air, leaping as high as our weak condition would permit, and even by hallooing with all the strength of our lungs, although the vessel could not have been less than fifteen miles distant. However, she still continued to near our hulk, and we felt that if she but held her present

course she must eventually come so close as to perceive us. In about an hour after we first discovered her we could clearly see the people on her decks. She was a long, low, and rakish-looking topsail schooner, with a black ball in her foretopsail, and had apparently a full crew. We now became alarmed, for we could hardly imagine it possible that she did not observe us, and were apprehensive that she meant to leave us to perish as we were—an act of fiendish barbarity, which, however incredible it may appear, has been repeatedly perpetrated at sea, under circumstances very nearly similar, and by beings who were regarded as belonging to the human species. In this instance, however, by the mercy of God, we were destined to be most happily deceived, for presently we were aware of a sudden commotion on the deck of the stranger, who immediately afterwards ran up a British flag, and, hauling her wind, bore down directly upon us. In half-an-hour more we found ourselves in her cabin. She proved to be the *Jane Guy* of Liverpool, Captain Guy, bound on a sealing and trading voyage to the South Seas and Pacific.

The *Jane Guy* was a fine-looking topsail schooner of a hundred and eighty tons burden. She was unusually sharp in the bows, and on a wind in moderate weather the fastest sailer I have ever seen. She . . . had a crew of thirty-five, all able seamen, besides the captain and mate, but she was not altogether as well armed or otherwise equipped as a navigator acquainted with the difficulties and dangers of the trade could have desired.

Captain Guy was a gentleman of great urbanity of manner, and of considerable experience in the southern traffic, to which he had devoted the greater portion of his life. He was deficient, however, in energy, and consequently in that spirit of enterprise which is here so absolutely requisite. He was part owner of the vessel in which he sailed, and was invested with discretionary powers to cruise in the South Seas for any cargo which might come most readily to hand. He had on board, as usual in such voyages, beads, looking-glasses . . . trinkets, and other similar articles.

The schooner had sailed from Liverpool on the tenth of July, crossed the tropic of Cancer on the twenty-fifth, in longitude twenty degrees west, and reached Sal, one of the Cape Verde Islands on the twenty-ninth, where she took in salt and other necessities for the voyage. On the third of August she left the Cape Verdes and steered south-west . . . so as to cross the equator between the meridians of twenty-eight and thirty degrees west longitude. . . . It was Captain Guy's intention to make his first stoppage at Kerguelen's Island—I hardly know for what reason.

On the day we were picked up the schooner was off Capt St. Roque, in longitude thirty-one degrees west; so that, when found, we had drifted probably, from north to south, *not less than five and twenty degrees!*

On board the *Jane Guy* we were treated with all the kindness our distressed situation demanded. In about a fortnight, during which time we continued steering to the south-east, with gentle breezes and fine weather, both Peters and myself recovered entirely from the effects of our late privation and dreadful suffering, and we began to remember what had passed rather as a frightful dream from which we had happily awakened, than as events which had taken place in sober and naked reality. . . .

We continued our voyage for some weeks without any incidents of greater moment than the occasional meeting with whaling-ships, and more frequently with the black or right whale. . . . On the sixteenth of September, being in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope, the schooner encountered her first gale of any violence since leaving Liverpool. . . .

It was about six in the morning when the blow came on with a white squall, and as usual from the northward. By eight it had increased very much, and brought down upon us one of the most tremendous seas I had then ever beheld. Everything had been made as snug as possible, but the schooner laboured excessively, and gave evidence of her bad qualities as a sea-boat, pitching her fore-castle under at every plunge, and with the greatest difficulty struggling up from one wave before she was buried in another. . . . The blow from the south-west, however, luckily proved to be nothing more than a squall, and we had the good fortune to right the vessel without the loss of a spar. A heavy cross sea gave us great trouble for a few hours after this, but towards morning we found ourselves in nearly as good condition as before the gale. Captain Guy considered that he had made an escape little less than miraculous.

On the thirteenth of October we came in sight of Prince Edward's Island, in latitude $46^{\circ} 53' S.$, longitude $37^{\circ} 46' E.$ Two days afterwards we found ourselves near Possession Island, and presently passed the island of Crozet, in latitude $42^{\circ} 59' S.$, longitude $48^{\circ} E.$ On the eighteenth we made Kerguelen's or Desolation Island, in the southern Indian Ocean, and came to anchor in Christmas Harbour, having four fathoms of water. . . .

On the morning after our arrival in Christmas Harbour, the chief mate, Mr. Patterson, took the boats and (although it was somewhat early in the season) went in search of seal, leaving the

captain and a young relation of his on a point of barren land to the westward, they having some business, whose nature I could not ascertain, to transact in the interior of the island. Captain Guy took with him a bottle, in which was a sealed letter, and made his way from the point on which he was set on shore towards one of the highest peaks in the place. It is probable that his design was to leave the letter on that height for some vessel which he expected to come after him. . . .

On the twelfth we made sail from Christmas Harbour. . . . We afterwards passed Prince Edward's Island . . . then, steering more to the northward, made, in fifteen days, the islands of Tristan d'Acunha, in latitude $37^{\circ} 8' S.$, longitude $12^{\circ} 8' W.$

On the fifth of November we made sail to the southward and westward, with the intention of having a thorough search for a group of islands called the Auroras, respecting whose existence a great diversity of opinion has existed.

These islands are said to have been discovered as early as 1762 by the commander of the ship *Aurora*. . . . In 1794 the Spanish corvette *Atrevida* went with a determination of ascertaining their precise situation. . . . The observations made on board the *Atrevida* give the following results. . . . The most northern is in latitude $52^{\circ} 37' 24'' S.$, longitude $47^{\circ} 43' 15'' W.$. . .

On the twenty-seventh day of January 1820 Captain James Weddell, of the British Navy, sailed from Staten Land, also in search of the Auroras. He reports that having made the most diligent search . . . he could discover no indication of land. These conflicting statements have induced other navigators to look out for the islands; and strange to say, while some have sailed through every inch of sea where they are supposed to lie without finding them, there have been not a few who declare positively that they have seen them, and even been close in to their shores. It was Captain Guy's intention to make every exertion within his power to settle the question so oddly in dispute.

We kept on our course, between the south and west, with variable weather, until the twentieth of the month, when we found ourselves on the debated ground, being in latitude $53^{\circ} 15' S.$, longitude $47^{\circ} 58' W.$ —that is to say, very nearly upon the spot indicated as the situation of the most southerly of the group. . . . Not perceiving any sign of land, we . . . then took diagonal courses throughout the entire extent of sea, keeping a lookout constantly at the masthead, and repeating our examination with the greatest care for a period of three weeks, during which the weather was

remarkably pleasant and fair, with no haze whatsoever. Of course we were thoroughly satisfied that, whatever islands might have existed in this vicinity at any former period, no vestige of them remained at the present day. . . .

It had been Captain Guy's original intention, after satisfying himself about the Auroras, to proceed through the Strait of Magellan, and up along the western coast of Patagonia; but information received at Tristan d'Acunha induced him to steer to the southward, in the hope of falling in with some small islands said to lie about the parallel of 60° S., longitude $41^{\circ} 20'$ W. In the event of his not discovering these islands, he designed, should the season prove favourable, to push on towards the pole. Accordingly, on the twelfth of December, we made sail in that direction. On the eighteenth we found ourselves about the station indicated . . . and cruised for three days in that neighbourhood without finding any traces of the islands. . . . On the twenty-first, the weather being unusually pleasant, we again made sail to the southwards, with the resolution of penetrating in that course as far as possible. . . .

In 1822 Captain James Weddell of the British Navy, with two very small vessels, penetrated further to the south than any previous navigator, and this, too, without encountering extraordinary difficulties. He states that although he was frequently hemmed in by ice *before* reaching the seventy-second parallel, yet, upon attaining it, not a particle was to be discovered. . . .

January 17. This day was full of incident. . . . About mid-day a small floe of ice was seen from the masthead off the larboard bow, and upon it there appeared to be some large animal. As the weather was good and nearly calm, Captain Guy ordered out two of the boats to see what it was. Dirk Peters and myself accompanied the mate in the larger boat. Upon coming up with the floe, we perceived that it was in the possession of a gigantic creature of the race of the Arctic bear, but far exceeding in size the largest of these animals. Being well armed, we made no scruple of attacking it at once. Several shots were fired in quick succession, the most of which took effect apparently in the head and body. Nothing discouraged, however, the monster threw himself from the ice, and swam, with open jaws, to the boat in which were Peters and myself. Owing to the confusion which ensued among us at this unexpected turn of the adventure, no person was immediately ready with a second shot, and the bear had actually succeeded in getting half his vast bulk across our gunwhale, and seizing one of the men by the small of his back, before any

efficient means were taken to repel him. In this extremity nothing but the promptness and agility of Peters saved us from destruction. Leaping upon the back of the huge beast, he plunged the blade of a knife behind the neck, reaching the spinal marrow at a blow. The brute tumbled into the sea lifeless and without a struggle, rolling over Peters as he fell. The latter soon recovered himself, and a rope being thrown him, he secured the carcass before entering into the boat. We then returned in triumph to the schooner, towing our trophy behind us. . . .

Scarcely had we got our prize alongside, when the man at the masthead gave the joyful shout of "land on the starboard bow!" All hands were now upon the alert, and a breeze springing up very opportunely from the northward and eastward, we were soon close in with the coast. It proved to be a low rocky islet, of about a league in circumference, and altogether destitute of vegetation, if we except a species of prickly pear. In approaching it from the northward, a singular ledge of rock is seen projecting into the sea, and bearing a strong resemblance to corded bales of cotton. Around this ledge to the westward is a small bay, at the bottom of which our boats effected a convenient landing.

It did not take us long to explore every portion of the island, but, with one exception, we found nothing worthy of our observation. In the southern extremity, we picked up near the shore, half-buried in a pile of loose stones, a piece of wood, which seemed to have formed the prow of a canoe. There had been evidently some attempt at carving upon it, and Captain Guy fancied that he made out the figure of a tortoise, but the resemblance did not strike me very forcibly. Besides this prow, if such it were, we found no other token that any living creature had ever been here before. Around the coast we discovered occasional small floes of ice—but these were very few. The exact situation of this islet (to which Captain Guy gave the name of Bennet's Islet, in honour of his partner in the ownership of the schooner) is latitude $82^{\circ} 50' S.$, longitude $42^{\circ} 20' W.$ •

We had now advanced to the southward more than eight degrees farther than any previous navigators, and the sea still lay perfectly open before us. We found, too, that the variation uniformly decreased as we proceeded, and, what was still more surprising, that the temperature of the air, and latterly of the water, became milder. The weather might even be called pleasant, and we had a steady but very gentle breeze, always from some northern point of the compass. The sky was usually clear, with now and then a slight appearance of thin vapour in the southern

horizon—this, however, was invariably of brief duration. Two difficulties alone presented themselves to our view, we were getting short of fuel, and symptoms of scurvy had occurred among several of the crew. These considerations began to impress upon Captain Guy the necessity of returning, and he spoke of it frequently. For my own part, confident as I was of soon arriving at land of some description upon the course we were pursuing, and having every reason to believe, from present appearances, that we should not find it the sterile soil met with in the higher Arctic latitudes, I warmly pressed upon him the expediency of persevering at least for a few days longer, in the direction we were now holding. So tempting an opportunity of solving the great problem in regard to an Antarctic continent had never yet been afforded to man, and I confess that I felt myself bursting with indignation at the timid and ill-timed suggestions of our commander. I believe, indeed, that what I could not refrain from saying to him on this head had the effect of inducing him to push on. While, therefore, I cannot but lament the most unfortunate and bloody events which immediately arose from my advice, I must still be allowed to feel some degree of gratification at having been instrumental, however remotely, in opening to the eye of science one of the most intensely exciting secrets which has ever engrossed its attention.

January 18 This morning we continued to the southward, with the same pleasant weather as before. The sea was entirely smooth, the air tolerably warm and from the north-east, the temperature of the water fifty-three. We now again got our sounding-gear in order, and with a hundred and fifty fathoms of line found the current setting towards the pole at the rate of a mile an hour. This constant tendency to the southward, both in the wind and current, caused some degree of speculation and even of alarm, in different quarters of the schooner, and I saw distinctly that no little impression had been made upon the mind of Captain Guy. He was exceedingly sensitive to ridicule, however, and I finally succeeded in laughing him out of his apprehensions. The variation was now very trivial. In the course of the day we saw several large whales of the right species and innumerable flights of the albatross passed over the vessel. We also picked up a bush, full of red berries like those of the hawthorn and the carcass of a singular-looking land animal. It was three feet in length and but six inches in height, with four very short legs, the feet armed with long claws of a brilliant scarlet, and resembling coral in substance. The body was covered with straight silky hair, perfectly

white. The tail was peaked like that of a rat, and about a foot and a half long. The head resembled a cat's, with the exception of the ears—these were flapped like the ears of a dog. The teeth were of the same brilliant scarlet as the claws. •

January 19. Today, being in latitude $83^{\circ} 20'$, longitude $43^{\circ} 5' W.$ (the sea being of an extraordinarily dark colour), we again saw land from the masthead, and, upon a closer scrutiny, found it to be one of a group of very large islands. The shore was precipitous, and the interior seemed to be well wooded, a circumstance which occasioned us great joy. In about four hours from our first discovering the land we came to anchor in ten fathoms, sandy bottom, a league from the coast. As a high surf, with strong ripples here and there, rendered the ship's nearer approach of doubtful expediency, the two largest boats were now ordered out, and a party, well armed (among whom were Peters and myself), proceeded to look for an opening in the reef which appeared to encircle the island. After searching about for some time, we discovered an inlet. This we were entering, when we saw four large canoes put out from the shore, filled with men seemingly well armed. We waited for them to come up, and, as they moved with great rapidity, they were soon within hail. Captain Guy now held up a white handkerchief on the blade of an oar, when the strangers made a full stop, and commenced a loud jabbering all at once, intermingled with occasional shouts, among which we could distinguish the words *Anamoo-moo'* and *Lama-Lama'*. They continued this for at least half-an-hour, during which we had a good opportunity of observing their appearance.

In the four canoes, which might have been fifty feet long and five broad, there were a hundred and ten savages in all. They were about the ordinary stature of Europeans, but of a more muscular and brawny frame. Their complexion was a jet black, with thick and long woolly hair. They were clothed in skins of an unknown black animal, shaggy and silky, and made to fit the body with some degree of skill, the hair being inside, except where turned out about the neck, wrists, and ankles. Their arms consisted principally of clubs, of a dark, and apparently very heavy wood. Some spears, however, were observed among them, headed with flint, and a few slings. The bottoms of the canoes were full of black stones about the size of a large egg.

When they had concluded their harangue (for it was clear they intended their jabbering for such), one of them who seemed to be the chief stood up in the prow of his canoe, and made signs for us to bring our boats alongside. This hint we pretended not

to understand, thinking it the wiser plan to maintain, if possible, the interval between us, as their number more than quadrupled our own. Finding this to be the case, the chief ordered the three other canoes to hold back, while he advanced towards us with his own. As soon as he came up with us he leaped on board the largest of our boats, and seated himself by the side of Captain Guy, pointing at the same time to the schooner, and repeating the words *Anamoo-moo!* and *Lama-Lama!* We now put back to the vessel, the four canoes following at a little distance.

Upon getting alongside the chief evinced symptoms of extreme surprise and delight, clapping his hands, slapping his thighs and breast, and laughing immoderately. His followers behind joined in his merriment, and for some minutes the din was so excessive as to be absolutely deafening. Quiet being at length restored, Captain Guy ordered the boats to be hoisted up as a necessary precaution, and gave the chief (whose name we soon found to be *Too-wit*) to understand that we could admit no more than twenty of his men on deck at one time. With this arrangement he appeared perfectly satisfied, and gave some directions to the canoes, when one of them approached, the rest remaining about fifty yards off. Twenty of the savages now got on board, and proceeded to ramble over every part of the deck, and scramble among about the rigging, making themselves much at home, and examining every article with great inquisitiveness.

It was quite evident that they had never before seen any of the white race, from whose complexion indeed they appeared to recoil. They believed the *Jane* to be a living creature, and seemed to be afraid of hurting it with the points of their spears, which they carefully turned up. Our crew were much amused with the conduct of Too-wit in one instance. The cook was splitting some wood near the galley, and by accident struck his axe into the deck, making a gash of considerable depth. The chief immediately ran up, and pushing the cook on one side rather roughly, commenced a half-whine, half-howl, strongly indicative of sympathy in what he considered the sufferings of the schooner, patting and smoothing the gash with his hand, and washing it from a bucket of sea-water which stood by. This was a degree of ignorance for which we were not prepared, and for my part I could not help thinking some of it affected.

When the visitors had satisfied, as well as they could, their curiosity in regard to our upper works, they were admitted below, when their amazement exceeded all bounds. Their astonishment now appeared far too deep for words, for they roamed about in

silence, broken only by low ejaculations. The arms afforded them much food for speculation, and they were suffered to handle and examine them at leisure. I do not believe that they had the least suspicion of their actual use, but rather took them for idols, seeing the care we had of them and the attention with which we watched their movements while handling them. At the great guns their wonder was redoubled. They approached them with every mark of the profoundest reverence and awe, but forbore to examine them minutely. There were two large mirrors in the cabin, and here was the acme of their amazement. Too-wit was the first to approach them, and he had got in the middle of the cabin, with his face to one and his back to the other, before he fairly perceived them. Upon raising his eyes and seeing his reflected self in the glass, I thought the savage would go mad, but upon turning short round to make a retreat and beholding himself a second time in the opposite direction, I was afraid he would expire upon the spot. No persuasion could prevail upon him to take another look but throwing himself upon the floor with his face buried in his hands, he remained thus until we were obliged to drag him upon deck.

The whole of the savages were admitted on board in this manner, twenty at a time, Too-wit being suffered to remain during the entire period. We saw no disposition to thievery among them, nor did we miss a single article after their departure. Throughout the whole of their visit they evinced the most friendly manner. There were, however, some points in their demeanour which we found it impossible to understand; for example, we could not get them to approach several very harmless objects, such as the schooner's sails, an egg, an open book, or a pan of flour. We endeavoured to ascertain if they had among them any articles which might be turned to account in the way of traffic, but found great difficulty in being comprehended. We made out, nevertheless, what greatly astonished us, that the islands abounded in the large tortoise of the Galapagos, one of which we saw in the canoe of Too-wit. We saw also some *biche de mer* in the hands of one of the savages, who was greedily devouring it in its natural state. These anomalies, for they were such when considered in regard to the latitude, induced Captain Guy to wish for a thorough investigation of the country, in the hope of making a profitable speculation in his discovery. For my own part, anxious as I was to know something more of these islands, I was still more earnestly bent on prosecuting the voyage to the southward without delay. We had now fine weather but there was no telling how long it

would last, and being already in the eighty-fourth parallel, with an open sea before us a current setting strongly to the southward, and the wind fair, I could not listen with any patience to a proposition of stopping longer than was absolutely necessary for the health of the crew and the taking on board a proper supply of fuel and fresh provisions. I represented to the captain that we might easily make this group on our return, and winter here in the event of being blocked up by the ice. He at length came into my views (for in some way hardly known to myself I had acquired much influence over him), and it was finally resolved that even in the event of our finding *biche de mer*, we should only stay here a week to recruit, and then push on to the southward while we might. Accordingly we made every necessary preparation, and under the guidance of Too-wit got the *Jane* through the reef in safety, coming to anchor about a mile from the shore in an excellent bay, completely land-locked on the south-eastern coast of the main island, and in ten fathoms of water, black sandy bottom. At the head of this bay there were three fine springs (we were told) of good water and we saw abundance of wood in the vicinity. The four canoes followed us in, keeping, however at a respectful distance. Too-wit himself remained on board and upon our dropping anchor invited us to accompany him on shore, and visit his village in the interior. To this Captain Guy consented, and ten savages being left on board as hostages, a party of us twelve in all, got in readiness to attend the chief. We took care to be well armed, yet without exciting any distrust. The schooner had her guns run out, her boarding-nettings up, and every other proper precaution was taken to guard against surprise. Directions were left with the chief mate to admit no person on board during our absence and in the event of our not appearing in twelve hours, to send the cutter with a swivel around the island in search of us.

At every step we took inland the conviction forced itself upon us that we were in a country differing essentially from any hitherto visited by civilized men. We saw nothing with which we had been formerly conversant. The trees resembled no growth of either the torrid, the temperate, or the northern frigid zones, and were altogether unlike those of the lower southern latitudes we had already traversed. The very rocks were novel in their mass, their colour, and their stratification; and the streams themselves, utterly incredible as it may appear, had so little in common with those of other climates, that we were scrupulous of tasting them, and indeed had difficulty in bringing ourselves to believe that

their qualities were purely those of nature. At a small brook which crossed our path (the first we had reached) Too-wit and his attendants halted to drink. On account of the singular character of the water, we refused to taste it, supposing it to be polluted; and it was not until some time afterwards we came to understand that such was the appearance of the streams throughout the whole group. I am at a loss to give a distinct idea of the nature of this liquid, and cannot do so without many words. Although it flowed with rapidity in all declivities where common water would do so, yet never, except when falling in a cascade, had it the customary appearance of limpidity. It was, nevertheless, in point of fact, as perfectly limpid as any limestone water in existence, the difference being only in appearance. At first sight, and especially in cases where little declivity was found, it bore resemblance, as regards consistency, to a thick infusion of gum Arabic in common water. But this was only the least remarkable of its extraordinary qualities. It was not colourless, nor was it of any one uniform colour—presenting to the eye as it flowed every possible shade of purple, like the hues of a changeable silk. This variation in shade was produced in a manner which excited as profound astonishment in the minds of our party as the mirror had done in the case of Too-wit. Upon collecting a basinful, and allowing it to settle thoroughly, we perceived that the whole mass of liquid was made up of a number of distinct veins, each of a distinct hue; that these veins did not commingle; and that their cohesion was perfect in regard to their own particles among themselves, and imperfect in regard to neighbouring veins. Upon passing the blade of a knife athwart the veins, the water closed over it immediately, as with us, and also, in withdrawing it, all traces of the passage of the knife were instantly obliterated. If, however, the blade was passed down accurately between the two veins, a perfect separation was effected, which the power of cohesion did not immediately rectify. The phenomena of this water formed the first definite link in that vast chain of apparent miracles with which I was destined to be at length encircled. . . .

It was on the first of February that we went on shore for the purpose of visiting the village. Although, as said before, we entertained not the slightest suspicion, still no proper precaution was neglected. Six men were left in the schooner, with instructions to permit none of the savages to approach the vessel during our absence, under any pretence whatever and to remain constantly on deck. The boarding-nettings were up, the guns double-shotted

with grape and canister, and the swivels loaded with canisters of musket-balls. She lay, with her anchor apeak, about a mile from the shore, and no canoe could approach her in any direction without being distinctly seen and exposed to the full fire of our swivels immediately.

The six men being left on board, our shore-party consisted of thirty-two persons in all. We were armed to the teeth, having with us muskets, pistols and cutlasses, besides each a long kind of seaman's knife, somewhat resembling the bowie-knife now so much used throughout our western and southern country. A hundred of the black skin warriors met us at the landing for the purpose of accompanying us on our way. We noticed, however, with some surprise, that they were now entirely without arms, and upon questioning Too-wit in relation to this circumstance, he merely answered that *Matte non we pa pa s*—meaning that there was no need of arms where all were brothers. We took this in good part, and proceeded.

We had passed the spring and rivulet of which I before spoke, and were now entering upon a narrow gorge leading through the chain of soapstone hills among which the village was situated. This gorge was very rocky and uneven, so much so that it was with no little difficulty we scrambled through it on our first visit to Klock-Klock. The whole length of the ravine might have been a mile and a half, or probably two miles. It wound in every possible direction through the hills (having apparently formed, at some remote period, the bed of a torrent), in no instance proceeding more than twenty yards without an abrupt turn. The sides of this dell would have averaged, I am sure, seventy or eighty feet in perpendicular altitude throughout the whole of their extent, and in some portions they arose to an astonishing height overshadowing the pass so completely that but little of the light of day could penetrate. The general width was about forty feet, and occasionally it diminished so as not to allow the passage of more than five or six persons abreast. In short, there could be no place in the world better adapted for the consummation of an ambushade, and it was no more than natural that we should look carefully to our arms as we entered upon it. When I now think of our egregious folly, the chief subject of astonishment seems to be that we should have ever ventured, under any circumstances, so completely into the power of unknown savages as to permit them to march both before and behind us in our progress through this ravine. Yet such was the order we blindly took up, trusting foolishly to the force of our party, the unarmed

condition of Too-wit and his men, the certain efficacy of our fire-arms (whose effect was yet a secret to the natives), and more than all to the long-sustained pretension of friendship kept up by these infamous wretches. Five or six of them went on before, as if to lead the way, ostentatiously busying themselves in removing the larger stones and rubbish from the path. Next came our party. We walked closely together, taking care only to prevent separation. Behind followed the main body of the savages, observing unusual order and decorum.

Dirk Peters, a man named Wilson Allen, and myself were on the right of our companions, examining, as we went along, the singular stratification of the precipice which overhung us. A fissure in the soft rock attracted our attention. It was about wide enough for one person to enter without squeezing, and extended back into the hill some eighteen or twenty feet in a straight course, sloping afterwards to the left. The height of the opening, as far as we could see into it from the main gorge, was perhaps sixty or seventy feet. There were one or two stunted shrubs growing from the crevices, bearing a species of filbert, which I felt some curiosity to examine, and pushed in briskly for that purpose, gathering five or six of the nuts at a grasp, and then hastily retreating. As I turned, I found that Peters and Allen had followed me. I desired them to go back, as there was not room for two persons to pass, saying they should have some of my nuts. They accordingly turned, and were scrambling back, Allen being close to the mouth of the fissure, when I was suddenly aware of a concussion resembling nothing I had ever before experienced, and which impressed me with a vague conception, if indeed I then thought of anything, that the whole foundations of the solid globe were suddenly rent assunder, and that the day of universal dissolution was at hand.

As soon as I could collect my scattered senses, I found myself nearly suffocated, and grovelling in utter darkness among a quantity of loose earth, which was also falling upon me heavily in every direction, threatening to bury me entirely. Horribly alarmed at this idea, I struggled to gain my feet, and at length succeeded. I then remained motionless for some moments, endeavouring to conceive what had happened to me, and where I was. Presently I heard a deep groan just at my ear, and afterwards the smothered voice of Peters calling to me for aid in the name of God. I scrambled one or two paces forward, when I fell directly over the head and shoulders of my companion, who, I soon discovered, was buried in a loose mass of earth as far

as his middle, and struggling desperately to free himself from the pressure I tore the dirt from around him with all the energy I could command, and at length succeeded in getting him out.

As soon as we sufficiently recovered from our fright and surprise to be capable of conversing rationally, we both came to the conclusion that the walls of the fissure in which we had ventured had, by some convulsion of nature, or probably from their own weight, caved in overhead, and that we were consequently lost for ever being thus entombed alive. For a long time we gave up s^{ole}ly to the most intense agony and despair, such as cannot be adequately imagined by those who have never been in a similar situation. I firmly believed that no incident ever occurring in the course of human events is more adapted to inspire the supremacy of mental and bodily distress than a case like our own, of living inhumation. The blackness of darkness which enveloped the victim, the terrific oppression of lungs, the stifling fumes from the damp earth, unite with the ghastly considerations that we are beyond the remotest confines of hope and that such is the allotted portion of *the dead*, to carry into the human heart a degree of appalling awe and horror not to be tolerated—never to be conceived.

At length Peters proposed that we should endeavour to ascertain precisely the extent of our calamity, and grope about our prison, it being barely possible, he observed, that some opening might be yet left us for escape. I caught eagerly at this hope and arousing myself to exertion attempted to force my way through the loose earth. Hardly had I advanced a single step before a glimmer of light became perceptible enough to convince me that, at all events we should not immediately perish for want of air. We now took some degree of heart, and encouraged each other to hope for the best. Having scrambled over a bank of rubbish which impeded our farther progress in the direction of the light, we found less difficulty in advancing and also experienced some relief from the excessive oppression of lungs which had tormented us. Presently we were enabled to obtain a glimpse of the objects around, and discovered that we were near the extremity of the straight portion of the fissure, where it made a turn to the left. A few struggles more, and we reached the bend, when, to our inexpressible joy, there appeared a long seam or crack extending upward a vast distance, generally at an angle of about forty-five degrees, although sometimes much more precipitous. We could not see through the whole extent of this opening, but as a good

deal of light came down it, we had little doubt of finding at the top of it (if we could by any means reach the top) a clear passage into the open air.

I now called to mind that three of us had entered the fissure from the main gorge, and that our companion, Allen, was still missing; we determined at once to retrace our steps and look for him. After a long search, and much danger from the farther caving in of the earth, above us, Peters at length cried out to me that he had hold of our companion's foot, and that his whole body was deep buried beneath the rubbish, beyond a possibility of extricating him. I soon found that what he said was too true, and that, of course, life had been long extinct. With sorrowful hearts, therefore, we left the corpse to its fate, and again made our way to the bend.

The breadth of the scam was barely sufficient to admit us, and after one or two ineffectual efforts at getting up, we began once more to despair. I have before said that the chain of hills through which ran the main gorge was composed of a species of soft rock resembling soap-stone. The sides of the cleft we were now attempting to ascend were of the same material and so excessively slippery, being wet, that we could get but little foothold upon them, even in their least precipitous parts; in some places, where the ascent was nearly perpendicular, the difficulty was of course much aggravated; and indeed for some time we thought it insurmountable. We took courage, however, from despair; and what, by dint of cutting steps in the soft stone with our bowie knives, and swinging, at the risk of our lives, to small projecting points of a harder species of slaty rock which now and then protruded from the general mass, we at length reached a natural platform, from which was perceptible a patch of blue sky, at the extremity of a thickly-wooded ravine. Looking back now, with somewhat more leisure, at the passage through which we had thus far proceeded, we clearly saw, from the appearance of its sides, that it was of late formation, and we concluded that the concussion, whatever it was, which had so unexpectedly overwhelmed us, had also at the same moment laid open this path for escape. Being quite exhausted with exertion, and infirmed so weak that we were scarcely able to stand or articulate, Peters now proposed that we should endeavour to bring our companions to the rescue by firing the pistols which still remained in our girdles—the muskets as well as cutlasses had been lost among the loose earth at the bottom of the chasm. Subsequent events proved that, had we fired, we should have sorely repented it; but luckily a half suspicion of foul

play had by this time arisen in my mind, and we forebore to let the savages know of our whereabouts.

After having reposed for about an hour we pushed on slowly up the ravine, and had gone no great way before we heard a succession of tremendous yells. At length we reached what might be called the surface of the ground, for our path hitherto, since leaving the platform, had lain beneath an archway of high rock and foliage, at a vast distance overhead. With great caution we stole to a narrow opening through which we had a clear sight of the surrounding country, when the whole dreadful secret of the concussion broke upon us in one moment and at one view.

The spot from which we looked was not far from the summit of the highest peak in the range of the soap-stone hills. The gorge in which our party of thirty-two had entered ran within fifty feet to the left of us. But for at least one hundred yards the channel or bed of this gorge was entirely filled up with the chaotic ruins of more than a million tons of earth and stone that had been artificially tumbled within it. The means by which the vast mass had been precipitated were not more simple than evident, for sure traces of the murderous work were yet remaining. In several spots along the top of the eastern side of the gorge (we were now on the western) might be seen stakes of wood driven into the earth. In these spots the earth had not given way, but throughout the whole extent of the face of the precipice from which the mass had fallen, it was clear, from marks left in the soil resembling those made by the drill of the rock-blaster, that stakes similar to those we saw standing had been inserted at not more than a yard apart, for the length of perhaps three hundred feet, and ranging at about ten feet back from the edge of the gulf. Strong cords of grape-vine were attached to the stakes still remaining on the hill, and it was evident that such cords had also been attached to each of the other stakes. I have already spoken of the singular stratification of these soap-stone hills, and the description just given of the narrow and deep fissure through which we effected our escape from inhumation will afford a further conception of its nature. This was such that almost every natural convulsion would be sure to split the soil into perpendicular layers or ridges running parallel with one another, and a very moderate exertion of art would be sufficient for effecting the same purpose. Of this stratification the savages had availed themselves to accomplish their treacherous ends. There can be no doubt that by the continuous line of stakes a partial rupture of the soil had been brought about,

probably to the depth of one or two feet, when by means of a savage pulling at the end of each of the cords (these cords being attached to the tops of the stakes and extending back from the edge of the cliff) a vast leverage power was obtained, capable of hurling the whole face of the hill upon a given signal into the bosom of the abyss below. The fate of our poor companions was no longer a matter of uncertainty. We alone had escaped from the tempest of that overwhelming destruction. We were the only living white men upon the island.

Our situation, as it now appeared, was scarcely less dreadful than when we had conceived ourselves entombed for ever. We saw before us no prospect but that of being put to death by the savages, or of dragging out a miserable existence in captivity among them. We might, to be sure, conceal ourselves for a time from their observation among the fastnesses of the hills, and, as a final resort, in the chasm from which we had just issued; but we must either perish in the long Polar winter through cold and famine, or be ultimately discovered in our efforts to obtain relief.

The whole country around us seemed to be swarming with savages, crowds of whom, we now perceived, had come over from the islands to the southward on flat rafts, doubtless with a view of lending their aid in the capture and plunder of the *Jane*. The vessel still lay calmly at anchor in the bay, those on board being apparently quite unconscious of any danger awaiting them. How we longed at that moment to be with them! either to aid in effecting their escape, or to perish with them in attempting a defence. We saw no chance even of warning them of their danger, without bringing immediate destruction upon our own heads, with but a remote hope of benefit to them. A pistol fired might suffice to apprise them that something wrong had occurred; but the report could not possibly inform them that their only prospect of safety lay in getting out of the harbour forthwith—it could not tell that no principles of honour now bound them to remain, that their companions were no longer among the living. Upon hearing the discharge they could not be more thoroughly prepared to meet the foe, who were now getting ready to attack, than they already were, and always had been. No good, therefore, and infinite harm, would result from our firing, and, after mature deliberation, we forebore.

Our next thought was to attempt a rush towards the vessel, to seize one of the four canoes which lay at the head of the bay, and endeavour to force a passage on board. But the utter impossibility

of succeeding in this desperate task soon became evident. The country, as I said before, was literally swarming with the natives, skulking among the bushes and recesses of the hills, so as not to be observed from the schooner. In our immediate vicinity especially, and blocking the sole path by which we could hope to attain the shore at the proper point, were stationed the whole part of the black-skin warriors with Too-wit at their head, and apparently only waiting for some reinforcement to commence his onset upon the *Jane*. The canoes, too, which lay at the head of the bay, were manned with savages, unarmed, it is true, but who undoubtedly had arms within reach. We were forced, therefore, however unwillingly, to remain in our place of concealment, mere spectators of the conflict which presently ensued.

In about half-an-hour we saw some sixty or seventy rafts, or flat-boats, with outriggers filled with savages, coming round the southern bight of the harbour. They appeared to have no arms except short clubs, and stones which lay in the bottom of the rafts. Immediately afterwards another detachment, still larger, approached in an opposite direction, and with similar weapons. The four canoes, too, were now quickly filled with natives, starting up from the bushes at the head of the bay, and put off swiftly to join the other parties. Thus, in less time than I have taken to tell it, and as if by magic the *Jane* saw herself surrounded by an immense multitude of desperadoes evidently bent upon capturing her at all hazards.

That they would succeed in so doing could not be doubted for an instant. The six men left in the vessel, however resolutely they might engage in her defence, were altogether unequal to the proper management of the guns, or in any manner to sustain a contest at such odds. I could hardly imagine that they would make resistance at all, but in this was deceived; for presently I saw them get springs upon the cable, and bring the vessel's star-board broadside to bear upon the canoes, which by this time were within pistol range, the rafts being nearly a quarter of a mile to windward. Owing to some cause unknown, but most probably to the agitation of our poor friends at seeing themselves in so hopeless a situation, the discharge was an entire failure. Not a canoe was hit or a single savage injured, the shots striking short and ricocheting over their heads. The only effect produced upon them was astonishment at the unexpected report and smoke, which was so excessive that for some moments I almost thought they would abandon their design entirely and return to the shore; and this they would most likely have done had our men followed up their

broadside by a discharge of small arms, in which, as the canoes were now so near at hand, they could not have failed in doing some execution, sufficient at least to deter this party from a farther advance, until they could have given the Rafts also a broadside. But, in place of this, they left the canoe party to recover from their panic, and by looking about them to see that no injury had been sustained, while they flew to the larboard to get ready for the Rafts.

The discharge to larboard produced the most terrible effect. The star and double-headed shot of the large guns cut seven or eight of the Rafts completely asunder, and killed, perhaps, thirty or forty of the natives outright, while a hundred of them at least were thrown into the water, the most of them dreadfully wounded. The remainder, frightened out of their senses, commenced at once a precipitate retreat, not even waiting to pick up their maimed companions, who were swimming about in every direction, screaming and yelling for aid. This great success came too late for the relief of our devoted people. The canoe party were already on board the schooner to the number of more than a hundred and fifty, the most of them having succeeded in scrambling up the chains and over the boarding-nettings, even before the matches had been applied to the larboard guns. Nothing now could withstand their brute rage. Our men were borne down at once, overwhelmed, trodden under foot, and absolutely torn to pieces in an instant.

Seeing this, the savages on the Rafts got the better of their fears, and came up in shoals to the plunder. In five minutes the *Jane* was a pitiable scene indeed of havoc and tumultuous outrage. The decks were split open and ripped up; the cordage, sails, and everything movable on deck demolished as if by magic. While, by dint of pushing at the stern, towing with the canoes, and hauling at the sides, as they swam in thousands round the vessel, the wretches finally forced her on shore, (the cable having been slipped), and delivered her over to the good offices of Too-wit, who, during the whole of the engagement had maintained, like a skilful general, his post of security and reconnoissance among the hills, but, now that victory was completed to his satisfaction, condescended to scamper down with his warriors of the black skin, and become a partaker in the spoils.

Too-wit's descent left us at liberty to quit our hiding-place and reconnoitre the hill in the vicinity of the chasm. At about fifty yards from the mouth of it we saw a small spring of water, at which we slaked the burning thirst that now consumed us. Not

far from the spring we discovered several of the filbert bushes which I mentioned before. Upon tasting the nuts we found them palatable, and very nearly resembling in flavour the common English filbert. We collected our hats full immediately, deposited them within the ravine, and returned for more. While we were busily employed in gathering these, a rustling in the bushes alarmed us, and we were upon the point of stealing back to our covert when a large black bird of the bittern species strugglingly and slowly arose above the shrubs. I was so much startled that I could do nothing, but Peters had sufficient presence of mind to run up to it before it could make its escape, and seize it by the neck. Its struggles and screams were tremendous, and we had thoughts of letting it go, lest the noise should alarm some of the savages who might be still lurking in the neighbourhood. A stab with a bowie-knife, however, at length brought it to the ground, and we dragged it into the ravine, congratulating ourselves that, at all events, we had thus obtained a supply of food enough to last us for a week.

We now went out again to look about us, and ventured a considerable distance down the southern declivity of the hill, but met with nothing else which could serve us for food. We therefore collected a quantity of dry wood and returned, seeing one or two large parties of the natives on their way to the village, laden with the plunder of the vessel, and who, we were apprehensive, might discover us in passing beneath the hill.

Our next care was to render our place of concealment as secure as possible, and, with this object, we arranged some brushwood over the aperture which I have before spoken of as the one through which we saw the patch of blue sky, on reaching the platform from the interior of the chasm. We left only a very small opening, just wide enough to admit of our seeing the bay, without risk of being discovered from below. Having done this, we congratulated ourselves upon the security of the position; for we were now completely excluded from observation as long as we chose to remain within the ravine itself and not venture out upon the hill. We could perceive no traces of the savages having ever been within this hollow; but, indeed, when we came to reflect upon the probability that the fissure through which we attained it had been only just now created by the fall of the cliff opposite, and that no other way of attaining it could be perceived, we were not so much rejoiced at the thought of being secure from molestation as fearful lest there should be absolutely no means left us for descent. We resolved to explore the summit of the hill

thoroughly, when a good opportunity should offer. In the meantime we watched the motions of the savages through our loophole.

They had already made a complete wreck of the vessel and were now preparing to set her on fire. In a little while we saw the smoke ascending in huge volumes from her main-hatchway, and, shortly afterwards a dense mass of flame burst up from the fore-castle. The rigging, masts, and what remained of the sails caught immediately and the fire spread rapidly along the decks. Still a great many of the savages retained their stations about her, hammering with large stones, axes and cannon balls at the bolts and other copper and iron work. On the beach, and in canoes and rafts, there were not less, altogether, in the immediate vicinity of the schooner, than ten thousand natives, besides the shoals of them who laden with booty were making their way inland and over to the neighbouring islands. We now anticipated a catastrophe, and were not disappointed. First of all there came a smart shock (which we felt distinctly where we were, as if we had been slightly galvanised), but unattended with any visible signs of an explosion. The savages were evidently startled, and paused for an instant from their labours and yellings. They were upon the point of recommencing when suddenly a mass of smoke puffed up from the decks resembling a black and heavy thunder-cloud—then as if from its bowels arose a tall stream of vivid fire to the height apparently of a quarter of a mile—then there came a sudden circular expansion of the flame—then the whole atmosphere was magically crowded in a single instant, with a wild chaos of wood and metal, and human limbs—and, lastly, came the concussion in its fullest fury, which hurled us impetuously from our feet while the hills echoed and re-echoed the tumult, and a dense shower of the minutest fragments of the ruins tumbled headlong in every direction around us.

The havoc among the savages far exceeded our utmost expectation and they had now indeed reaped the full and perfect fruits of their treachery. Perhaps a thousand perished by the explosion, while at least an equal number were desperately mangled. The whole surface of the bay was literally strewn with the struggling and drowning wretches, and on shore matters were even worse. They seemed utterly appalled by the suddenness and completeness of their discomfiture and made no effort at assisting one another. At length we observed a total change in their demeanour. From absolute stupor, they appeared to be all at once aroused to the highest pitch of excitement, and rushed wildly

about, going to and from a certain point on the beach, with the strangest expressions of mingled horror, rage, and intense curiosity depicted on their countenances, and shouting at the top of their voices *Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!*

Presently we saw a large body go off into the hills, whence they returned in a short time, carrying stakes of wood. These they brought to the station where the crowd was the thickest, which now separated so as to afford us a view of the object of all this excitement. We perceived something white lying upon the ground, but could not immediately make out what it was. At length we saw that it was the carcase of the strange animal with the scarlet teeth and claws which the schooner had picked up at sea on the eighteenth of January. Captain Guy had had the body preserved for the purpose of stuffing the skin and taking it to England. I remember he had given some directions about it just before our making the island, and it had been brought into the cabin and stowed away in one of the lockers. It had now been thrown on shore by the explosion; but why it had occasioned so much concern among the savages was more than we could comprehend. Although they crowded around the carcase at a little distance, none of them seemed willing to approach it closely. By and by the men with the stakes drove them in a circle around it, and no sooner was this arrangement completed, than the whole of the vast assemblage rushed into the interior of the island, with loud screams of *Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!*

During the six or seven days immediately following we remained in our hiding-place upon the hill, going out only occasionally, and then with the greatest precaution, for water and filberts. We had made a kind of pent-house on the platform, furnishing it with a bed of dry leaves, and placing in it three large flat stones, which served us for both fire-place and table. We kindled a fire without difficulty by rubbing two pieces of dry wood together, the one soft the other hard. The bird we had taken in such good season proved excellent eating, although somewhat tough. It was not an oceanic fowl, but a species of bittern, with jet black and grizzly plumage, and diminutive wings in proportion to its bulk. We afterwards saw three of the same kind in the vicinity of the ravine, apparently seeking for the one we had captured; but, as they never alighted, we had no opportunity of catching them.

As long as this fowl lasted we suffered nothing from our situation but it was now entirely consumed, and it became absolutely necessary that we should look out for provision. The filberts

would not satisfy the cravings of hunger, afflicting us, too, with severe gripings of the bowels, and, if freely indulged in, with violent headache. We had seen several large tortoises near the seashore to the eastward of the hill, and perceived they might be easily taken if we could get at them without the observation of the natives. It was resolved, therefore, to make an attempt at descending.

We commenced by going down the southern declivity, which seemed to offer the fewest difficulties but had not proceeded a hundred yards before (as we had anticipated from appearances on the hill-top) our progress was entirely arrested by a branch of the gorge in which our companions had perished. We now passed along the edge of this for about a quarter of a mile, when we were again stopped by a precipice of immense depth, and not being able to make our way along the brink of it, we were forced to retrace our steps by the main ravine.

We now pushed over to the eastward, but with precisely similar fortune. After an hour's scramble at the risk of breaking our necks we discovered that we had merely descended into a vast pit of black granite with fine dust at the bottom and whence the only egress was by the rugged path by which we had come down. Toiling again up this path we now tried the northern edge of the hill. Here we were obliged to use the greatest possible caution in our manœuvres, as the least indiscretion would expose us to the full view of the savages in the village. We crawled along therefore on our hands and knees and occasionally were even forced to throw ourselves at full length dragging our bodies along by means of the shrubbery. In this careful manner we had proceeded but a little way when we arrived at a chasm far deeper than any we had yet seen and leading directly into the main gorge. Thus our fears were fully confirmed, and we found ourselves cut off entirely from access to the world below. Thoroughly exhausted by our exertions we made the best of our way back to the platform and throwing ourselves upon the bed of leaves slept sweetly and soundly for some hours.

For several days after this fruitless search we were occupied in exploring every part of the summit of the hill in order to interrogate ourselves of its actual resources. We found that it would afford us no food, with the exception of the unwholesome filbert and a rank species of scurvy-grass which grew in a little patch of not more than four rods square, and would soon be exhausted. On the fifteenth of February, as near as I can remember, there was not a blade of this left, and the nuts were growing scarce, our

situation therefore could hardly be more lamentable * On the sixteenth we again went round the walls of our prison in hope of finding some avenue of escape, but to no purpose We also descended the chasmⁱⁿ which we had been overwhelmed, with the faint expectation of discovering through this channel some opening to the main ravine. Here, too, we were disappointed, although we found and brought up with us a musket

On the seventeenth we set out with the determination of examining more thoroughly the chasm of black granite into which we had made our way in the first search We remembered that one of the fissures in the side of this pit had been but partially looked into, and we were anxious to explore it, although with no expectation of discovering here any opening

We found no great difficulty in reaching the bottom of the hollow as before and were now sufficiently calm to survey it with some attention It was indeed one of the most singular looking places imaginable and we could scarcely bring ourselves to believe it altogether the work of nature The pit, from its eastern to its western extremity, was about five hundred yards in length when all its windings were threaded, the distance from east to west in a straight line not being more (I should suppose, having no means of accurate examination) than forty or fifty yards Upon first descending into the chasm, that is to say for a hundred feet downward from the summit of the hill the sides of the abyss bore little resemblance to each other, and apparently had at no time been connected, the one surface being of the soap-stone and the other of marl, granulated with some metallic matter The average breadth or interval between the two cliffs was probably here sixty feet but there seemed to be no regularity of formation Passing down however, beyond the limit spoken of, the interval rapidly contracted, and the sides began to run parallel, although for some distance farther they were still dissimilar in their material and form of surface Upon arriving within fifty feet of the bottom a perfect regularity commenced. The sides were now entirely uniform in substance, in colour, and in lateral direction the material being a very black and shining granite, and the distance between the two sides, at all points, facing each other, exactly twenty yards The precise formation of the chasm will be best understood by means of a delineation taken upon the spot; for I had luckily with me a pocket-book and pencil, which I preserved with great care through a long series of subsequent adven-

* This day was rendered remarkable by our observing in the south several huge wreaths of the greyish vapour I have before spoken of.

ture, and to which I am indebted for memoranda of many subjects which would otherwise have been crowded from my remembrance.

This figure (*see figure 1*) gives the general outlines of the chasm, without the minor cavities, of which there were several in the sides, each cavity having a corresponding protuberance opposite. The bottom of the gulf was covered to the depth of three or four inches with a powder almost impalpable, beneath which we found a continuation of the black granite. To the right, at the lower extremity, will be noticed the appearance of a small opening; this is the fissure alluded to above, and to examine which more minutely

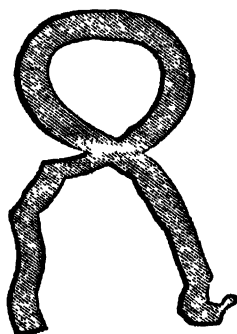


FIGURE NO. 1

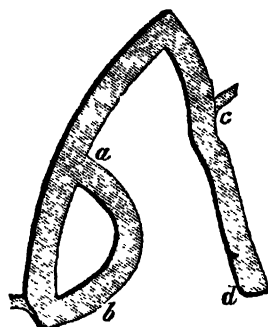


FIGURE NO. 2

than before was the object of our second visit. We now pushed into it with vigour, cutting away a quantity of brambles which impeded us, and removing a vast heap of sharp flints son what resembling arrowheads in shape. We were encouraged to persevere, however, by perceiving some little light proceeding from the farther end. We at length squeezed our way for about thirty feet, and found that the aperture was a low and regularly-formed arch, having a bottom of the same impalpable powder as that in the main chasm. A strong light now broke upon us, and turning a short bend, we found ourselves in another lofty chamber, similar to the one we had left in every respect but longitudinal form. Its general figure is here given (*see figure 2*).

The total length of this chasm, commencing at the opening "a" and proceeding round the curve "b" to the extremity "d", is five hundred and fifty yards. At "c" we discovered a small aperture similar to the one through which we had issued from the

other chasm, and this was choked up in the same manner with brambles and a quantity of the white arrowhead flints. We forced our way through it, finding it about forty feet long, and emerged into a third chasm. This, too, was precisely like the first, except in its longitudinal shape, which was thus (*see figure 3*).

We found the entire length of the third chasm three hundred and twenty yards. At the point "a" was an opening about six feet wide, and extending fifteen feet into the rock, where it terminated in a bed of marl, there being no other chasm beyond, as we had expected. We were about leaving this fissure, into which very little light was admitted, when Peters called my attention to a range of singular-looking indentations in the surface of the marl

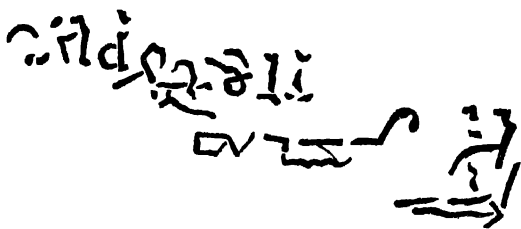


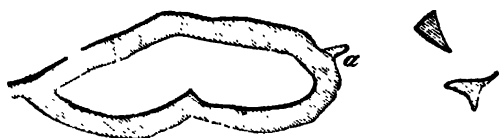
FIGURE No 4

forming the termination of the cul-de-sac. With a very slight exertion of the imagination the left, or most northern of these indentations might have been taken for the intentional, although rude, representation of a human figure standing erect, with outstretched arm. The rest of them bore also some little resemblance to alphabetical characters, and Peters was willing, at all events, to adopt the idle opinion that they were really such. I convinced him of his error finally, by directing his attention to the floor of the fissure, where among the powder we picked up piece by piece of several large flakes of the marl, which had evidently been broken off by some convulsion from the surface where the indentures were found, and which had projecting points exactly fitting the indentures, thus proving them to have been the work of nature. Figure 4 presents an accurate copy of the whole.

After satisfying ourselves that these singular caverns afforded us no means of escape from our prison, we made our way back, dejected and dispirited, to the summit of the hill. Nothing worth mentioning occurred during the next twenty-four hours, except

that in examining the ground to the eastward of the third chasm, we found two triangular holes of great depth, and also with black granite sides. Into these holes we did not think it worth while to attempt descending, as they had the appearance of mere natural wells, without outlet. They were each about twenty yards in circumference, and their shape, as well as relative position in regard to the third chasm, is shown in figure 5.

On the twentieth of the month, finding it altogether impossible to subsist any longer upon the filberts, the use of which occasioned us the most excruciating torment, we resolved to make a desperate attempt at descending the southern declivity of the hill. The face of the precipice was here of the softest species of soap-stone, although nearly perpendicular throughout its whole extent (a depth of a hundred and fifty feet at the least), and in many



FIGURES NO. 3 AND 5

places even overarching. After long search we discovered a narrow ledge about twenty feet below the brink of the gulf; upon this Peters contrived to leap, with what assistance I could render him by means of our pocket-handkerchiefs tied together. With somewhat more difficulty I also got down, and we then saw the possibility of descending the whole way by the process in which we had clambered up from the chasm when we had been buried by the fall of the hill—our knives. The extreme hazard of the attempt can scarcely be conceived, but as there was no other resource we determined to undertake it.

Upon the ledge where we stood there grew some filbert-bushes, and to one of these we made fast an end of our rope of handkerchiefs. The other end being tied round Peters's waist, I lowered him down over the edge of the precipice until the handkerchiefs were stretched tight. He now proceeded to dig a deep hole in the soap-stone (as far in as eight or ten inches), sloping away the rock above to the height of a foot or thereabout, so as to allow of his driving, with the butt of pistol, a tolerably strong peg into the levelled surface. I then drew him up for

about four feet, when he made a hole similar to the one below, driving in a peg as before, and having thus a resting-place for both feet and hands. I now unfastened the handkerchiefs from the bush, throwing him the end, which he tied to the peg in the uppermost hole, letting himself down gently to a station about three feet lower than he had yet been, that is, to the full extent of the handkerchiefs. Here he dug another hole, and drove another peg. He then drew himself up, so as to rest his feet in the hole just cut, taking hold with his hands upon the peg in the one above. It was now necessary to untie the handkerchiefs from the topmost peg, with a view of fastening them to the second; and here he found that an error had been committed in cutting the holes at so great a distance apart. However, after one or two unsuccessful and dangerous attempts at reaching the knot (having to hold on with his left hand while he laboured to undo the fastening with his right), he at length cut the string, leaving six inches of it affixed to the peg. Tying the handkerchiefs now to the second peg, he descended to a station below the third, taking care not to go too far down. By these means (means which I should never have conceived of myself, and for which we were indebted altogether to Peters's ingenuity and resolution) my companion finally succeeded, with the occasional aid of projections in the cliff, in reaching the bottom without accident.

It was some time before I could summon sufficient resolution to follow him; but I did at length attempt it. Peters had taken off his shirt before descending, and this, with my own, formed the rope necessary for the adventure. After throwing down the musket found in the chasm, I fastened this rope to the bushes, and let myself down rapidly, striving, by the vigour of my movements, to banish the trepidation which I could overcome in no other manner. This answered sufficiently well for the first four or five steps; but presently I found my imagination growing terribly excited by thoughts of the vast depth yet to be descended, and the precarious nature of the pegs and soap-stone holes which were my only support. It was in vain I endeavoured to banish these reflections, and to keep my eyes steadily bent upon the flat surface of the cliff before me. The more earnestly I struggled *not to think*, the more intensely vivid became my conceptions, and the more horribly distinct. At length arrived that crisis of fancy, so fearful in all similar cases, the crisis in which we begin to anticipate the feelings with which we *shall* fall—to picture to ourselves the sickness, and dizziness, and the last struggle, and the half-swoon, and the final bitterness of the rushing and head-

long descent. And now I found these fancies creating their own realities, and all imagined horrors crowding upon me in fact. I felt my knees strike violently together, while my fingers were gradually yet certainly relaxing their grasp. There was a ringing in my ears, and I said, "This is my knell of death!" And now I was consumed with the irrepressible desire of looking below. I could not, I would not, confine my glances to the cliff; and with a wild, indefinable emotion, half of horror, half of a relieved oppression, I threw my vision far down into the abyss. For one moment my fingers clutched convulsively upon their hold, while, with the movement, the faintest possible idea of ultimate escape wandered like a shadow through my mind—in the next my whole soul was pre-occupied with a *longing to fall*; a desire, a yearning, a passion utterly uncontrollable. I let go at once my grasp upon the peg, and, turning half round from the precipice, remained tottering for an instant against its naked face. But now there came a spinning of the brain; a shrill-sounding and phantom voice screamed within my ears; a dusky, fiendish, and filmy figure stood immediately beneath me; and, sighing, I sank down with a bursting heart, and plunged within its arms.

I had swooned, and Peters had caught me as I fell. He had observed my proceedings from his station at the bottom of the cliff; and perceiving my imminent danger, had endeavoured to inspire me with courage by every suggestion he could devise; although my confusion of mind had been so great as to prevent my hearing what he said, or being conscious that he had even spoken to me at all. At length, seeing me totter, he hastened to ascend to my rescue, and arrived just in time for my preservation. Had I fallen with my full weight, the rope of linen would inevitably have snapped, and I should have been precipitated into the abyss; as it was, he contrived to let me down gently, so as to remain suspended without danger until animation returned. This was in about fifteen minutes. On recovery, my trepidation had entirely vanished; I felt a new being, and, with some little further aid from my companion, reached the bottom also in safety.

We now found ourselves not far from the ravine which had proved the tomb of our friends, and to the southward of the spot where the hill had fallen. The place was one of singular wildness, and its aspect brought to my mind the descriptions given by travellers of those dreary regions marking the site of degraded Babylon. Not to speak of the ruins of the disrupted cliff, which formed a chaotic barrier in the vista to the northward, the surface of the ground in every other direction was strewn with huge

tumuli, apparently the wreck of some gigantic structures of art; although, in detail, no semblance of art could be detected. Scoriae were abundant, and large shapeless blocks of the black granite, intermingled with others of marl,* and both granulated with metal. Of vegetation there were no traces whatsoever throughout the whole of the desolate area within sight. Several immense scorpions were seen, and various reptiles not elsewhere to be found in the high latitudes.

As food was our most immediate object, we resolved to make our way to the sea-coast, distant not more than half-a-mile, with a view to catching turtle, several of which we had observed from our place of concealment on the hill. We had proceeded some hundred yards, threading our route cautiously between the huge rocks and tumuli, when, upon turning a corner, five savages sprang upon us from a small cavern, felling Peters to the ground with a blow from a club. As he fell the whole party rushed upon him to secure their victim, leaving me time to recover from my astonishment. I still had the musket, but the barrel had received so much injury in being thrown from the precipice that I cast it aside as useless, preferring to trust my pistols, which had been carefully preserved in order. With these I advanced upon our assailants firing one after the other in quick succession. Two savages fell, and one who was in the act of thrusting a spear into Peters, sprang to his feet without accomplishing his purpose. My companion being thus released, we had no further difficulty. He had his pistols also, but prudently declined using them, confiding in his great personal strength, which far exceeded that of any person I have ever known. Seizing a club from one of the savages who had fallen, he dashed out the brains of the three who remained, killing each instantaneously with a single blow of the weapon, and leaving us completely masters of the field.

So rapidly had these events passed, that we could scarcely believe in their reality, and were standing over the bodies of the dead in a species of stupid contemplation, when we were brought to recollection by the sound of shouts in the distance. It was clear that the savages had been alarmed by the firing, and that we had little chance of avoiding discovery. To regain the cliff, it would be necessary to proceed in the direction of the shouts; and even should we succeed in arriving at its base, we should never be able to ascend it without being seen. Our situation was one of the greatest peril, and we were hesitating in which path to com-

* The marl was also black; indeed, we noticed no light-coloured substance of any kind upon the island.

mence flight, when one of the savages whom I had shot, and supposed dead, sprang briskly to his feet, and attempted to make his escape. We overtook him, however, before he had advanced many paces, and were about to put him to death, when Peters suggested that we might derive some benefit from forcing him to accompany us in our attempt to escape. We therefore dragged him with us, making him understand that we would shoot him if he offered resistance. In a few minutes he was perfectly submissive, and ran by our sides as we pushed in among the rocks making for the sea-shore.

So far the irregularities of the ground we had been traversing hid the sea, except at intervals, from our sight, and when we first had it fairly in view it was perhaps two hundred yards distant. As we emerged into the open beach we saw to our great dismay an immense crowd of the natives pouring from the village, and from all visible quarters of the island, making towards us with gesticulations of extreme fury, and howling like wild beasts. We were upon the point of turning upon our steps, and trying to secure a retreat among the fastnesses of the rougher ground, when I discovered the bows of two canoes projecting from behind a large rock which ran out into the water. Towards these we now ran with all speed, and, reaching them, found them unguarded, and without any other freight than three of the large *Gallipago* turtles and the usual supply of paddles for sixty rowers. We instantly took possession of one of them, and forcing our captive on board pushed out to sea with all the strength we could command.

We had not made, however, more than fifty yards from the shore before we became sufficiently calm to perceive the great oversight of which we had been guilty in leaving the other canoe in the power of the savages, who by this time were not more than twice as far from the beach as ourselves, and were rapidly advancing to the pursuit. No time was now to be lost. Our hope was at best a forlorn one, but we had none other. It was very doubtful whether, with the utmost exertion, we could get back in time to anticipate them in taking possession of the canoe, but yet there was a chance that we could. We might save ourselves if we succeeded, while not to make the attempt was to resign ourselves to inevitable butchery.

The canoe was modelled with the bow and stern alike and in place of turning it around we merely changed our position in paddling. As soon as the savages perceived this they redoubled their yells, as well as their speed, and approached with inconceivable rapidity. We pulled, however, with all the energy of des-

peration, and arrived at the contested point before more than one of the natives had attained it. This man paid dearly for his superior agility Peters shooting him through the head with a pistol as he approached the shore. The foremost among the rest of the party were probably some twenty or thirty paces distant as we seized upon the canoe. We at first endeavoured to pull her into the deep water, beyond the reach of the savages, but finding her too firmly aground, and there being no time to spare, Peters, with one or two heavy strokes from the butt of the musket, succeeded in dashing out a large portion of the bow and of one side. We then pushed off. Two of the natives by this time had got hold of our boat, obstinately refusing to let go, until we were forced to despatch them with our knives. We were now clear off, and making great way out to sea. The main body of the savages, upon reaching the broken canoe, set up the most tremendous yell of rage and disappointment conceivable. In truth, from everything I could see of these wretches, they appeared to be the most wicked hypocritical, vindictive, bloodthirsty, and altogether fiendish race of men upon the face of the globe. It is clear we should have had no mercy had we fallen into their hands. They made a mad attempt at following us in the fractured canoe, but finding it useless, again vented their rage in a series of hideous vociferations, and rushed up into the hills.

We were thus relieved from immediate danger, but our situation was still sufficiently gloomy. We knew that four canoes of the kind we had were at one time in the possession of the savages, and were not aware of the fact (afterwards ascertained from our captive) that two of these had been blown to pieces in the explosion of the *Jane Guy*. We calculated, therefore, upon being yet pursued as soon as our enemies could get round to the bay (distant about three miles) where the boats were usually laid up. Fearing this we made every exertion to leave the island behind us, and went rapidly through the water, forcing the prisoner to take a paddle. In about half-an-hour, when we had gained probably five or six miles to the southward, a large fleet of the flat-bottomed canoes or rafts were seen to emerge from the bay, evidently with the design of pursuit. Presently they put back, despairing to overtake us.

We now found ourselves in the wide and desolate Antarctic Ocean, in a latitude exceeding eighty-four degrees, in a frail canoe, and with no provision but the three turtles. The long Polar winter, too, could not be considered as far distant, and it became necessary that we should deliberate well upon the course

to be pursued. There were six or seven islands in sight belonging to the same group, and distant from each other about five or six leagues, but upon neither of these had we any intention to venture. In coming from the northward in the *Jane Guy* we had been gradually leaving behind us the severest regions of ice—this, however little it may be in accordance with the generally received notions respecting the Antarctic, was a fact experience would not permit us to deny. To attempt, therefore, getting back would be folly—especially at so late a period of the season. Only one course seemed to be left open for hope. We resolved to steer boldly to the southward, where there was at least a probability of discovering other lands, and more than a probability of finding a still milder climate.

So far we had found the Antarctic, like the Arctic Ocean, peculiarly free from violent storms or immoderately rough water; but our canoe was at best of frail structure, although large, and we set busily to work with a view to rendering her as safe as the limited means in our possession would admit. The body of the boat was of no better material than bark—the bark of a tree unknown. The ribs were of tough osier, well adapted to the purpose for which it was used. We had fifty feet room from stem to stern, from four to six in breadth, and in depth throughout four feet and a half—the boats thus differing vastly in shape from those of any other inhabitants of the Southern Ocean with whom civilized nations are acquainted. We never did believe them the workmanship of the ignorant islanders who owned them, and some days after this period discovered, by questioning our captive, that they were in fact made by the natives of a group to the south-west of the country where we found them, having fallen accidentally into the hands of our barbarians. What we could do for the security of our boat was very little indeed. Several wide rents were discovered near both ends, and these we contrived to patch up with pieces of woollen jacket. With the help of the superfluous paddles, of which there were a great many, we erected a kind of framework about the bow, so as to break the force of any seas which might threaten to fill us in that quarter. We also set up two paddle-blades for masts, placing them opposite each other, one by each gunwale, thus saving the necessity of a yard. To these masts we attached a sail made of our shirts—doing this with some difficulty, as here we could get no assistance from our prisoner whatever, although he had been willing enough to labour in all the other operations. The sight of the lines seemed to affect him in a very singular manner. He could not be pre-

vailed upon to touch it or go near it, shuddering when we attempted to force him, and shrieking out *Tekeli-li*

Having completed our arrangements for the security of the canoe, we now set sail to the south-south-east for the present, with the view of weathering the most southerly of the group in sight. This being done, we turned the bow full to the southward. The weather could by no means be considered disagreeable. We had a prevailing and very gentle wind from the northward, a smooth sea, and continual daylight. No ice whatever was to be seen, nor did I ever see one particle of this after leaving the parallel of Bennet's Isle. Indeed, the temperature of the water was here far too warm for its existence in any quantity. Having killed the largest of our tortoises, and obtained from him not only food, but a copious supply of water, we continued on our course, without any incident of moment, for perhaps seven or eight days during which period we must have proceeded a vast distance to the southward, as the wind blew constantly with us, and a very strong current set continually in the direction we were pursuing.

March 1 * Many unusual phenomena now indicated that we were entering upon a region of novelty and wonder. A high range of light grey vapour appeared constantly in the southern horizon, flaring up occasionally in lofty streaks, now darting from east to west, now from west to east, and again presenting a level and uniform summit—in short, having all the wild variations of the Aurora Borealis. The average height of this vapour, as apparent from our station, was about twenty-five degrees. The temperature of the sea seemed to be increasing momentarily, and there was a very perceptible alteration in its colour.

March 2 Today, by repeated questioning of our captive, we came to the knowledge of many particulars in regard to the island of the massacre, its inhabitants, and customs—but with these how can I now detain the reader? I may say, however, that we learned there were eight islands in the group—that they were governed by a common king, named *Tsalmon* or *Psalmoun*, who resided in one of the smallest of the islands, that the black skins forming the dress of the warriors came from an animal of huge size to be found only in a valley near the court of the king—that the inhabitants of the group fabricated no other boats than the flat bottomed rafts, the four canoes being all of the kind in their pos-

* For obvious reasons I cannot pretend to strict accuracy in these dates. They are given principally with a view to perspicuity of narration, and as set down in my pencil memoranda.

session, and these having been obtained by mere accident from some large island in the south-west—that his own name was Nu-Nu—that he had no knowledge of Bennet's Islet—and that the appellation of the island we had left was *Taalal*. The commencement of the words *Tsalemon* and *Tsalal* was given with a prolonged hissing sound, which we found it impossible to imitate, even after repeated endeavours, and which was precisely the same as the note of the black bittern we had eaten upon the summit of the hill.

March 3. The heat of the water was now truly remarkable, and its colour was undergoing a rapid change, being no longer transparent, but of a milky consistency and hue. In our immediate vicinity it was usually smooth, never so rough as to endanger the canoe—but we were frequently surprised at perceiving, to our right and left, at different distances, sudden and extensive agitations of the surface—these we at length noticed were always preceded by wild flickerings in the region of vapour to the southward.

March 4. Today, with a view to widening our sail, the breeze from the northward dying away perceptibly, I took from my coat-pocket a white handkerchief. Nu-Nu was seated at my elbow, and the linen accidentally flaring in his face, he became violently affected with convulsions. These were succeeded by drowsiness and stupor, and low murmurings of *Tekeli-li! Tekeli-li!*

March 5. The wind had entirely ceased, but it was evident that we were still hurrying on to the southward, under the influence of a powerful current. And now, indeed, it would seem reasonable that we should experience some alarm at the turn events were taking—but we felt none. The countenance of Peters indicated nothing of this nature, although it wore at times an expression I could not fathom. The Polar winter appeared to be coming on—but coming without its terrors. I felt a numbness of body and mind—a dreaminess of sensation—but this was all.

March 6. The grey vapour had now arisen many more degrees above the horizon, and was gradually losing its greyness of tint. The heat of the water was extreme, even unpleasant to the touch, and its milky hue was more evident than ever. Today a violent agitation of the water occurred very close to the canoe. It was attended, as usual, with a wild flaring up of the vapour at its summit, and a momentary division at its base. A fine white powder, resembling ashes—but certainly not such—fell over the canoe and over a large surface of the water as the flickering died away among the vapour and the commotion subsided in the sea.

Nu-Nu now threw himself on his face in the bottom of the boat, and no persuasions could induce him to arise.

March 7. This day we questioned Nu-Nu concerning the motives of his countrymen in destroying our companions; but he appeared to be too utterly overcome by terror to afford us any rational reply. He still obstinately lay in the bottom of the boat; and, upon our reiterating the questions as to the motive, made use only of idiotic gesticulations, such as raising with his forefinger the upper lip, and displaying the teeth which lay beneath it. These were black. We had never before seen the teeth of an inhabitant of Tsalal.

March 8. Today there floated by us one of the white animals whose appearance upon the beach at Tsalal had occasioned so wild a commotion among the savages. I would have picked it up, but there came over me a sudden listlessness, and I forebore. The heat of the water still increased, and the hand could no longer be endured within it. Peters spoke little, and I knew not what to think of his apathy. Nu-Nu breathed, and no more.

March 9. The white ashy material fell now continually around us, and in vast quantities. The range of vapour to the southward had arisen prodigiously in the horizon, and began to assume more distinctness of form. I can liken it to nothing but a limitless cataract, rolling silently into the sea from some immense and far-distant rampart in the heaven. The gigantic curtain ranged along the whole extent of the southern horizon. It emitted no sound.

March 21. A sullen darkness now hovered above us,—but from out the milky depths of the ocean a luminous glare arose, and stole up along the bulwarks of the boat. We were nearly overwhelmed by the white ashy shower which settled upon us and upon the canoe, but melted into the water as it fell. The summit of the cataract was utterly lost in the dimness and the distance. Yet we were evidently approaching it with a hideous velocity. At intervals there were visible in it wide yawning, but momentary rents, and from out these rents, within which was a chaos of flitting and indistinct images, there came rushing and mighty, but soundless winds, tearing up the enkindled ocean in their course.

March 22. The darkness had materially increased, relieved only by the glare of the water thrown back from the white curtain before us. Many gigantic and pallidly white birds flew continuously now from beyond the veil, and their scream was the eternal *Tekeli-li!* as they retreated from our vision. Hereupon Nu-Nu stirred in the bottom of the boat, but upon touching him we found his spirit departed. And now we rushed into the em-

braces of the cataract, where a chasm threw itself open to receive us. But there arose in our pathway a shrouded human figure, very far larger in its proportions than any dweller among man. And the hue of the skin of the figure was of the perfect whiteness of the snow.

NOTE

The circumstances connected with the late sudden and distressing death of Mr. Pym, are already well known to the public through the medium of the daily press. It is feared that the few remaining chapters which were to have completed his narrative, and which were retained by him, while the above were in type, for the purpose of revision, have been irrecoverably lost through the accident by which he perished himself. This, however, may prove not to be the case, and the papers, if ultimately found, will be given to the public.

No means have been left untried to remedy the deficiency. . . . Peters, from whom some information might be expected, is still alive, and a resident of Illinois, but cannot be met with at present. He may hereafter be found, and will no doubt afford material for a conclusion of Mr. Pym's account.

The loss of two or three final chapters (for there were but two or three) is the more deeply to be regretted, as it cannot be doubted they contained matter relative to the Pole itself, or at least to regions in its very near proximity; and as, too, the statements of the author in relation to these regions may shortly be verified or contradicted by means of the Governmental expedition now preparing for the Southern Ocean.

On one point in the narrative some remarks may well be offered; and it would afford the writer of this appendix much pleasure if what he may here observe should have a tendency to throw credit, in any degree, upon the very singular pages now published. We allude to the chasms found in the island of Tsalal, and to the whole of the figures upon pages 61, 62 and 63.

Mr. Pym has given the figures of the chasms without comment, and speaks decidedly of the *indentations* found at the extremity of the most easterly of these chasms as having but a fanciful resemblance to alphabetical characters, and, in short, as being positively *not such*. This assertion is made in manner so simple, and sustained by a species of demonstration so conclusive, viz. the fitting of the projections of the fragments found among the dust into the indentations upon the wall, that we are forced to believe the writer in earnest; and no reasonable reader should sup-

pose otherwise. But as the facts in relation to all the figures are most singular (especially when taken in connection with statements made in the body of the narrative), it may be as well to say a word or two concerning them all—this, too, the more especially as the facts in question have beyond doubt escaped the attention of Mr. Poe.

Figure 1, then, figure 2, figure 3, and figure 5, when conjoined with one another in the precise order which the chasms themselves presented, and when deprived of the small lateral branches or arches (which, it will be remembered, served only as a means of communication between the main chambers, and were of totally distinct character), constitute an Ethiopian verbal root—the root “To be shady”—whence all the inflections of shadow or darkness.

In regard to the “left or most northwardly” of the indentations in figure 4, it is more than probable that the opinion of Peters was correct, and that the hieroglyphical appearance was really the work of art, and intended as the representation of a human form. The delineation is before the reader, and he may, or may not, perceive the resemblance suggested; but the rest of the indentations afford strong confirmation of Peters’s idea. The upper range is evidently the Arabic verbal root “To be white”, whence all the inflections of brilliancy and whiteness. The lower range is not so immediately perspicuous. The characters are somewhat broken and disjointed; nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that, in their perfect state, they formed the full Egyptian word. “The region of the south”. It should be observed that these interpretations confirm the opinion of Peters in regard to the “most northwardly” of the figures. The arm is outstretched towards the south.

Conclusions such as these open a wide field for speculation and exciting conjecture. They should be regarded, perhaps, in connection with some of the most faintly-detailed incidents of the narrative; although in no visible manner is this chain of connection complete. Tekeli-li! was the cry of the affrighted natives of Tsalal upon discovering the carcass of the *white* animal picked up at sea. This also was the shriek of the swift-flying, *white*, and gigantic birds which issued from the vapoury *white* curtain of the South. Nothing *white* was to be found at Tsalal, and nothing otherwise in the subsequent voyage to the region beyond. It is not impossible that “Tsalal,” the appellation of the island of the chasms, may be found, upon minute philological scrutiny, to betray either some alliance with the chasms themselves, or some

reference to the Ethiopian characters, so mysteriously written in their windings.

"I have graven it within the hills, and my vengeance upon the dust within the rock"

THE SPHINX OF THE ICE-FIELDS

(Le Sphinx Des Glaces)

by

JULFS VERNE

INTRODUCTION

THROUGHOUT HIS literary career Verne was much influenced by the work of Edgar Allan Poe, which had far-reaching effects on his own writings. It was from Poe that he picked up his worst fault, his tendency to hold up an exciting narrative by long passages of irrelevant factual detail. But it was from Poe that he derived his enthusiasm for science fiction, his technique of making an imaginative story credible by the inclusion of relevant matter of fact detail, his effective surprise endings.

It was only natural that he should be impressed by *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* the most extraordinary and cryptic of all Poe's works. When, in 1864, he contributed to the *Musée des Familles* a critique of Poe, he expressed the hope that sooner or later some other hand would complete this unfinished work, and in 1895 he set out to finish it himself. The result was *Le Sphinx des Glaces* which for some reason was retitled in its English translation *An Antarctic Mystery*, though *The Sphinx of the Ice-fields* would have been far more intriguing (one over-literal bibliographer actually rendered it as "The Sphinx on Ice"!).

Needless to say, other attempts have been made to complete the *Narrative*. C. A. Dake's *A Strange Discovery* (1897) explains away Poe's "shrouded human figure" as being nothing more than an immense statue on a large volcanic island centred on the South Pole. The Island is an Utopia: its men incredibly wise and strong, its women incredibly beautiful and good. Pym is represented as falling in love with one of these when she is killed he disconsolately returns to New York. The black colour of the Tsalal islanders' teeth is explained as artificial, but the author makes no attempt to deal with the more bizarre aspects of the *Narrative*—for which he is hardly to be blamed.

The influence of Poe's story appears in at least one story in the science fiction magazines, this represented part of Antarctica as being occupied by fantastic "creatures from outer space".

Other writers more able than myself have tried to account for the extraordinary structure of the *Narrative*, its queer transitions from straightforward sea-adventure to scenes of horror from

these to science fiction, from this back to adventure, and from this to its ending of dream-like phantasy. Here it may be more profitable to consider the state of geographical knowledge which underlies the work of both Poe and Verne.

For centuries there had been rumours and legends of the *Terra Incognita Australis*, the "Unknown Southern Land" said to exist in the Antipodes. Captain Cook sought for it during his second voyage, but he decided that if it did exist it lay too far south ever to be inhabited. Later explorers, making their way through the ice-fields, reached stretches of coast but could not decide whether these were islands or part of a large land-mass. Captain Weddell, as related by Poe, found beyond the ice-barrier a stretch of open sea.

Thus Poe could legitimately assume, for the purposes of his story, that the Weddell Sea stretched on indefinitely towards the Pole, and beyond it lay—what? Nobody at that time knew. A great chasm opening into the bowels of the earth? Some great primordial civilization, perhaps Utopian in nature—it is perhaps significant that the name of King Tsalemon, vaguely mentioned towards the end of the *Narrative*, recalls the House of Salomon, that assemblage of super-scientists, in Bacon's *New Atlantis*.

Knowledge of Antarctica had advanced greatly when Verne wrote *The Sphinx*, and in his usual matter of fact style he sought to make his story harmonize with it. No hitherto-unknown animals or tribes could be imagined inhabiting its off-shore waters or islands; no fantastic qualities for whatever streams it might have; no gulf at the Pole opening deep into the earth's interior; no flame-shot cataract falling from the sky. He might reasonably surmise, however, that the Weddell Sea opened into a channel cleaving the Continent from coast to coast.

So to enjoy *The Sphinx* the reader need take few liberties with fact. All he needs is enough "willing suspension of disbelief" to assume that the Weddell Sea leads into a transcontinental channel, the Jane Strait, skirting the South Pole and opening into the sea somewhere on the coast of Wilkes Land, to the east of the Ross Sea and the South Magnetic Pole, and that it is swept by a powerful current and a strong wind. One at least of its shores, Halbrane Land, slopes gently down to the sea, and so its climate is much milder than that of the Polar Plateau, and during the summer the Strait is comparatively free from ice.

This also harmonizes with the adventures of Captain Nemo, as related in Verne's masterpiece, *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*.*

* An abridged version of this is included in The Fitzroy Edition.

Guided partly by dead reckoning and partly by intuition, he steers his submerged *Nautilus* beneath the ice-barrier at the mouth of the Weddell Sea into the Jane Strait, and surfaces off Halbrane Land, almost within a stone's throw of the Pole.

The reader will admire the ingenuity with which Verne has woven into his own story many episodes in the *Narrative*, and will hardly blame him for ignoring others or dismissing them as being due to Pym's hallucinations. If Poe himself could not explain the veined structure of the Tsalal water-courses, the anomalous behaviour of the sea in the vicinity of the Pole, the great birds with their unnerving cry of *Tekeli-li*, to say nothing of the horizon-wide cataract and the superhuman figure which it discloses, if he could not understand the cryptic polyglot messages not merely carved on the walls of the rock chasms but embodied in their very shape, how could Verne, or anyone else, be expected to do so? As to the 'shrouded human figure very far larger in its proportions than any dweller among men' with the hue of its skin "of the perfect whiteness of the snow", I postpone discussion of this for the time being, lest I spoil the effect of Verne's story by prematurely revealing its climax.

The austere and religious-minded Verne deplored the materialism shown in Poe's work and his own story exhibits his firm belief in an over-riding Providence. The words which he puts into the mouth of Captain Len Guy "God is guiding us" from an apt summary of his own faith.

He was immensely excited, he wrote to his brother, over his sequel to Poe's work, and it is my hope that this excitement will be conveyed to the reader in its present abridged edition. It will surely be agreed that *The Sphinx of the Ice-fields* deserves to be read both as a worthy sequel to Poe's unfinished *Narrative* and on its own merits as a science fiction adventure story such as could have come only from the pen of Jules Verne.

CHAPTER I

CAPTAIN LEN GUY OF THE *HALBRANE*

THE ARCHIPELAGO which lies at 49° 45' south and 69° 6' east is properly called the Kerguelen Islands, having been discovered by the French explorer of that name in 1772. I assert, however, that the name Desolation Islands, given them in 1779 by Captain Cook, is the only suitable name for this group of islets in the midst of the vast storm-swept Southern Seas.

None the less the group is inhabited, and in August 1839 its population had increased by one, in the person of myself. I was then waiting for a chance of leaving, having completed the geological studies which had brought me to the archipelago.

"Unless I'm very much mistaken, time is beginning to seem long to you, Mr. Jeorling?"

The speaker was a big tall American who kept the only inn at the Christmas Harbour, the island's chief port.

"If you won't be offended, Mr. Atkins, I'll admit that I do find it long."

"Of course I won't be offended—you want to get back to your own country, which is mine too."

"Let me assure you, Mr. Atkins, I'm very glad I came to the Kerguelens. But I shan't be sorry to find myself at sea again."

"Come, Mr. Jeorling, you must have a little patience. The ships will soon show up, for the fishing season is near."

"May heaven hear you, Atkins, and bring the *Halbrane* safely into port!"

"Captain Len Guy? Ah, he's a fine sailor, and he gets all his stores at my inn."

"And you think the *Halbrane*——?"

"She'll be signalled within a week, Mr. Jeorling; or if not, it will be because there's no longer a Captain Len Guy; and if there isn't a Captain Len Guy, it is because the *Halbrane* has sunk in full sail between the Kerguelens and the Cape."

And Mr. Atkins walked away with a scornful gesture which indicated that this was unlikely in the extreme.

My intention was to book my passage on the *Halbrane*, as soon

as she should be moored in Christmas Harbour, on her way to Tristan d'Acunha Thence, a few weeks later, I could set out for my home in Connecticut But I had forgotten the share which belongs to chance, or rather Providence, in human affairs

The *Halbrane* was a schooner of 300 tons and a fast sailer She carried a captain, a mate, a boatswain, a cook, and eight seamen, twelve in all, they were enough to handle the ship Solidly built, splendidly suited for navigation in the Southern Seas, she was a credit to the shipyards of Birkenhead Her master, Captain Len Guy, was her part-owner, and traded from group to group of islands and from continent to continent The *Halbrane* was not defenceless, however—on the contrary she was heavily armed, for at that period the southern seas were not too safe, being infested by pirates On approaching any islands she made ready to resist attack and her crew always slept with one eye open

On the 27th of August I was roused out of my bed by the rough voice of the innkeeper and the tremendous thumps he gave at my door A ship, he told me, was out in the offing Soon the Union Flag went fluttering up at her peak and a little later the *Halbrane* was lying at anchor in Christmas Harbour

Her captain was about forty-five, red-faced and like his schooner solidly built, his head was large, his hair already turning grey, his dark eyes gleamed under his thick eyebrows and his strong white teeth were firmly set in his powerful jaws, his chin bore a coarse red beard and his limbs were strong I got the impression that he was impassive rather than hard, a self-contained person whose secrets it would not be easy to get at

This impression was confirmed by the boatswain of the *Halbrane*, Hurliguerly from the Isle of Wight He was about forty-four, short stout, strong and bow-legged, his arms stuck out from his body, his chest was broad enough to hold two pairs of lungs (and he seemed to need them, for he was always puffing blowing and talking), he had droll roguish eyes with a network of wrinkles beneath them A noteworthy detail was one solitary earring which hung from the lobe of his left ear What a contrast to the captain! Yet these dissimilar beings somehow got on together, for they had been at sea together for fifteen years

• This person it was who wanted to talk about my wish to embark on the *Halbrane*

"Can't we talk very well here?" I asked him

"Talk, Mr Jeorling, talk standing up and our throats dry, when it's so easy to sit down in a corner of the 'Green Cormorant' in front of some glasses?"

"I don't drink."

"Well then, I'll drink for both of us. Oh, don't imagine you're dealing with a drunkard! No, never more than is good for me, but always that much."

In the tavern Hurliguerly offered to act on my behalf.

"Is it so difficult to arrange this, boatswain?" I asked him, "and isn't there a cabin on the *Halbrane*? The smallest would do for me and I'm willing to pay."

"All right, Mr. Jeorling! There's a spare cabin and since you don't mind putting your hand in your pocket if you have to. However—between ourselves—it will take somebody sharper than you think to induce Captain Len Guy to take a passenger. Yes, indeed, it will take all the smartness of the good fellow who now pledges your health, regretting that you don't return the compliment!"

What a wink it was! as the man took a black pipe out of his pocket and smoked like a steamer in full blast.

"Mr Hurliguerly," I asked, "why does your captain object to taking me on his ship?"

"Because he doesn't mean to take anybody. He never has taken a passenger."

"But why, I ask you?"

"Oh, because he wants to go where he likes, to 'bout ship if he pleases and go the other way without giving his reasons to anybody. He never leaves these southern seas, Mr. Jeorling, and under these circumstances, you understand, a passenger might be troublesome. Besides, who cares to embark on the *Halbrane*? She doesn't like to flout the breezes and goes wherever the wind drives her."

"But in four days she's sailing for Tristan d'Acunha?"

"Probably."

"Well that probability is good enough for me, and since you offer your services, you get the captain to accept me as a passenger and you'll not repent it."

"It's as good as done and I know well that I shall never repent of doing you a service. But now, if you will excuse me, I must get on board."

With this, Hurliguerly swallowed his last glass of whisky at a gulp—I thought the glass would have gone down with the liquor—gave me a patronizing smile, and departed.

Some days later I met the captain himself. He looked at me steadily and I was struck by the sadness of his eyes. Then in a very low voice he asked, "You are a stranger here? English?"

"No. American."

He saluted me and I returned the curt gesture. "Sir," I continued, "I understand that Mr. Atkins of the 'Green Cormorant' has spoken to you about a suggestion I made."

"To take passage on my ship?" he interrupted.

"Precisely."

"I regret, sir—I regret that I could not agree to your request."

"Will you tell me why?"

"Because I am not in the habit of taking passengers. That is the first reason, and the second is that the route of the *Halbrane* is never settled beforehand. She starts for one port and goes to another just as it suits me. So I can only answer you by a refusal—to my extreme regret."

"Perhaps you will change your mind, Captain, when you know that I care very little what the destination of your schooner may be. It is not unreasonable to suppose that she will go somewhere——"

"Somewhere, indeed." I fancied that Captain Len Guy threw a long look towards the southern horizon. Then he relapsed into silence only to say abruptly, "You come from Connecticut, I believe. Do you know Nantucket Island?"

"I have visited it several times."

"You know, I think," the captain looked straight into my eyes, "that Nantucket Island was the birthplace of Arthur Gordon Pym, the hero of your famous author Edgar Allan Poe?"

"Yes. I remember that Poe's romance starts on Nantucket."

"Romance you say? That was the word you used?"

"Undoubtedly, Captain."

"Yes and that is what everybody says! But, pardon me. I cannot stay any longer. I regret that I cannot change my mind regarding your proposal. I am very sorry, sir, and I wish you good-day."

But about seven in the evening of August the 14th, a man crossed my path, paused, came back, and stopped in front of me. It was the Captain.

"Mr. Jeorling," he said abruptly, "the *Halbrane* sails to-morrow morning with the ebb tide."

"What's the good of telling me that?" I asked him, "since you refuse——"

"Sir, I have thought it over and if you have not changed your mind, come on board at seven."

"Really, Captain," I replied, "I did not expect this"

"I repeat that I have thought it over, and I add that the *Halbrane* will proceed direct to Tristan d'Acunha. That will suit you, I suppose?"

"Perfectly, Captain Tomorrow morning, at seven, I shall be on board."

"Your cabin is ready"

"The cost of the voyage——"

"We can settle that another time," answered the captain, "and to your satisfaction Until tomorrow, then——"

"Until tomorrow"

I stretched out my arm to shake hands, but perhaps he did not notice this in the darkness, for he made no response but walked rapidly away to his boat

The next morning, at daybreak, the first person whom I met on the deck was Hurliguerly he gave me a look of triumph which said as plainly as speech "Ha! you see now Our hard-to-manage captain has given in at last And to whom do you owe this, but to the good boatswain who did his best for you, and wasn't boasting too much about his influence!"

Was this 't all? I had strong reasons for doubting it After all, what did it matter?

CHAPTER II

THE NARRATIVE AND THE SEALED LETTER

NEVER DID a voyage begin more prosperously, or a passenger start in better spirits The interior of the *Halbrane* corresponded with her exterior, nothing could exceed the perfect order, the Dutch cleanliness, of the vessel The captain's cabin and that of the mate, were fitted up simply and provided with various nautical instruments The cabin prepared to receive me was small, and even more simply furnished, but I was accustomed to the exigencies of sea-life and could do with its narrow proportions and its furniture A less accommodating passenger would doubtless have objected, but I took possession of that cabin, which I was to occupy for only four or five weeks, with entire content

The eight men who formed the crew were all English, well trained, and remarkably well disciplined by an iron hand But the exceptionally able man whom they obeyed at a word, a ges-

ture, was not the *Halbrane's* captain; that man was the second officer, James West

About thirty-two years of age, West had been born at sea, and spent all his life upon it. He never went ashore except when necessary, if he had to leave one ship for another, he merely shifted his kit to the latter, from which he stirred no more. After being cabin boy, deck-hand, seaman, he became quartermaster and then mate of the *Halbrane*, on which he had served for ten years as second in command to Captain Len Guy.

He had no ambition to rise higher, he did not want to make a fortune, he did not concern himself with buying or selling the cargoes, but everything connected with a well-found sailing-ship, James West understood to perfection. He was gifted with unusual far-sightedness, and his whole expression denoted the utmost energy, courage, and physical strength.

James West spoke but rarely—only when he was questioned. He gave his orders in a clear voice not repeating them, but so as to be heard at once, and he was understood. He was devoted body and soul to Captain Len Guy as to the schooner *Halbrane* and seemed to be one of her essential organs—if she had a heart it was in her mate's breast that it beat.

There is only one more person to be mentioned, the ship's cook, a negro named Endicott from the African coast. About thirty years of age, he had held that post for eight years, he and the boatswain were great friends and indulged in frequent talks.

Life on board was very regular, very simple, and its monotony was not without a certain charm. Of course I should have liked to find out why Captain Len Guy had changed his mind about me, but how was this to be done?

But on the morning of August 20th, to my extreme surprise, the captain came on deck, approached me and said quietly "Sir, I have something to say to you."

"I am ready to hear you, Captain."

He hesitated, but after a pause he continued with an effort.

"Mr Jeorling, have you wondered why I changed my mind regarding your voyage?"

"I have, Captain. Perhaps as I'm not one of your compatriots—"

"It is precisely because you are an American that I offered you a cabin on the *Halbrane*."

"Because I am an American?"

"Also, because you come from Connecticut."

"I don't understand."

"I thought it possible that, as you belong to Connecticut, as you have visited Nantucket Island, you might have known the family of Arthur Gordon Pym."

"The hero of Edgar Allan Poe's romance?"

I thought I must be dreaming. Poe's romance was nothing but a fiction, a work of imagination by the most brilliant of American writers. And here was a sane man treating it as fact!

"You have heard my question," the captain persisted. "I ask you whether you personally knew the Pym family who lived in Nantucket Island. It was Arthur Pym, the son of one of its principal merchants, a naval contractor, who embarked on the adventures which he described to Poe with his own lips——"

"Captain! Why, that story is due to the strong imagination of our great poet. It's a pure invention."

"So, then, you don't believe it?" the captain shrugged his shoulders.

"Neither I nor anyone else believes it, Captain Guy, and you are the first I have ever heard declare it's anything but a romance."

"Listen to me, then, Mr. Jeorling, for although this romance, as you call it, appeared only last year, it is none the less a reality. Although eleven years have elapsed since the facts occurred, they are none the less real and we still await the solution of an enigma which may never be solved."

"And now," he continued, sharply and with a hint of nervous irritation, "Maybe you did not know the Pym family, you never met them either at Providence or at Nantucket——"

"Or anywhere else."

"Maybe. But you need not assert that the Pym family never existed, that Arthur Gordon is only a fictitious personage and his voyage imaginary! Do you think any man even you, Edgar Allan Poe, could be capable of inventing, of creating——"

The captain's increasing vehemence warned me of the need to treat his monomania with respect.

"Now," he continued, "please keep to the facts, there is no disputing about facts. You may deduce what you like from them. I hope you will not make me regret I agreed to give you a cabin on the *Halbrane*."

To this warning I made a sign of acquiescence. He went on.

"When Poe's narrative appeared in 1838 I immediately started for Baltimore, where the writer's family lived. You admit I suppose the existence of the Poe family, although you deny that of the Pym family?"

I said nothing, and the captain continued :

"I enquired about Poe. A first disappointment; he had left America, and I could not see him. Nor could I refer to Arthur Gordon Pym. That bold pioneer in the Antarctic was dead. As the American poet had said, Pym's death had already been reported in the press."

What Captain Len Guy said was true; but, like all the other readers of the romance, I had taken this for an artifice of the novelist. As he either could not or dared not wind up so extraordinary a work of the imagination, Poe had let it be understood that he had not received the last three chapters from Pym, whose life had ended under sudden and deplorable circumstances which were not disclosed.

"Then," the captain continued. "Poe being away and Pym being dead, there was only one thing to do : to find the man who had been Pym's companion, that Dirk Peters who had followed him to the very verge of the high latitudes, and whence they had both returned. But how? This is not known. Together? The narrative does not say, and that is one of the points it leaves obscure.

"However, Poe says explicitly that Dirk Peters would be able to supply information about this, and that he lived in Illinois. I set out at once, and enquired after this man, a half-bred Indian. I traced him to the hamlet of Vandalia, but there I met with a second disappointment. He was not there; or rather, Mr. Jeorling, he was no longer there. Some years before he had left the United States, to go—nobody knows where. But at Vandalia I talked to people who had known him, to whom he related his adventures. But he did not explain the outcome; of that he alone holds the secret."

What! This Dirk Peters really lived? I was on the point of being carried away, and in another moment I should have made a fool of myself. This poor madman fancied he had gone to Illinois and met people at Vandalia who had known Dirk Peters. But the latter had disappeared—no wonder, since he never existed, except in the novelist's brain!

But I did not want to annoy Len Guy and perhaps increase his madness, so I pretended to be convinced as he continued :

"You know that the narrative refers to a bottle which the captain of Pym's schooner says he left at the foot of one of the peaks of Kerguelen?"

"I can remember that."

"Well, on one of my recent voyages I searched for that bottle.

I found it, and I found the letter as well. It says that the captain and Pym meant to make every effort to reach the furthest limit of the Antarctic Ocean!"

I stared at Captain Len Guy. Like other monomaniacs he had come to believe in his own inventions. I was on the point of asking him to show me the letter, but I thought better of it, for might he not have written it himself? So I answered:

"What a pity it is, Captain, that you couldn't come across Dirk Peters at Vandalia. He could at least have told you how he and Pym were able to get back from so far away. Remember how in the last chapter but one they are together. their boat is in front of a thick curtain of white mist; she dashes into the gulf of the cataract just when a veiled human form towers up before them. Then there is nothing more—nothing but two blank lines."

"Yes, sir, it's the greatest pity that I couldn't lay my hand on Dirk Peters. It would have been interesting to have heard the outcome of their adventures. But to my mind it would have been still more interesting to learn the fate of the others."

"The others?" I exclaimed almost involuntarily. "Whom do you mean?"

"The captain and crew of that English schooner which picked up Arthur Pym and Dirk Peters after the shipwreck of the *Grampus* and took them across the Polar Sea to Tsalal Island——"

"Captain," I broke in, just as though I did not doubt the authenticity of Poe's romance, "but wasn't it true that all of them perished, some in the attack on the schooner and others through the treachery of the natives of Tsalal?"

"Who can tell?" The captain's voice was hoarse with emotion. "Who can deny that some of the poor wretches may have survived and managed to escape from the natives?"

"Even so, it would be hard to admit that those who survived are still living."

"But why?"

"Because it all happened eleven years ago."

"Sir, as Pym and Peters managed to get beyond the eighty-third parallel, as they found some way of keeping alive in those bleak Antarctic regions, why shouldn't their companions, if they weren't all killed by the natives, if they were lucky enough to reach the neighbouring islands which they sighted during their voyage—why shouldn't my unfortunate countrymen have found some way of living there? Why shouldn't they still be there waiting to be rescued?"

•

"Your sympathy is running away with you, Captain," I protested, "that's quite impossible."

"Impossible, sir! But if some fact, some indisputable evidence were to appeal to the whole civilized world—if some material proof that these wretched men still live, imprisoned at the far ends of the earth, were furnished, then who would dare to meet those who wanted to help them with the cry of 'Impossible!'"

Captain Len Guy laid his hand on my shoulder and whispered in my ear: "No, sir, no! the last word hasn't yet been said about the crew of the *Jane*." Then he strode away.

The *Jane*, in Poe's romance, was the name of the ship which had rescued Pym and Peters from the wreck of the *Grampus*, and this was the first time the captain had uttered it. Then it occurred to me that the name of her captain was Guy, but what of that? He had lived only in the novelist's imagination; he and the skipper of the *Halbrane* had nothing in common except a name which is often met with in England. But on thinking of this similarity, it struck me that this was what had turned the captain's brain—he fancied he was related to the unfortunate captain of the *Jane*. And this had brought him to his present state. Hence his pity for the fate of the imaginary shipwrecked mariners!

CHAPTER III

THE DRIFTING ICE-FLOE

THE *Halbrane* cruised on peacefully, and in fifteen days she could hope to reach Tristan d'Acunha. Captain Len Guy left the working of the ship to James West, and well might he do so.

"Our lieutenant hasn't his match afloat," Hurliguerly said to me.

"Indeed," I replied, "he seems to be a born seaman."

"And then, our *Halbrane*, what a ship! Congratulate yourself, Mr. Jeorling, that I got the captain to change his mind about you."

"If it was you who did it, Boatswain, I thank you heartily."

"And so you ought, for he was plaguily against it, was our captain, in spite of all old man Atkins could say. But I managed to get him round."

"I shan't forget, Boatswain, that, thanks to your intervention, instead of moping at Kerguelen I hope shortly to sight Tristan d'Acunha."

"In a few days, Mr. Jeorling. Only think, sir, by what I hear tell, they're making ships in England and America with machines in their insides, and wheels which they use as a duck uses its feet. All right, we shall know what's the good of them when we see them. My notion is, however, that they'll never be able to contend with a fine frigate sailing with a fresh breeze."

It was September 3, between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning, and James West was looking out through his glasses to starboard at an object floating two or three miles away.

It was an irregularly formed mass about twelve yards long.

"That isn't a whale," said Martin Holt, the sailing-master. "It would have blown once or twice while we were looking at it."

"Certainly!" assented one of the seamen. "Perhaps it's a derelict."

"May it go to the bottom!" cried another. "It would be a bad job to come up against it in the dark; it might sink us before we knew what had happened."

"I believe you," added a third, "these derelicts are more dangerous than a rock, for now they're here and then they're there and there's no avoiding them."

"What do you think of it, Boatswain?" I asked.

"To my mind, Mr. Jeorling," replied the boatswain, "what we see there isn't either a blower or a wreck, it's merely a lump of ice."

"Hurliquerly's right," said James West; "it's part of an iceberg brought here by the currents."

"Then it will melt before long," I observed.

"Most of it's gone already," West continued, "it's all that remains of a mountain of ice weighing millions of tons."

Captain Len Guy came forward and scrutinized the floating object.

"It's ice," he decided, "and lucky for us it is melting! The *Halbrane* might have come to grief by colliding with it in the night."

I was struck by the fixity of his gaze and I guessed what was passing in his mind. This fragment of ice, torn from the southern icebergs, came from those waters wherein his thoughts continually ranged. He wanted to see it more closely. He ordered the schooner to be steered towards the ice, and soon we were near enough to see it clearly.

It was melting rapidly, and by night it would have vanished completely.

At last we could distinguish a black shape, stretched on the white ice.

What was our horrified surprise, when we saw first an arm, then a leg, then a trunk, then a head and lastly a human body, clothed in dark garments.

For a moment I even fancied that the limbs moved, that the hands were outstretched towards us.

The crew uttered a simultaneous cry of horror. No! this body was not moving. It was slowly slipping off the ice.

I looked at Captain Len Guy. His face was as livid as the face of the corpse itself. What could be done was done to recover the body of the unfortunate man, for who could tell whether a faint breath of life might not animate it still? If not, his pockets might perhaps contain something that would enable us to establish his identity. Then, after a final prayer, those human remains should be committed to the seaman's cemetery, the deep.

A boat was let down, and Hurliguerly set foot upon the ice. Slowly he crept along it until he reached the corpse, and managed to drag it into the boat, which soon rejoined the schooner. The corpse, completely frozen, was laid at the foot of the mast and Captain Len Guy examined it long and closely, as though he hoped to recognize it.

It was the body of a sailor, dressed in coarse woollen trousers and a patched jersey; a belt twice encircled his waist. His death had evidently occurred some months previously, probably very soon after the poor wretch had been carried away by the drift. He was about forty, with slightly grizzled hair, a mere skeleton, covered with skin. He must have suffered agonies of hunger.

Captain Len Guy lifted up the hair, raised the head, gazed upon the sealed eyelids, and murmured, almost with a sob——

"Patterson! Patterson!"

"Patterson?" I exclaimed.

The name, common as it was, seemed familiar. When had I heard it uttered? Or read it?

James West searched the pockets of the dead man, and took out a knife, some string, an empty tobacco-box and a leather pocket-book with a metallic pencil.

"Give me that," said the captain.

Some of the leaves were covered with writing, almost entirely effaced by the damp, but some words on the last page were still legible, and my emotion may be imagined when I heard him

read in a trembling voice. "The *Jane* . . . Tsalal Island' . . . by eighty-three . . . There eleven years Captain . . . five sailors surviving . . . Hasten to bring them aid"

And under these lines was a name, a signature, the name of Patterson!

Then I remembered! Patterson was the second officer of the *Jane*, the mate of that schooner which had picked up Arthur Pym and Dirk Peters on the wreck of the *Grampus*, which having reached Tsalal Island, had been attacked by the natives and blown up

So then it was all true! Edgar Poe's work was that not of a writer of romance, but of an historian! Arthur Gordon Pym's journal had actually been entrusted to him! Arthur Pym existed, or rather he had existed, he was a real being! And he had died suddenly, and deplorably, under circumstances not revealed, before he had completed the narrative of his extraordinary voyage! On leaving Tsalal Island with Dirk Peters could they both have been restored to their native land, America?

With some difficulty, West managed to decipher a few more words

"Drifting since June 3 north of Tsalal Island Still there Captain William Guy and five of the men of the *Jane*—the piece of ice I am on is drifting food will soon fail me Since June 13 my last resources exhausted today June 16 I am going to die"

So then for nearly three months Patterson's body had lain on the surface of this ice-waif which we had encountered on our way from the Kerguelens to Tristan d'Acunha! Ah! why had we not been in time to save him?

I had to yield to evidence Captain Len Guy, who knew Patterson, had recognized the frozen corpse! It was indeed he, who had accompanied the captain of the *Jane* when he had buried that bottle, containing the letter which I had refused to believe authentic! Yes! for eleven years the survivors of the English schooner had been cast away there without any hope of rescue

Len Guy turned to me and asked "Do you believe—now?"

"I believe," I admitted falteringly, "but Captain William Guy, of the *Jane*, and Captain Len Guy of the *Halbrane*—"

"Are brothers!" he cried in a loud voice, heard by all the crew

Then we looked again for the lump of ice, but the sunshine and the sea had had their effects and no trace of the dead man's last refuge remained on the surface

CHAPTER IV

TRISTAN D'ACUNHA

AND NOW, what was Captain Len Guy going to do? There was not a shadow of doubt on that point. He would take the *Halbrane* to Tsalal Island, and his crew would not hesitate to follow him, nor would they be stopped by any fear of passing the limits assigned to human power.

This, then, was the reason why Captain Len Guy refused to take passengers; he was always hoping for an opportunity of venturing into the sea of ice. Who could tell, indeed, whether he might not have sailed south at once without putting in at Tristan d'Acunha if he had not needed water? After what I had said before I went on board, I should have had no right to insist on his visiting the island solely to put me ashore. But a supply of water was indispensable, and besides, the schooner had to be made ready to contend with the icebergs and to gain the open sea—since open it was beyond the 82nd parallel—in fact, to attempt what Lieutenant Wilkes of the American Navy was then attempting.

This period, from the middle of November to the beginning of March, was the limit during which success might be looked for. The temperature is then more bearable, storms are less frequent, the icebergs break loose, the ice barrier is breached, and perpetual day reigns in that distant region.

When, eleven years before, the *Jane* had arrived at Tristan d'Acunha, an ex-corporal of the English artillery, named Glass, had reigned over a little colony of twenty-six. When we arrived he had more than fifty subjects, and was, as Arthur Pym had noticed, quite independent of the British Government. Relations with the ex-corporal were soon established and he proved friendly and obliging: no doubt, he expected to be paid, and was paid, handsomely.

The day after our arrival I entered into conversation with this self-appointed governor of a contented little colony, and he offered to take me on an excursion into the depths of the island's thick forests.

I thanked him, but declined his offer, preferring to spend my time in geological research. Moreover, the *Halbrane* was to set sail as soon as she was provisioned.

"Your captain is in a remarkable hurry!" said Governor Glass.

"His mate does not even talk of buying skins or oil from me."

"We require only food and fresh water, Mr. Glass."

"Very well," replied the governor, rather annoyed; "what the *Halbrane* won't take other vessels will. But where's she bound for?"

"For the Falklands, no doubt, where she can be repaired."

"You're only a passenger, I suppose?"

"As you say, Mr. Glass, and I'd meant to stay at Tristan d'Acunha for some weeks. But I have had to give up the idea."

"I'm sorry to hear it, sir. We should have been happy to offer you hospitality while you waited for another ship."

"Such hospitality would have been most acceptable," I replied, "but unfortunately I cannot take advantage of it."

I had made up my mind not to leave the schooner here but to sail to America from the Falkland Isles as soon as I could. When I explained this to Mr. Glass he remarked, still in a tone of annoyance: "As for your captain, I've not even seen the colour of his hair."

"I don't think he means to come ashore. But that doesn't affect you, as he's sent his mate to represent him."

"Oh, he's a cheerful fellow! You can get a few words out of him every now and again. Luckily, it's easier to get coin out of his pocket than speech out of his lips."

"That's the important thing, Mr. Glass."

"You are right, sir—Mr. Jeorling, I believe? I know your name, while I've yet to learn the captain's."

"His name is Guy—Len Guy."

"An Englishman?"

"Yes—an Englishman."

"He might have taken the trouble to pay a visit to a fellow countryman. But stay! I once had some dealings with a captain of that name. Guy, Guy——"

"William Guy?" I asked quickly. "Who commanded the *Jane*? An English schooner which put in at Tristan d'Acunha eleven years ago?"

"Eleven years, Mr. Jeorling. I well recall this William Guy, as if he were here now. He was a fine, open-hearted fellow, and I sold him a cargo of sealskins. He had the air of a gentleman, rather proud but goodnatured."

"And the *Jane*?"

"I can see her now at her moorings just where the *Halbrane* is now. She was a handsome vessel, very slender for her age. She hailed from Liverpool. Is she still afloat, Mr. Jeorling?"

"No," Mr. Glass. She was lost, and most of her crew with her."

"Will you tell me how this happened?"

"Willingly. On leaving Tristan d'Acunha the *Jane* headed for the hearings of the Aurora and other islands."

"But those other islands," asked the ex-corporal, "may I learn whether the *Jane* discovered them?"

"No, nor the Auroras either, although William Guy remained several weeks in those waters, running from east to west, with a look-out always at the masthead."

"He must have lost his bearings, Mr. Jeorling; for, if several whalers are to be believed, these islands do exist, and it was even proposed to give them my name."

"That would have been but just," I replied politely.

"It will be very vexatious if they are not discovered some day," complained the Governor.

"And it was then," I continued, "that Captain Guy decided to carry out a long-cherished project, in which he was encouraged by a passenger on the *Jane*——"

"Arthur Gordon Pym," exclaimed Glass, "and his companion, one Dirk Peters; the two had been picked up at sea."

"You knew them, Mr. Glass?" I asked eagerly.

"Knew them, Mr. Jeorling? I should think I did, indeed. That Arthur Pym was a strange person, always wanting to rush into adventures—a real rash American, quite capable of setting off to the moon! Has he gone there at last?"

"No, not quite, Mr. Glass; but, during her voyage, the schooner, it seems, did clear the Antarctic Circle, and the ice-barrier. She got farther south than any ship had even done before."

"What a wonderful feat!"

"Yes. Unfortunately, she did not return. Arthur Pym and William Guy escaped her fate and that of most of her crew. They even got back to America, where Arthur Pym died. How, I do not know. As for the half-breed, after returning to Illinois, he went off one day without a word to anyone, and no trace of him has ever been found."

"And William Guy?" asked Mr. Glass.

"I told him how we had found Patterson's body, and I added that everything led to the belief that the captain of the *Jane* and five of his companions were still living on some island in the far south, at less than six degrees from the Pole."

"Ah, Mr. Jeorling," cried Glass, "if only William Guy and his sailors could be saved! They were such fine fellows."

"That's just what the *Halbrane* is certainly trying to do, as soon as she's ready; for her captain is William Guy's own brother."

"Is that possible? Well, although I do not know Captain Len Guy, I venture to assert that the brothers do not resemble each other—at least in their behaviour to the Governor of Tristan d'Acunha!"

One thing was certain; Captain Len Guy had no intention of coming ashore. This was strange, as he could not be unaware that the *Jane* had put in here before proceeding southwards. Surely he might be expected to get into touch with the last European who had shaken hands with his brother!

Nevertheless, he stayed on board without even coming on deck; and, looking through the skylight of his cabin, I saw him forever stooping over the table, which was covered with open books and outspread charts. No doubt the charts were those of the Antarctic Ocean, and the books were the records of the precursors of the *Jane* in those mysterious distant regions of the south.

On the table lay a volume which had been read and re-read a hundred times. Most of its pages were dog-eared, and their margins filled with pencilled notes. On the cover shone the title in brightly gilded letters: THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM.

CHAPTER V

BOUND FOR THE FALKLANDS

FOR A week after we left Tristan d'Acunha our voyage proceeded under the most favourable conditions; if these continued, the end of September should bring us within sight of the Falkland Group, and we should have gone from the 38th to the 55th parallel. The most daring—or perhaps I should say the most fortunate—of our predecessors was Weddell, who had reached the 74th parallel. And it was beyond the 83rd, nearly 550 miles farther south, that we must go to rescue the survivors of the *Jane*!

I confess that for a practical unimaginative man I felt strangely excited; I was haunted by the figures of Arthur Pym and his companions, lost in Antarctic ice-deserts. I began to wish to share in Captain Len Guy's venture; and, indeed, there was nothing to recall me to America. Whether I should get his consent remained to be seen; but, after all, why should he refuse to keep me as a

passenger? None the less, I decided to wait before coming to any decision until I got a chance of speaking to him.

After an interval of unfavourable weather, during which the *Halbrane* made but slow progress, on October 4 sky and sea underwent a marked change. The wind dropped, the waves abated, and next day the breeze veered to the north-west. This was very favourable to us, and in ten days, under such fortunate conditions, we might hope to reach the Falklands.

It was on the 11th that Captain Len Guy came out of his cabin, and took his place at my side. He began :

"I have not yet had the pleasure of a chat with you, Mr. Jeorling, since we left Tristan d'Acunha."

"To my regret, Captain," I replied.

"I beg you to excuse me," he resumed; "I have so many things to pre-occupy me, a plan to organize in which nothing must be unforeseen or unprovided for I beg you not to be displeased with me——"

"I am not, I assure you."

"That is excellent, Mr. Jeorling; and now that I know you, I congratulate myself upon having you for a passenger until we reach the Falklands."

"I am very grateful, Captain, for what you have done for me, and I feel encouraged to——"

But here he interrupted me.

"Well, Mr. Jeorling," he asked, "now do you believe in that voyage of the *Jane*, or do you still regard Edgar Poe's book as pure imagination?"

"I do not so regard it, Captain."

"You no longer doubt that Arthur Pym and Dirk Peters really existed, or that my brother William Guy and five of his companions are alive?"

"I should be the most incredulous of men, captain, to doubt it, and it is my earnest desire that the favour of Heaven may attend you and secure their safety."

"I will do all in my power, Mr. Jeorling, and by the blessing of God I shall succeed."

"I hope so, Captain. Indeed, I am certain it will be so, and if you consent——"

"I gather that you spoke about it to that fellow Glass, that English ex-corporal who sets himself up to be Governor of Tristan d'Acunha?" broke in the captain.

"That is so," I replied, "and what he told me has helped to change my doubts into certainty. He well remembers having seen

the *Jane*, eleven years ago, when she put in at Tristan d'Acunha, and he told me that he had personal dealings with Captain William Guy."

"And—Arthur Pym—Dirk Peters?"

"He often met them."

"Did he ask what had become of them?"

"Oh, yes, and I told him about the death of Arthur Pym. He regarded him as a foolhardy adventurer, capable of any daring folly."

"Say a madman, and a dangerous madman, Mr. Jeorling. Wasn't he the man who led my unfortunate brother into that fatal enterprise?"

"There is, indeed, reason to believe so."

"And never to forget it!" added the captain in tones of the greatest distress.

"This man, Glass," I resumed, "also knew Patterson, the mate of the *Jane*."

"He was a fine, brave, faithful fellow, and devoted body and soul to my brother. But now I wish to ask you. Mr. Jeorling, whether you think everything in Arthur Pym's journal, as published by Edgar Poe, is true?"

"I still have my doubts about it, considering Pym's strange character, at least concerning his description of the island of Tsalal. And we know that he was mistaken in reporting that Captain William Guy and his companions perished in the landslip at Klock-Klock."

"Ah! but he does not say so, Mr. Jeorling! He says only that, when he and Dirk Peters saw the results of that artificial earthquake the whole face of the hill was rushing into the ravine. Naturally he did not doubt the fate of my brother and twenty-nine of his men, and so he was, inevitably led to believe that Dirk Peters and himself were the only white men left alive on the island. He said nothing but this—nothing more. These were only suppositions—very reasonable, you must admit."

"I admit that fully, Captain."

"But now, thanks to Patterson's note-book, we are certain that my brother and five of his companions escaped from the landslip which was brought about by the natives."

"That's quite clear, Captain. But as to what became of the survivors of the *Jane*, whether they were taken by the natives of Tsalal, held prisoner, or whether they stayed free, Patterson's note-book says nothing, nor does it say how he himself was carried away from them."

"All that we shall learn, Mr. Jeorling. The main point is that we are quite sure my brother and five of his sailors were living less than four months ago somewhere off Tsalal Island. There is now no question of a romance signed 'Edgar Poe' but of a veracious narrative signed 'Patterson'."

"Captain," said I, "will you let me sail with you on the *Halbrane* into the Antarctic?"

Captain Len Guy looked at me with a penetrating gaze. He did not seem surprised at my proposal; perhaps he had been expecting it—and he uttered only the one word: "Willingly."

CHAPTER VI

FITTING OUT THE *HALBRANE*

ON OCTOBER 16 our schooner cast anchor in the West Falklands, and the captain gave the crew twelve hours' shore leave; next day was to begin by a careful and minute inspection of the vessel, ready for the long voyage into the Antarctic. He then went ashore, to confer with the Governor regarding our immediate revictualling. Expense was not to be considered, as an unwise economy might wreck the whole venture. I was ready to aid with my purse, as I told him, for I meant us to be partners in the cost of this expedition.

After Captain Guy had visited the Governor on the 24th of October, he said: "We now carry enough for two years, and those of the best quality. The Islands have supplied us with everything we need."

"But shan't we need a larger crew? Though there's enough to handle the ship, suppose you find you have to fight anyone? Don't forget that, according to Arthur Pym there were thousands of natives on Tsalal Island, and if your brother—if his companions—are prisoners——"

"I quite agree, Mr. Jeorling, that our crew isn't large enough, and I'm arranging to get it increased."

"I imagine you'll have to attract recruits with offers of larger pay."

"Double pay, Mr. Jeorling, for the whole crew," he said.

The news that the schooner was bound for the Antarctic seas had produced some sensation in the Falklands, where there were a number of unemployed sailors, hoping to join one of the whalers

which put in at the islands. If ours had been one of these, Captain Len Guy would have merely had to make a selection. But the proposed voyage was quite another matter, it was only the old sailors of the *Halbranc* who were quite unconcerned about its dangers, and ready to follow their chief wherever it might please him to go.

We should have to treble our crew. All told we now had thirteen on board, though thirty would not be too many for us, it will be remembered that there were thirty-eight on the *Jane*.

Thanks to the large extra pay offered Captain Len Guy procured his full complement of seamen. Nineteen recruits signed articles for the duration of the voyage which could not be fixed beforehand, but was not to extend beyond Tsalal Island.

The crew numbered in all thirty-one, with a thirty-second who especially attracted attention. On the eve of our departure Captain Len Guy was accosted by a man recognizable as a sailor by his clothes, his walk, and his speech.

This individual said, in a rough and hardly intelligible voice: "Captain, have you got room for another man?"

"Yes—so long as he suits me. You are a seaman?"

"I have been afloat for twenty-five years."

"Where?"

"In the Southern Seas."

"Far?"

"Yes, far, far."

"Your age?"

"Forty-four years. And I did not think of going to sea again, but the news of your expedition has spread. I'd like—I'd very much like to join it—with your leave, of course."

"Very well," said the captain. "I'll make enquiries about you."

"Enquire, Captain, and if you say yes, my kit shall be on board this evening."

"What's your name, and where do you come from?"

"Hunt. I'm an American."

This Hunt was a man of short stature, his weather-beaten face brick red, his skin of a yellowish-brown like an Indian's, his body clumsy, his head very large, his legs bowed, his whole frame denoted exceptional strength, especially the arms which terminated in huge hands. His grizzled hair looked like fur. The extraordinary keenness of his small eyes, his almost lipless mouth, which stretched from ear to ear, and his long dazzlingly white teeth, made him quite remarkable.

Hunt had been in the Falklands for three years, living alone.

on a small pension, and passing his time in fishing. Enquiry showed that the man did not fight, he did not drink, and he had given many proofs of his Herculean strength. Concerning his past nothing was known, but 'undoubtedly he had been a sailor and that he should prove to be a good sailor was all we had to think about. He was accepted, and came on board the same evening.

On the 27th, in the morning, the anchor was weighed, the last good wishes and adieus exchanged, and the schooner put to sea.

CHAPTER VII

THE VOYAGE BEGINS

THE NEW crew had first to learn their duties, and the old crew—all fine fellows—were quick to aid them. Although Captain Len Guy had not much choice, he seemed to have been in luck. These sailors, of various nationalities, displayed zeal and goodwill. They realized, too, that the mate was a man whom it would not do to offend. For Hurliguerly had given them to understand that West would break the head of any man who made trouble. His chief allowed him full latitude in this respect. 'A latitude which is obtained by taking the altitude of the eye with a clenched fist,' as my friend the boatswain put it.

The new hands took the warning seriously, and there was no need to punish any of them. As for Hunt, a true sailor, he always kept himself apart, speaking to none and even slept on the deck, in a corner, rather than in his bunk in the forecabin with the others.

Captain Len Guy meant to make the Sandwich Isles his point of departure for the south, after calling at New Georgia. Thus we should follow the route of the *Jane*.

On November 2 this course brought us to the position at which some seamen claim to have sighted the Aurora Islands, 53° 15' S and 47° 58' W., but not so much as a solitary islet to be seen, although the look-out was most carefully kept. It is to be feared that his Excellency the Governor of Tristan d'Acunha will never see his name figuring in geographical nomenclature.

It was now November 6. Our voyage promised to be shorter than the *Jane's*, though we had no need to hurry, for we should arrive before the ice-barrier would be open. For three days the weather caused the handling of the ship to be unusually laborious, but the new crew behaved so very well that the boatswain con-

gratulated them and averred that Hunt, for all his awkward and clumsy build, was in himself worth three men.

"A splendid fellow," he commented, "but what a face and head he has, that Hunt!"

"I've often met Americans like him in the Far West," I answered, "and I shouldn't be surprised if he had Indian blood in his veins. Do you ever talk to him?"

"Very seldom, Mr. Jeorling. He keeps himself to himself, and away from everybody. And yet it's not for want of a mouth. I never saw anything like his! And his hands! Have you seen his hands? Be careful, Mr. Jeorling, if ever he wants to shake hands with you."

"Fortunately, Boatswain, he doesn't seem to be quarrelsome. He's a quiet man and never abuses his strength."

"No—except when he's hauling on a rope. Then I'm always afraid the pulley will come down and the yard with it."

Hunt certainly was a strange being, and it struck me that sometimes he looked at me with a curious intentness.

On November 10, at about two in the afternoon, the look-out shouted:

"Land ahead, starboard!"

An observation had just given $55^{\circ} 7' S$, and $41^{\circ} 13' W$. This land could only be the Isle de Saint Pierre—also called South Georgia. We landed to take in water, and on November 12th the *Halbrane* headed for the Sandwich Islands, four hundred miles away.

So far we had not encountered any floating ice, the summer sun not having detached it either from the icebergs or from the land. But we were much impeded by huge banks of fog, which often shut out the horizon. Nevertheless, as these waters presented no danger, and there was nothing to fear from the ice, the *Halbrane* was able to continue towards the Sandwich Islands comfortably enough. She reached them on November 17th.

They were quite deserted, their only inhabitants being melancholy birds of Antarctic species. Mosses and lichens covered the nakedness of an unproductive soil and an awful silence reigned everywhere, except on the bare hillsides, whence great masses occasionally came crashing down with a thundering sound.

While Captain Len Guy and I were on shore, I said:

"You know, of course, that when Cook discovered this group he thought at first that he had reached a continent. He realized later that it was only an archipelago, but none the less his belief in a polar continent farther south remained firm and unshaken."

"I know that is so, Mr Jeorling," replied the captain, "but if such a continent exists we must suppose that there is a great gap in its coast, and that Weddell and my brother got in by that gap at six years' interval. That Cook was not lucky enough to discover this channel is easy to explain, he stopped at the 71st parallel. But others found it after him and others will find it again."

"And we shall be among them, Captain."

"Yes—with the help of God! Cook did not hesitate to assert that no one would ever venture farther than he had gone, and that the Antarctic lands, if any such existed, would never be seen, but the future will prove that he was mistaken. They have been seen so far as the 84th degree south——"

"And who knows," said I, "perhaps even beyond that, by Arthur Pym."

"Perhaps Mr Jeorling. It is true that we need not trouble ourselves about Arthur Pym, since he and Dirk Peters returned to America."

"But—supposing he did not return?"

"I don't think we need suppose that," replied Captain Len Guy.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS TO THE ANTARCTIC CIRCLE

THE *Halbrane*, unusually favoured by the weather, sighted the South Orkneys six days later after leaving the Sandwich Islands, but here too we could find no traces of the *Jane*.

The boatswain and his men did not miss the chance of killing several dozen penguins with their sticks, not from a ruthless love of slaughter, but from the legitimate desire to get fresh food.

Their flesh is just as good as chicken, Mr Jeorling, Hurliguerly told me. "Didn't you eat penguin at the Kerguelens?"

"Yes, Boatswain, but it was Atkins who cooked it."

"Very well, then, it will be Endicott who cooks it here, and you won't know the difference."

And indeed we in the saloon, like the men in the fore-castle, were regaled with penguin, and extolled the merits of our excellent sea-cook.

The *Halbrane* sailed on November 26 at six in the morning, heading south. She was traversing the 43rd meridian, the route

that both Weddell and William Guy had followed, so that, provided the schooner did not swerve either to the east or the west, she was bound to sight Tsalal Island

So that, in less than a month Captain •. " I suggested tentatively

"In less than a month I hope to reach that iceless sea which Weddell and Arthur Pym describe so fully, beyond the ice-barrier, and then we need can sail on under ordinary conditions to Bennett Island and then to Tsalal Island. Once on that wide open sea ' what can hinder us? "

' I can't think of anything, Captain, when once we get beyond the ice-barrier. Getting through it is the difficulty, but if only the wind holds, —"

' It will hold. Mr Jeorling. All the authorities say that in these waters it is steady enough."

"I'm very glad to know that, Captain. I have to admit, too, I'm beginning to have a sense of supernatural guidance."

"And why not, Mr Jeorling? What is there unreasonable in seeing the intervention of a supernatural power in the most ordinary vicissitudes of life? And we, who are sailing in the *Halbrane*, why should we venture to doubt it? Remember our meeting with the hapless Patterson on our ship's course, the piece of ice carried into the very waters where we were, and then dissolving immediately afterwards. Were these happenings not providential? Nay, I will go further still—I am sure that, after having done so much to guide us towards our fellow-countrymen, God will not desert us——"

So then we two were agreed in our trust in Providence. We realized clearly that God had entrusted us with a mission, and we would do all that was humanly possible to accomplish it.

The original members of the crew shared the same hope. The new-comers cared little about the result of our enterprise, so long as they got their pay.

At least that was what the boatswain told me, but it certainly did not apply to Hunt. This man had obviously not been induced to join us by the lure of high wages or prize-money. He said nothing about that nor indeed about anything else.

'Do you know, Mr Jeorling?" Hurliguerly continued, ' what I think? I believe that he's gone far, very far, into the southern seas, even though he's as dumb as a fish about it. Why he's dumb is his own look out. But if that old sea-dog hasn't been inside the Antarctic Circle and beyond the ice-barrier by a good dozen degrees, may the first sea we ship carry me overboard."

"What are you judging by, Boatswain?"

"By his eyes, Mr. Jeorling—by his eyes. No matter when it is, let the ship's head be as it may, those eyes of his are always staring south, open, unwinking, trained like guns on a target."

Hurliguerly was not exaggerating, for I had already noticed this too. To employ an expression of Edgar Poe's, Hunt had eyes like a falcon's!

"When he isn't on the watch," resumed the boatswain, "that savage leans all the time with his elbows on the rail, as motionless as he's mute. His right place would be at the end of our bow, where he would do for the *Halbrane's* figure-head, and a very ugly one at that! And then when he's at the helm, Mr. Jeorling, just look at him! His enormous hands clutch the handles as though they were fastened to the wheel; he gazes at the binnacle as though the compass-needle were attracting his eyes. I pride myself on being a good steersman, but as for being the equal of Hunt, I'm not. With him, not for an instant does the needle quiver, however rough a lurch she may give. I am sure that if the binnacle lamp were to go out in the night Hunt wouldn't need to relight it. The gleam in his eyes would light up the compass-dial and keep him on course."

The spring was advancing, and whales began to appear in large numbers. Then the new-comers, and especially the Americans did not conceal their regret for the captain's indifference to so many animals worth their weight in gold. The leading malcontent, Hearne, a scaling-master, had found it easy to get the upper hand of the other sailors by his rough manner and his surly audacity. An American and forty-five years of age, he was an active, vigorous man, and I could well imagine him standing up on his whaling-boat brandishing his harpoon, darting it into the flank of a whale, and paying out the line—it must have been a splendid sight. Granted his passion for whaling, I could not be surprised that his discontent showed itself plainly.

One day, about three in the afternoon, I had gone forward to watch the gambols of a school of huge whales. Hearne was pointing them out to his companions, and muttering in disjointed phrases, when suddenly he was interrupted:

"Look out! Look out!" shouted the boatswain. An enormous blower had come alongside, and in an instant a spout of evil-smelling water was ejected from its blow-hole with a noise like a distant roar of artillery, flooding the whole foredeck up to the main hatch.

"That's a fine thing!" growled Hearne, shrugging his shoulders,

while his companions shook themselves and cursed. "Look at all those whales!" he continued "Dozens of them! And all this is passing before our very noses—a dead loss! Why, it's like emptying money-bags into the sea not to fill one's barrels when one can. A nice sort of captain we've got, to let all this merchandize be lost and do such wrong to his crew!"

"Hearne," said an imperious voice, "go up to the maintop. You'll find it easier to admire the whales up there!"

"But, sir——"

"Don't argue, or I'll keep you up there until tomorrow. Come—be off at once!"

And as he would have got the worst of an attempt at resistance, the sealing-master obeyed in silence.

Although we were not to be tempted by whales, no other fishing was forbidden on the *Halbrane*, and our daily bill of fare profited by the boatswain's lines, to the great satisfaction of stomachs weary of salt meat.

On November 30, when our bearings were taken, we found that we had reached 66° 23' 3" south latitude, so that we had passed the Antarctic Circle.

CHAPTER IX

FROM THE ANTARCTIC CIRCLE TO THE ICE-BARRIER

AFTER THE *Halbrane* had crossed the Antarctic Circle, 23½° from the Pole, she seemed to have entered what Poe calls "that region of Desolation and Silence." But when Captain Len Guy, West, and the original crew realized we had crossed it, their rough sunburnt faces shone with satisfaction. Next day Hurl cheerfully accosted me cheerfully with a broad smile.

"So then, Mr. Jeorling we've left the famous 'Circle' behind us?"

"Not far enough, Boatswain—not far enough!"

"Oh, that will come! But I am disappointed, because we haven't done what's usual when a ship crosses it, and given those who never crossed it before the ceremony of a southern baptism. And you should have been rewarded by a baptism, Mr. Jeorling. Yes, indeed, but without any big fuss—no drum and trumpet about it, and leaving old Old Father Neptune with his fooleries. If you would let me baptize you——"

"So be it, Hurliguerly," said I, putting my hand into my pocket "Baptize me just as you like, and here's something to drink my health with at the nearest tavern"

"Then that will be Bennet Isle or Tsalal Island, so long as there's any taverns in those savage islands, and any Atkinses to keep them"

"Tell me, Boatswain—I always get back to Hunt—does he seem as much pleased to have passed the Polar Circle as the *Hal-brane's* old sailors?"

"Who knows? There's nothing to be got out of him one way or another But, as I've said before, the ice-barrier is an old friend of his"

"What makes you think so?"

"Everything and nothing, Mr Jeorling One feels these things one doesn't think them He's an old sea-dog, and he's carried his kit-bag into every corner of the world"

This was my opinion too, and some inexplicable presentiment made me keep a watch on Hunt

Early in December the wind showed a north-west tendency, and this made Captain Len Guy anxious, for it soon began to fail, and in the middle of the night died away altogether

In the morning the sails hung motionless on the masts Although not a breath reached us, and the surface of the ocean was unruffled, the schooner was rocked by the swell coming from the west

"The sea feels something" Captain Len Guy told me, "and there must be rough weather over there," he added, pointing westward

"The horizon is misty," I replied, but perhaps the noon sun—"

"The sun has no strength in these latitudes Mr Jeorling not even in summer—Jem!" he shouted to the mate "What do you think of the sky?"

"I don't much like it We must be ready for anything and everything, Captain"

"Hasn't the look-out spotted any drifting ice?" I asked

"Yes," replied Captain Len Guy "and if we get near the ice-bergs they won't be the ones to suffer So if prudence demands that we should swerve either east or west, we'll resign ourselves to it, but only if we have to"

The look-out had made no mistake In the afternoon we sighted masses, islets they might be called, of ice, drifting slowly southward, but so far they were neither very large nor very high They

were easy to avoid; they could not interfere with the *Halbrane*. But, although the wind had so far let her keep on her course, she was not making any headway, and it was exceedingly disagreeable to be rolling about in the turbulent sea which struck our ship's sides most unpleasantly.

About two it was blowing a hurricane. The schooner was terribly knocked about, and the boatswain had the deck cleared of everything movable.

Fortunately, the cargo could not be displaced, being stowed with an eye to such eventualities. We need not to dread the fate of the *Grampus*, lost through careless lading. (When she capsized Arthur Pym and Dirk Peters had remained for several days crouching on her keel.) Moreover, our pumps did not give a drop of water; the ship was perfectly sound throughout, owing to the thorough repairs carried out at the Falklands. The temperature had fallen rapidly, and hail, rain, and snow thickened and darkened the air. At ten in the evening—I must use this word, although the sun was always above the horizon—the tempest increased, and the captain and his mate, almost unable to hear each other's voices amid the strife, communicated mostly by gestures, as good as speech between sailors.

I could not make up my mind to go below; seeking the shelter of the roundhouse, I stayed on deck, observing the weather phenomena, and the skill, certainty, celerity, and good effect with which the crew carried out their orders. It was a strange and terrible experience for a landsman, even to one who had seen as much of the sea and seamanship as I had. To carry out a certain difficult manœuvre, four men had to climb the fore-mast to reef the sail. The first to leap to the ratlines was Hunt. The second was Martin Holt; two others followed them. I could not have believed that any man could display such skill and agility as Hunt's. His hands and feet hardly touched the ratlines, and on reaching the cross-trees, he was at one of the yards in a flash, while Holt went to the other.

While the men were working, and the tempest was raging round us, a terrific lurch of the ship flung everything on the deck into wild confusion, and the sea rushed in through the scupper-holes. I was knocked down, and for some moments unable to rise.

So great had been the list of the schooner that the end of the yard was plunged three or four feet into a wave crest. When it emerged Martin Holt, who had been holding on to it, had disappeared. One solitary cry was heard, and his arm could be seen wildly waving amid the whiteness of the foam. The sailors rushed

to the side and flung out a rope, a cask, a spar—anything the man might lay hold of. Then, as I struggled up to my feet I caught sight of something cleaving the air and vanishing in the swirl of the waves.

Was this another accident? No! It was voluntary, a deed of self-sacrifice. Having finished his task, Hunt had thrown himself into the sea, in the hope of saving Martin Holt.

"Two men overboard!"

Yes, two—one to save the other. And were they not about to perish together?

The two heads rose to the foaming surface of the water. Hunt was swimming vigorously, cutting through the waves, and approaching Martin Holt.

In unspeakable suspense we were looking on. None of us worried about the position of the *Halbrane*, herself in some danger; all eyes were fixed upon the relentless waves. Then fresh cries, the frantic cheers of the crew, rose above the roar of the elements. Hunt had reached the drowning man just as he was sinking out of sight, had seized him, and was supporting him with one arm, while Holt, incapable of movement, swayed helplessly about like a frond of sea-weed. With the other arm Hunt was swimming vigorously towards the schooner.

What seemed an endless minute passed. The two men, the one dragging the other, could hardly be distinguished in the midst of the surging waves.

At last Hunt reached the schooner, and caught one of the lines thrown out to him. He and Martin Holt were hoisted on board; the latter was laid down at the foot of the mast, and the former was quite ready to return to work. Holt was quickly restored by vigorous rubbing; his senses returned and he opened his eyes.

"Who saved me?" he asked feebly.

"Hunt," cried the boatswain. "It was Hunt who risked his life for you."

As the latter was hanging back, Hurliguerly pushed him towards Martin Holt, whose eyes expressed the liveliest gratitude.

"Hunt," said he, "you saved my life. But for you I should have been lost. I thank you."

* Hunt made no reply. He seemed not to have heard.

"Hunt," said Martin Holt again. "come here I want to shake hands with you."

And he held out his right hand. Hunt stepped back a few paces, shaking his head with the air of a man who did not expect thanks for anything so simple, and quietly walked forward to join

his shipmates, now again working vigorously under the orders of West.

For three whole days the tempest raged in these waters, accompanied by snowstorms which perceptibly lowered the temperature. Captain Len Guy proved himself a true seaman, James West had an eye to everything, the crew seconded them loyally, and Hunt was always foremost when there was work to be done or danger to be incurred.

What a difference there was between him and most of the sailors recruited at the Falklands, and especially between him and Hearne, the sealing-master! They obeyed, no doubt, but then what complaints were made, what recriminations exchanged. From all this, I presaged evil for the future.

Martin Holt had been able to resume his duties very soon, and he did so with hearty good-will. He knew his business and was the only man on board to vie with Hunt in handiness and zeal.

"Well, Holt," I asked him, "what terms are you on with that queer fellow Hunt now? Is he any more approachable?"

No, Mr Jeorling, and I think he even tries to avoid me. But he did so before, for that matter."

"Yes, indeed, that is true," added Hurliguerly, "I've noticed it more than once."

"Then he still keeps aloof from you, Holt, as he does from the others?"

"From me more than from the others."

"What's the meaning of that?"

"I don't know, Mr Jeorling."

I was surprised at what they said, but I soon saw for myself that Hunt actually did avoid every occasion of coming in contact with Martin Holt. Did he think that he had no right to! It's gratitude although he had saved his life! His conduct was certainly very strange.

Early on the 9th the wind showed a tendency to veer eastwards and this would mean more manageable weather. And, in fact, although the sea was still rough, after about two in the morning more sail could safely be carried, and thus the *Halbrane* could regain the course from which she had been driven. •

In that region the ice-packs were more numerous, and there was reason to hope that the tempest had broken a gap through the ice-barrier.

CHAPTER X

ALONG THE FACE OF THE ICE-BARRIER

ALTHOUGH THE seas below the Antarctic Circle were wildly tumultuous our voyage had so far been carried out under exceptional conditions. The numerous ice-floes gave us no trouble, they were easy to avoid, nor did they take us by surprise for the presence of ice is indicated by a yellowish tint in the sky, which the whalers called "blink."

As we advanced southwards, the number of ice-packs increased and the leads became narrower. On the 14th our bearings were 72° 37' S, our longitude being unchanged, between the 42nd and 43rd parallels. Already we had arrived at a point which few navigators had been able to reach, only two degrees short of that attained by Weddell.

Captain Len Guy was experienced in sailing in icy waters, and did not hesitate to venture into the midst of these drifting flotillas. As he explained to me:

"Mr. Jeorling, this is not the first time I have tried to enter into the Polar Sea, but hitherto it has been without success. Well, if I tried this when I had nothing but presumption to go on regarding the fate of the *Jane*, what shan't I try now that presumption has become certainty? Nevertheless," he added, "all that lies beyond the ice barrier is still the Unknown for me, just as it is for other navigators."

"The Unknown! No, not absolutely, Captain, since we have the reports made by Weddell, and, I must now add, by Arthur Pym."

"Yes, I know, they have spoken of an open sea."

"Don't you believe it exists?"

"Yes, I do believe it exists, and for very good reasons. In fact, when once we've got beyond the barrier our greatest difficulty will be overcome, for you're quite right in saying that the existence of that open sea was definitely reported by Weddell, as well as by Arthur Pym."

From December 15 the difficulties of navigation increased as the drifting masses multiplied and a constant look-out had to be maintained. West had a cask fixed at the head of the foremast to serve as a crow's nest, and thence an unremitting watch was kept.

The 16th was exceedingly wearing. So thick was the ice that only very narrow and tortuous leads could be found, and handling the ship became more laborious than ever.

In the face of such difficulties none of the men grumbled. Hunt especially distinguished himself and Captain and crew agreed that he was an incomparable seaman. But there was something mysterious about him that aroused universal curiosity.

On the morning of the 17th the look-out at last gave warning of the ice. A few miles to the south rose a long jagged crest, standing out clearly against the sky, and in front of it drifted countless ice-packs. This motionless barrier stretched before us from the north-west to the south-east and by merely coasting it we should still gain a few degrees southwards.

When the *Halbranc* was within three miles of the ice, she lay to in the middle of a gap which allowed her complete freedom of movement.

A boat was lowered, and Captain Len Guy got into it with the boatswain and several of the sailors. The boat was pulled towards the enormous rampart, but in vain search was made for a lead through which the schooner could slip and after three hours of this fatiguing reconnoissance the men returned to the ship. Then came a squall of rain and snow making the temperature fall to 36° and shutting out the ice-rampart from our sight.

During the next twenty-four hours the schooner lay within four miles of the ice. To take her nearer would have been to get among winnieways from which it might not have been possible to extricate her. Not that Captain Len Guy did not long to do this, so apprehensive was he of passing some opening unperceived.

"If I had a consort," he explained, "I should sail closer in, that's a great advantage when one is on such an enterprise as this." But the *Halbranc* is alone and if she were to fail us—"

Even though we approached no nearer to the icebergs than prudence permitted our ship was exposed to great risk and West kept having to change his course to avoid collision with an ice-field.

Fortunately the wind blew from the east without variation, and it did not freshen. Had a tempest arisen I know not what would have become of the schooner—yes I do know only too well she would have been lost and all hands with her as she would have been hurled against the barrier.

After a long investigation Captain Len Guy had to pronounce any hope of finding a lead through the terrible ice-barrier, all that could be done was to try to reach its south-east point. This

at any rate, lost us nothing in latitude, and, in fact, on the 18th we reached the 73rd parallel

Two or three times the captain came within two miles of the barrier, feeling certain that there must be some gap in it. But his efforts had no result, and we had to fall back.

Throughout our search we never desisted any suggestion of the land indicated on the charts of some of our predecessors. Such errors were not however admissible as regards Tsalal. If the *Jane* had been able to reach those islands it was because that region of the Antarctic sea was open, and at this early season we need fear no obstacle there.

At last on the 19th, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, there came a shout from the crow's nest "A lead to the south-east."

"What's beyond it?" roared West.

"Nothing in sight."

It took West very little time to reach the crow's nest, and we all waited below—with what impatience may be imagined. What if the look-out were mistaken, if it were some optical delusion? But West, at all events, could make no mistake.

After ten interminable minutes his clear voice reached us and his shout of "Open sea!" was answered with cheers.

Two hours later we had doubled the end of the ice-barrier, and there lay before us, completely open, a sparkling sea.

CHAPTER XI

HEARD AS IN A DREAM

COMPLETELY OPEN? No. It would have been premature to assume this. A few icebergs were visible in the distance, while some of the floes were still drifting east. Nevertheless, the break-up of the ice had opened the sea enough for us to sail freely through it.

"God is helping us," declared Captain Len Guy. "May He be pleased to guide us to the end."

"In a week," I remarked, "we may be in sight of Tsalal Island."

"Provided that the east wind lasts, Mr. Jeorling. Don't forget that sailing along the icebergs sent the *Halbrane* off course, and she must be brought back towards the west."

"The breeze is in our favour, Captain."

"And we shall profit by it, for I mean to make for Bennet Isle. It was there that my brother first landed, and as soon as we sight that island we shall be certain we're on the right track"

During the night, or rather what should have been the night, of the 19th-20th, my sleep was disturbed by a strange dream. I seemed to be awakened by a plaintive and continuous murmuring sound. I opened, or dreamed I opened, my eyes. My cabin was in complete darkness. The murmur recommenced, I listened, and it seemed that a voice—a voice which I did not know—whispered

'Pym Pym poor Pym!'

Plainly this could only be a delusion, unless, indeed, someone had got into my cabin—its door was not locked.

'Pym!' the voice repeated. "We must not forget poor Pym."

This time the words sounded close to my ear. What was the meaning of this message? And why was it addressed to me? And, besides, had not Pym, after his return to America, met with a sudden and deplorable death, in circumstances unknown?

I began to doubt whether I was in my right mind, and shook myself into complete wakefulness, realizing that I had been disturbed by an extremely vivid dream.

I rose from my berth, opened the shutter and looked out of my cabin. No one was on deck, except Hunt, who was at the helm.

I had nothing to do but to lie down again, and this I did. The name of Arthur Pym seemed to be repeated several times. Nevertheless, I fell asleep and did not wake until morning, when I retained only a vague impression which soon faded of the occurrence. No other incident at that period of our voyage calls for notice. The breeze from the north, which had forsaken us, did not revive, and the *Halbriane* was borne southwards only by the current. The delay this caused was almost unbearable.

At last, on the 21st, our bearings were 82° 50' S and 42° 20' W, Bennet Isle, if it existed at all, could not be far off.

Yes! The islet did exist, and its bearings were those given by Arthur Pym.

At six in the evening the look-out shouted "Land on the port bow."

CHAPTER XII

BENNET ISLE

SO THE *Halbranc* had sighted Bennet Isle! The crew urgently needed rest so landing was deferred until the next day, and I went back to my cabin.

The night passed without disturbance and when day came not a craft of any kind could be seen on the waters, not a native on the beach. There were no huts upon the coast, no smoke in the distance to indicate that the island was inhabited. But William Guy had found no trace of human beings upon it, and what I could see of the island answered to Pym's description. It was situated on a rocky base of about a league in circumference and was so arid that it bore no vegetation whatever.

"Mr Jeorling," said Captain Len Guy, "can you see a headland in the north-east? Isn't it formed of a pile of rocks which look like giant cotton-bales?"

"That is so, just as the *Narrative* describes it."

"Then all we have to do is to land there. Mr Jeorling, who knows but we may come across some trace of the *Jane's* crew, if any of them succeeded in escaping from Tsalal Island?"

The speaker was devouring the isle with his eyes. What must have been his thoughts, his desires, his impatience! But there was a man whose gaze was set upon the same point evermore fixedly, that man was Hunt.

Before we left the *Halbranc* Len Guy enjoined the most careful watchfulness upon his mate, though this was something which West did not need. Our exploration would only take half a day at most, so if our boat did not return in the afternoon another was to be sent in search of us.

Four sailors took their places in the boat while Hunt, at his own request, was steersman. Captain Len Guy, the boatswain and myself all well armed seated ourselves aft, and we made for the northern point of the isle. In the course of an hour we had doubled the headland, and come in sight of the little bay whose shores the boats of the *Jane* had touched.

Hunt steered for this bay, gliding with remarkable skill between the reefs. Anyone would have thought he knew his way among them.

We disembarked on a stony coast, whose boulders were covered

with sparse lichen. The tide was already ebbing, revealing a sandy bottom strewn with black blocks, resembling big nailheads.

Two men were left in charge of the boat, while the rest of us landed. Towards the centre we found some rising ground, from which we could see the whole isle. But there was nothing to be seen on any side, absolutely nothing. On its far side Hunt went on ahead, and we followed him towards the southern part of the isle. Here he looked carefully about him, then stooped and showed us a piece of half-rotten wood lying among the scattered stones.

'I remember!' I exclaimed, 'Arthur Pym speaks of a piece of wood marked with traces of carving—it seemed to have belonged to the bow of some vessel.'

'Among the carvings my brother fancied he could trace the design of a tortoise,' added Captain Len Guy.

'Just so,' I replied, 'but Arthur Pym said that was doubtful. No matter, the piece of wood is still where the *Narrative* says it was, so we may conclude that since the *Jane* cast anchor here no other crew has ever set foot upon Bennet Isle. So it follows that we should only waste time in looking out for traces of any other landing. We don't know anything until we reach Tsalal Island.'

'Yes, Tsalal Island,' replied the captain.

As we retraced our steps Hunt walked on in silence, with downcast eyes. Then he stopped abruptly, and beckoned us to his side.

He had evinced no surprise on regarding the piece of wood we had found, but his attitude changed as he knelt down in front of a worm-eaten plank which lay on the sand. He felt it all over with his huge hands, as though he were seeking some markings on its rough surface, hidden under the thick dirt that had accumulated upon it. The plank had probably formed part of a ship's stern, as the boatswain pointed out.

'Yes, yes,' repeated Captain Len Guy, 'undoubtedly it formed part of a vessel's stern.'

Hunt, who was still kneeling, nodded in assent.

'But,' I pointed out, 'it must have been cast ashore on Bennet Isle from some wreck! The cross-currents brought it in from the open sea, and —'

'If that were so——' cried the captain.

The same thoughts had occurred to us both. What was our surprise! indeed our amazement, our unspeakable emotion, when Hunt showed us eight letters cut in the plank, not painted but incised and clearly traceable.

The *Jane* of Liverpool! The schooner commanded by Captain William Guy! What did it matter that time had effaced the other letters? Were not these enough to tell us the name of the ship and the port she hailed from? The *Jane* of Liverpool!

Captain Len Guy had taken the plank in his hands, and now he pressed his lips to it, while tears fell from his eyes.

It was a fragment of the *Jane*! I did not utter a word until the captain's emotion had subsided. As for Hunt, I had never seen such a lightning glance as his brilliant hawk-like eyes cast towards the southern horizon.

As soon as Captain Len Guy arose, Hunt silently placed the plank upon his shoulder, and we went on.

When we had gone round the island, we embarked in our boat, and by half-past two in the afternoon we were again on board.

Early in the morning of December 23, the *Halbrane* put off from Bennet Isle, taking with us new and convincing testimony to the catastrophe which Tsalal Island had witnessed.

I observed the sea water very attentively, and it seemed to me less deeply blue than Arthur Pym describes it. Nor had we met a single specimen of his monster of the southern seas, an animal three feet long, six inches high, with four short legs, long coral claws, a silky body, a rat's tail, a cat's head, the hanging ears, blood-red lips and white teeth of a dog. The truth is that I regarded several of these details as "suspect", and entirely due to an over-imaginative temperament.

Seated on deck, I again read Edgar Poe's book with sedulous attention, but I was not unaware of the fact that Hunt, whenever his duties allowed him, observed me pertinaciously and with singularly meaningful looks.

And, in fact, I was re-perusing the passage in which Arthur Pym acknowledged his responsibility for the sad and tragic events resulting from his advice. It was, in fact, he who had over-persuaded Captain William Guy, to profit by "so tempting an opportunity of solving the great problem in regard to the Antarctic Continent". Yet, even while accepting that responsibility, did he not congratulate himself on having been the instrument of a great discovery, and having aided in some degree "in opening to the eye of science one of the most intensely exciting secrets which has ever engrossed its attention"?

At six the sun disappeared behind a thick curtain of mist. After midnight the breeze freshened, and the *Halbrane* had covered a further twelve miles. Next day she was less than a third of a degree, less than twenty miles, from Tsalal Island.

Unfortunately, just after midday the wind fell. Nevertheless, thanks to the current, the island was sighted at six-forty-five in the evening.

The anchor was lowered and a watch was set, with loaded firearms within reach, and boarding-nets ready.

The *Halbrane* ran no risk of being surprised. Too many eyes were watching on board—especially those of Hunt, whose gaze never quitted the horizon for an instant.

CHAPTER XIII

TSALAI ISLAND

THE NIGHT passed without incident: no boat put off from the island, nor did any native appear on the beach.

Next morning Captain Len Guy gave orders for the ship's largest boat to be lowered. "We are going ashore," he exclaimed to Holt, "and we shall try to reach Klock-Klock. If anything unforeseen happens, give us warning by firing three shots. And if we're not back before evening, send the second boat with ten armed men under the boatswain to wait off-shore to escort us back. If we cannot be found you will take command and sail the schooner back to the Falklands."

Eight well-armed men embarked, including Martin Holt and Hunt; I got my repeating rifle and joined Captain Len Guy in the stern of the boat. Our object was to find the channel through which Arthur Pym and Dirk Peters had sailed on January 19, 1828.

For twenty minutes we rowed along the reef, and then Hunt found a narrow gap in the rocks. Leaving two men in the boat, we landed, and pushed on towards the centre of the island. Captain Len Guy commented on its appearance, which as Arthur Pym declared, differed essentially from that of any land hitherto discovered. We soon found that he was right. The general colour of the plains was black, as though the clay were made of lava-dust; nowhere was anything white to be seen.

Soon Hunt began to run towards an enormous mass of rock, climbed nimbly on to it and stared about him like a man who ought to be able to recognize where he is, but fails to do so.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Captain Len Guy, watching the man attentively.

"I don't know what is the matter with him, Captain. But, as you know, everything about him is odd: in some ways he almost seems to belong to those strange beings Arthur Pym says he found here. One would even say that —"

Then, without finishing my sentence, I asked:

"Captain, are you sure that you took correct bearings yesterday?"

"Certainly. Exactly $83^{\circ} 20'$ south and $43^{\circ} 5'$ west."

"Then there's no doubt we've reached Tsalal Island?"

"None, Mr. Jeorling, if Tsalal Island is where Pym says it is."

None the less of all that Arthur Pym described nothing existed, or rather, nothing was any longer to be seen. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a plant was visible in the landscape. There was no sign of the wooded hills between which the village of Klock-Klock ought to lie, or of the streams from which the crew of the *Jane* had not dared to drink. There was no water anywhere; but everywhere absolute, awful drought.

Nevertheless, Hunt walked on rapidly, without showing any hesitation, as though led by a natural instinct.

But certainly what we saw was not that fabulous land which Arthur Pym described. The soil we were treading had been ravaged, wrecked, torn by convulsion. It was black, a cindery black, as though vomited from the earth under the action of Plutonian forces; as though some appalling and irresistible cataclysm had devastated its surface.

Not one of the animals Pym mentioned was to be seen, and even the penguins which abound in the Antarctic regions had fled from this uninhabitable land. Its stern silence and solitude made it a hideous desert. No human being was visible anywhere. Did any chance of finding William Guy and the survivors of the *Jane* exist in this scene of desolation?

I looked at Captain Len Guy. His pale face, dim eyes, and knit brow told too plainly that hope was beginning to die within his breast.

And then the population of Tsalal Island, the almost naked men, armed with clubs and lances, the tall, well-made upstanding women, endowed with grace and freedom of bearing not to be found in a civilized society—as Arthur Pym put it—and the crowd of children—what had become of all these? Where were the multitudes of natives, with black skins, black hair, black teeth, who regarded anything white with deadly terror?

I had a sudden inspiration: "An earthquake!" I exclaimed.

"Could even an earthquake have changed Tsalal Island so much?" asked Len Guy doubtfully.

"Yes, Captain, an earthquake could have done this; it has destroyed every trace of everything Arthur Pym saw here."

Hunt nodded approvingly.

Then I remembered that according to Arthur Pym's *Narrative*, Tsalal belonged to a group of islands which extended further west. Unless its people had been totally wiped out, they might possibly have fled into one of these. We should do well, I suggested to the captain, then to go and reconnoitre that archipelago, for clearly there was nothing to be found here.

"Yes," he replied, with tears in his eyes, "yes, it may be so. And yet, how could my brother and his unfortunate companions have been able to escape? Isn't it much more likely that they all perished in the earthquake?"

Here Hunt signed to us to follow him.

Some distance across the valley what a sight met our eyes!

There, lying in heaps were hundreds of human skeletons, the skulls still bearing some tufts of hair—a pile of dried and whitened bones. We were struck dumb and motionless, but as soon as Captain Ten Guy could speak he murmured:

"My brother, my poor brother!"

Yet how could this catastrophe be reconciled with Patterson's note-book? His entries stated explicitly that he had left his companions on Tsalal Island seven months ago. So they could not have perished in this earthquake for the condition of the bones proved that it must have taken place several years before. Yet it must have occurred after Pym had left with Peters, for his *Narrative* made no mention of it.

If the earthquake were recent, those time-bleached skeletons could not be attributed to it. Moreover the survivors of the *Jane* were not among them. Then where were they?

The valley of Klock-Klock went no farther, we had to retrace our steps to the coast.

We had hardly gone half a mile on the cliff's edge when Hunt stopped again. He had noticed some fragments of bones which were crumbling to dust, and did not seem to be those of a human being.

Were these the remains of one of the strange animals described by Arthur Pym?

Hunt suddenly uttered a cry or rather a sort of savage growl, and held out his enormous hand in which was a metal collar. Yes! A brass collar, a collar half-corroded away, but bearing letters which were still legible.

"*Tiger*—Arthur Pym."

Tiger!—the name of the dog which had saved Arthur Pym's life in the hold of the *Grampus*, and, which during the revolt of the crew, had sprung at the throat of Jones, the sailor, who was then "finished" by Dirk Peters.

So, then, that faithful animal had not perished in the shipwreck. He had been taken on board the *Jane* with Arthur Pym and the half-breed. And yet the *Narrative* did not allude to this, and made no further mention of him. I could not reconcile these contradictions, but there could be no doubt that Tiger had been saved from the shipwreck like Arthur Pym, had escaped the landslip on Klock-Klock hill, and had at last perished in the catastrophe which had destroyed the people of Tsalal.

But, again, William Guy and his five sailors could not be among those skeletons, as they were still alive when Patterson left them seven months ago, and the catastrophe had occurred several years earlier!

Three hours later we had returned to the *Halbrane*, without discovering anything else. Captain Len Guy went direct to his cabin, shut himself up, and did not reappear.

Next day, accompanied by Hunt and several others I revisited the island to complete its exploration.

Hunt again led the way towards Klock-Klock, but we found that the village had disappeared; and no doubt the mystery of the strange discoveries described by Edgar Poe was now and ever would remain beyond solution.

We made a brief pause at the place where Arthur Pym and Dirk Peters had seized the boat which bore them further south, even to that horizon of dark vapour whose gaps permitted them to discern the huge white giant.

Hunt stood with crossed arms, his eyes devouring the vast extent of the sea.

"Well, Hunt?" I touched him on the shoulder.

He started, and gave me a heart-rending glance.

"Come along, Hunt," cried Hurliguerly. "Are you going to take root on this rock? Don't you see the *Halbrane* waiting? Come along. We must be off tomorrow—there's nothing more to be done here."

Hunt's trembling lips seemed to repeat the word "nothing" while his whole bearing protested against it.

The boat took us back to the ship and soon the captain came on deck; he was very pale, and his features looked pinched and weary.

"Mr. Jeorling," he said, "I can conscientiously state that I have done everything possible. Can I hope any longer that my brother

William and his companions—— No! No! We must go away—before winter——”

He drew himself up, and glanced towards Tsalal Island.

“Tomorrow, Jim,” he told West, “tomorrow we’ll make sail early.”

“And Pym—poor Pym!”

I recognized the voice.

It was the voice I had heard in my dream.

CHAPTER XIV

AND PYM?

“AND PYM—poor Pym?”

I turned at once.

It was Hunt who had spoken. He was standing motionless, gazing fixedly at the horizon.

It was so unusual to hear his voice that the men crowded round him curiously, but a movement of West’s hand sent them forward. The captain went up to Hunt and asked him :

“What did you say?”

“I said, ‘And Pym—poor Pym.’”

“Well, then, what do you mean by saying the name of that man whose pernicious advice led my brother to the island where the *Jane* was lost, and most of her crew were massacred, and where we haven’t found even a trace of those survivors who were still here seven months ago?”

Hunt hesitated, not because he did not know what to say, but because of his difficulty in expressing his ideas. These might be quite clear, but his speech was confused, his words incoherent, and his pronunciation strongly marked by the hoarse accent of the Indians of the Far West.

“You see,” he said, “I do not know how to tell things. My tongue stops. Understand me, I spoke of Pym, poor Pym, did I not?”

“Yes,” answered West sternly; “and what have you to say about Arthur Pym?”

“I have to say that he must not be forsaken.”

“Forsaken!” I exclaimed.

“No, never! It would be cruel—too cruel. We must go to seek him.”

"To seek him?" repeated Captain Len Guy

"Understand me, it is for this that I have embarked on the *Halbrane*—yes, to find poor Pym!"

"And where is he?" I asked, if not deep in his American grave?"

"No, he is in the place where he remained, alone, all alone," continued Hunt pointing towards the south, "and since then the sun has risen on that horizon seven times"

Clearly he meant the Antarctic regions, but what did he mean by this?

"Dor't you know that Arthur Pym is dead?" the captain asked him

"Dead!" replied Hunt, emphasizing the word with an expressive gesture "No! Listen to me I know things, understand me, he is not dead"

"Explain yourself Hunt," the captain commanded Take your time, and say plainly what you have to say"

And, while Hunt passed his hand over his brow, as though to collect his memory of far-off things, I said "There's something very strange about this man—even if he isn't mad"

"No not mad," Hunt protested harshly, "and madmen are respected on the prairies, even if they are not believed And I—I must be believed No no no! Pym is not dead!"

"Edgar Poe says he is," I replied

"Yes, I know—Edgar Poe of Baltimore But—he never saw poor Pym, never, never"

"What!" exclaimed Captain Len Guy "the two men never met each other?"

"No!"

"And it wasn't Arthur Pym himself who described his adventures to Edgar Poe?"

"No, Captain, No! He, below there at Baltimore, all he had was the notes written by Pym from the day when he hid himself on board the *Grampus* to the very last hour—the last—understand me, the last!"

"Then who brought back that journal?" Captain Len Guy demanded, seizing the fellow's hand

"It was Pym's companion, he who loved him, his poor Pym, like a son It was Dirk Peters, the half-breed, who came back alone from there—beyond"

"Then Arthur Pym may be——"

"There," answered Hunt pointing towards the southern horizon, at which he had not for a moment ceased to gaze

Captain Len Guy made me a sign, meaning that nothing serious was to be got out of the poor fellow, whose mental faculties must be deranged.

Yet, when I looked keenly at Hunt, it seemed that truth shone out of his eyes.

So I began to interrogate him and not once did he contradict himself.

"Tell me," I asked, "did Arthur Pym really come to Tsalal Island on the *Jane*?"

"Yes."

"Did he get separated from the others, with the half-breed and one of the sailors, while Captain William Guy went to the village of Klock-Klock?"

"Yes. The sailor was Allen, and he was stifled under the stones almost at once."

"Then the two others saw the attack, and the schooner destroyed from on top of the hill?"

"Yes."

"Then later, they left the island, after seizing a native boat?"

"Yes."

"And after twenty-days, having reached the curtain of vapour, they were both swept down into the cataract?"

This time Hunt hesitated, he stammered out some vague words; he seemed to be trying to rekindle the half-extinguished flame of his memory. At length, looking at me and shaking his head, he answered:

"No, not both. Understand me—Dirk never told me——"

"Dirk Peters," interposed Captain Len Guy. "You knew Dirk Peters?"

"Yes."

"And it was from him that you got all this information about the voyage?"

"From him."

"And he came back alone—alone—from that voyage, after leaving Arthur Pym?"

"Alone!"

"Speak, man—speak!" I cried impatiently. Then, in broken but intelligible sentences, Hunt spoke:

"Yes—there—a curtain of vapour—so the half-breed often said—understand me. The two, Arthur Pym and he, were in the Tsalal boat. Then an enormous block of ice came full upon them. At the shock Dirk Peters was thrown into the sea, but he clung to the ice block, and—understand me, he saw the boat drift with

the current, far, very far, too far! In vain did Pym try to rejoin his companion, he could not; the boat drifted on and on, and Pym, that poor dear Pym, was carried away. It is he who has never come back, and he is there, still there!"

If Hunt had been the half-breed in person he could not have spoken with more heart-felt emotion of "poor Pym".

It was then, in front of the "curtain of vapour" that the two had been separated. Dirk Peters had managed to return from the ice-world to America, with the notes he had given to Edgar Poe.

Hunt was minutely questioned, and he repeated, so he said, exactly what the half-breed had told him many times. According to this statement Dirk Peters had Arthur Pym's note-book in his pocket when the ice-block struck them, and thus the journal was saved.

"Understand me," Hunt repeated, "for I tell you things as I have them from Dirk Peters. While the drift was carrying him away, he cried out with all his strength. Pym, poor Pym, had already disappeared in the midst of the vapour. The half-breed, feeding upon raw fish which he contrived to catch, was carried back by a cross-current to Tsalal Island, where he landed half dead from hunger."

"To Tsalal Island!" exclaimed Captain Len Guy. "And how long was it since they had left it?"

"Three weeks, yes, three weeks at the farthest, so Dirk Peters told me."

"Then he must have found all who were left of the crew of the *Jane*—my brother William and the other survivors?"

"No," replied Hunt; "and Dirk Peters always believed that they had perished—yes, to the very last man. There was no one upon the island."

"No one?"

"Not a living soul."

"But the natives?"

"No one! No one, I tell you. The island was a desert—yes, a desert!"

Though this seemed to contradict certain facts of which we were certain, it was possible that when Dirk Peters returned to Tsalal Island, the natives, seized by who can tell what terror, had already taken refuge upon the south-western group, and that William Guy and his companions were still hidden in the valley near Klock-Klock. That would explain why the half-breed had not come across them, and also why the survivors had had nothing to fear during their eleven years in the island. On the

other hand, since Patterson had left them there seven months before, if we did not find them, that must have been because they had to leave Tsalal, when it was rendered uninhabitable by the earthquake.

"So that," resumed Captain Len Guy, "when Dirk Peters returned, there was no one on the island?"

"No one," repeated Hunt, "no one. The half-breed did not meet a single native."

"And what did Dirk Peters do?"

"Understand me. A forsaken boat lay there, at the back of the bay, with some dried meat and several casks of water. The half-breed got into it, and a south wind—yes, south, very strong, the same that had driven the ice-block, with the cross-current, towards Tsalal Island—carried him on for weeks and weeks—to the iceberg barrier, through a passage in it— you may believe me I am telling you only what Dirk Peters told me—and he cleared the Polar circle."

"And beyond it?" I enquired.

"Beyond it he was picked up by a whaler, the *Sandy Hook*, and taken back to America."

Now one thing at all events was clear. Edgar Poe had never known Arthur Pym. This was why, wishing to leave his readers in exciting uncertainty, he had brought Pym to an end "as sudden as it was deplorable", but without indicating the manner or the cause of his death.

"And yet, although Arthur Pym did not return, could it be reasonably supposed that he had survived so long, that he was still living, even after eleven years?"

"Yes, yes," replied Hunt.

And thus he affirmed with the strong conviction that Dirk Peters had infused into his mind. Now if all that he said were true, if he had faithfully reported the secrets entrusted to him by Dirk Peters, should he not be believed when he repeated in a tone of mingled command and entreaty

"Pym is not dead. Pym is there. Poor Pym must not be forsaken!"

When I had finished questioning Hunt, Captain Len Guy came out of his meditative mood, profoundly troubled, and gave the word, "All hands forward!"

When the men were assembled, he said

"Listen to me, Hunt, and seriously consider the gravity of the questions I am about to put to you."

Hunt held his head up, and ran his eyes over the crew

"You assert, Hunt, that all you have told us concerning Arthur Pym is true?"

"Yes."

"You knew Dirk Peters? You lived some years with him in Illinois?"

"Nine years."

"And he often related these things to you, and for your own part, you have no doubt that he told you the truth?"

"None."

"Well, then, did it never occur to him that some of the crew of the *Jane* might still be living on Tsalal Island?"

"No."

"He believed that William Guy and his companions must all have perished in the landslip at Klock-Klock?"

"Yes, and from what he often told me, Pym believed it too."

"Where did you see Dirk Peters for the last time?"

"At Vandalia."

"How long ago?"

"Over two years."

"And which of you two was the first to leave Vandalia?"

I thought I detected a slight hesitation in Hunt before he answered

"We left the place together."

"You to go to——?"

"The Falklands."

"And he?"

"He," repeated Hunt

And then his wandering gaze fixed itself on Martin Holt, our sailing-master, whose life he had saved during the tempest

"Well!" resumed the captain, "can't you understand what I am asking you?"

"Yes."

"Then answer me. When Dirk Peters left Illinois did he finally leave America?"

"Yes."

"And where is he now?"

"He stands before you."

Dirk Peters! So Hunt was the half-breed Dirk Peters, the devoted companion of Arthur Pym, the whom Captain Guy had so long sought for in the United States, and who would probably give us a fresh reason for pursuing our daring quest

The extraordinary thing is that Captain Len Guy and myself, who had read Edgar Poe's book over and over again, did not see

at once, when Hunt came on board at the Falklands, that he and the half-breed were identical! I can only imagine that we were blindfolded by Providence

There was no doubt whatever that Hunt really was Dirk Peters. Although he was eleven years older, he answered in every particular to the description given by Arthur Pym, except that he was no longer "ferocious looking." He had changed with age and the effect of the terrible scenes through which he had passed, nevertheless he was still the faithful companion to whom Arthur Pym had so often owed his safety—that same Dirk Peters who loved him as his own son and who had never—no never—lost the hope of finding him again one day amid the awful Antarctic wastes.

Now, why had Dirk Peters hidden himself in the Falklands under the name of Hunt?

Why, since he embarked on the *Halbrane*, had he kept up his incognito? Why had he not told us who he was, since he knew that the captain was going to make every effort to save his country-men by following the *Jane*?

Why? No doubt because he feared that his name would inspire horror. Was it not the name of one who had shared in the horrible scenes of the *Grampus*, who had killed Parker the sailor, who had fed upon the man's flesh and quenched his thirst in the man's blood? To induce him to reveal his name he must needs be certain that the *Halbrane* would try to discover and rescue Arthur Pym!

And as to the existence of Arthur Pym? I had to admit its possibility. The imploring cry of the half-breed "Pym—poor Pym! he must not be forsaken!" troubled me profoundly.

A long silence had followed the astounding declaration of the half-breed. None dreamed of doubting his veracity. He had said "I am Dirk Peters." He was Dirk Peters.

At length moved by an irresistible impulse I said:

"My friends, before we decide let us carefully consider the position. Should we not lay up everlasting regret for ourselves, if we were to give up our quest just as it promises to succeed? It is less than seven months since Patterson left your country-men alive on Tsalal Island, so for eleven years they somehow managed to exist on the island, not having anything to fear from the islanders.

"If we have not come across the captain of the *Jane* and his comrades, it is because they had to abandon Tsalal Island after Patterson had left. Why? Probably because the earthquake had made the island uninhabitable. Now they would only have needed

a native boat to reach some other island or some point on the Antarctic continent. I cannot be certain that all this occurred; but we shall have done nothing if we do not persevere in our quest.

"And what does it involve?" I continued, after a silent pause. "To cover a few degrees of latitude, and that while the sea is open, while we have two months of good weather to hope for, and nothing to fear from the southern winter—I certainly should not ask you to brave that! And shall we hesitate, when the *Hal-brane* is well provided, with a full crew in good health? Shall we be scared by imaginary dangers? Aren't we brave enough to go on, on, thither?"

And I pointed to the southern horizon. Dirk Peters also pointed to it, with an imperative gesture which spoke more clearly than words.

At last Captain Len Guy spoke :

"Dirk Peters," he said, "do you assert that after you left Tsalal Island you saw land towards the south?"

"Yes, land," answered the half-breed. "Islands or continent—understand me—and I believe that Pym, poor Pym, is still waiting there for help."

"There, and there perhaps, William Guy and his companions are waiting too," said I, seeking to make the discussion more practical.

"Is it true, Dirk Peters," asked Captain Len Guy, "that beyond the eighty-fourth parallel the horizon is shut in by that curtain of vapour which is described in the *Narrative*? Have you seen—seen with your own eyes—those cataracts in the air, that gulf in which Arthur Pym's boat was lost?"

The half-breed looked from one to the other of us, and shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "What are you asking me about, Captain? A curtain of vapour? Yes, perhaps, and also signs of land towards the south."

CHAPTER XV

"CAPTAIN, YOUR ORDERS?"

EVIDENTLY DIRK PETERS had never read Edgar Poe's book, and very likely could not read. After handing over Pym's journal he had not troubled himself about its publication, and probably he had no notion of the stir it had made, or of the fan-

tastic and baseless climax to which our great poet had brought those strange adventures.

And, besides, might not Arthur Pym himself, with his tendency to the supernatural, have fancied that he saw these wonders, due solely to his imaginative brain?

Then West's voice was heard :

"Captain, your orders?"

Captain Len Guy turned towards his crew, and I heard him mutter between his teeth :

"Ah! If it depended only on me! If only I could count on them all!"

Then Hearne spoke roughly.

"Captain, it's two months since we left the Falklands. We were engaged for a voyage which was not to take us farther beyond the ice-barrier than Tsalal Island."

"That's not true!" exclaimed Captain Len Guy. "No! I signed all of you on to go on a lawful voyage as far as I like."

"Beg pardon," said Hearne coolly, "we've reached a point which nobody had ever reached before, in a sea no ship except the *Jane* has ever ventured into before us, so my comrades and I mean to get back to the Falklands before the bad season. From there you can return to Tsalal Island, and even go on to the Pole, if you like."

A murmur of approbation greeted his words; no doubt the sealing-master was expressing the feelings of the majority, the newcomers. To go against their opposition, to exact the obedience of these ill-disposed men, while braving the unknown Antarctic waters would have been an act of rashness—or, rather, of madness—that might lead to some catastrophe.

Nevertheless, West turned towards Hearne, and said in a threatening tone, "Who gave you leave to speak?"

"The captain questioned us," replied Hearne. "I had a right to reply."

The man uttered these words with such insolence that West, though generally so self-restrained, was about to give free vent to his wrath, when Captain Len Guy said quietly :

"Steady, Jem. We can't do anything unless we're all agreed. What's your opinion, Hurliguerly?"

"It's quite plain, Captain," replied the boatswain. "I will obey your orders, whatever they may be! It's our duty not to forsake William Guy and the others so long as there's any chance of saving them."

Several of the sailors gave signs of approbation.

"But as for Arthur Pym——"

"It's not a question of Arthur Pym," struck in the captain, "but only of my brother William and his companions."

I saw that Dirk Peters was about to protest, and clutched his arm. He shook with anger, but kept silence.

The captain continued to question the men. The old crew unanimously pledged themselves to obey his orders implicitly and follow him wherever he chose to go.

Three only of the new-comers joined them, all of them English. The others shared Hearne's view, that for them the voyage had ended at Tsalal Island. They therefore refused to go further, and demanded that the ship should be steered northward so as to clear the ice-barrier during the most favourable season.

Twenty men took this view, and to compel them to help the ship if she were to go south would have been to provoke a mutiny. There was only one resource: to arouse their covetousness.

So I addressed them in a tone which placed my seriousness beyond a doubt.

"Men of the *Halbrane*, listen to me! Just as rewards have been offered in some countries for exploration in the Polar regions, I offer a reward to the crew of this schooner. Two thousand dollars shall be shared among you for every degree we make beyond the eighty-fourth parallel. I'll sign an agreement with Captain Len Guy and the sums you gain shall be handed to you on your return, no matter what the circumstances are."

I waited, and I did not have to wait long.

"Hurrah!" cried the boatswain, acting as spokesman for his comrades, who almost unanimously added their cheers to his. Hearne offered no further opposition; he could always put in his word at a more favourable moment.

Early on December 27, the *Halbrane* put to sea, heading south-west.

I met Captain Len Guy next day on deck while West was there also and he called us both to him.

"Mr. Jeorling," he said, "it pained me deeply when I decided to sail back to the north! I felt I had not done all I ought to do for our unhappy fellow-countrymen; but I knew that most of the crew would be against me if I insisted on going beyond Tsalal Island."

"That's quite true, Captain, it might have ended in a mutiny."

"A mutiny we should soon have put down," said West coolly, "if only by knocking Hearne, who's always making trouble, on the head."

"And that would be a good thing, Jem," said the captain. "But the generosity of Mr. Jeorling has succeeded where we should undoubtedly have failed. I thank him for it."

"Jem," he turned to the mate "we're making good way, and no doubt we'll soon be sighting one of the other islands. Give orders to keep a good look-out. There's someone in the crow's nest!"

"Dirk Peters himself, at his own request."

"All right, Jem, we may trust his vigilance."

"And also his eyes," I added, "for he's gifted with amazing sight."

After two hours of good progress not the smallest indication of the group of islands was visible.

"It is incomprehensible that we've not sighted them," said the captain. "I reckon that the *Halbriane* must have made sixty miles since this morning and the islands in question are tolerably close together."

"Then, Captain, we must conclude – and it's not unlikely – that the whole group has completely disappeared in the earthquake."

"I and ahead!" cried Dirk Peters.

At last we noticed a few scattered islets two or three miles to the westward.

What a change! What had happened? Arthur Pym described sizeable islands, but only a few tiny islets half a dozen at most, protruded from the waters.

When the half-breed came sliding down to the deck the captain asked:

"Well, Dirk Peters! Can you recognize the group?"

"The group?" he replied, shaking his head. "No, I've only seen the tops of five or six islets. There's nothing but stone heaps there – not a single island!"

As the schooner neared them we realized that the group had been almost entirely destroyed. Its scattered remnants formed dangerous reefs which might seriously injure the *Halbriane*, and there was no point in risking her safety among them. We accordingly cast anchor at a safe distance and lowered a boat. The still, transparent water, as Peters steered us skilfully between the projecting reefs, allowed us to see, not a bed of sand strewn with shells, but blackish heaps overgrown by land vegetation. Presently we landed on one of the larger islets.

"The best thing we can do," said the boatswain, "is to follow Dirk Peters, he's already out-distanced us. His lynx eyes will see what we can't."

The islet was strewn with animal remains, but these bones

differed from those on Tsalal Island by being only a few months old. This agreed with the recent date to which we attributed the earthquake: no doubt could remain that it had taken place since Patterson's departure. The destruction of the Tsalal natives could not be due to that catastrophe. William Guy and the five sailors of the *Jane* must have been able to escape in good time, for no bones that could possibly be theirs were to be found.

Where had they taken refuge? Must we conclude that after reaching these islets, they had perished when the archipelago was swallowed up? We debated this point, at some length, and at last we arrived at a decision. Our sole chance of discovering the unfortunate castaways was to push on two or three degrees farther; the goal was there, and which of us would not sacrifice even his life to attain it?

"God is guiding us, Mr. Jeorling," said Captain Len Guy.

CHAPTER XVI

A REVELATION

"DIRK PETERS," I said next day, "would you like to tell me about him?"

"Him!" he murmured.

"You have remained faithful to his memory, Dirk Peters."

"Always. So many dangers shared! That makes men brothers! No, it makes a father and his son! Yes! And I have seen America again, but Pym—poor Pym—he is still out there!"

"Dirk Peters," I asked, "have you any idea what route you followed after you left Tsalal Island?"

"None, sir! Poor Pym had no longer any instrument—you know—sea machines—for looking at the sun. We could not know, except that for the eight days the current pushed us towards the south, and the wind also. A fine breeze and a fair sea, and our shirts for a sail."

"Yes, white linen shirts, which frightened your prisoner Nu Nu——"

"Perhaps so—I did not notice. But if Pym had said so, Pym must be believed."

"And all the time you could get food?"

"Yes, sir, and the days after—we and the savage. You know—the three turtles that were in the boat. These animals contain a

store of fresh water—and their flesh is sweet, even raw. Oh, raw flesh, sir!”

He lowered his voice, and threw a furtive glance around him. It would be impossible to describe his frightful expression as he recalled the terrible scenes on the *Grampus*. And it was the expression not of a cannibal but of a man overcome by an insurmountable horror at himself.

“Wasn’t it on March 1, Dirk Peters,” I asked, “that you first saw the veil of grey vapour shot with luminous moving rays?”

“I do not remember, sir, but if Pym says it was so, Pym must be believed.”

“Did he never mention fiery rays falling from the sky?” I did not say the “aurora”, as Peters might not understand this.

“Never, sir,” said Dirk Peters, after some reflection.

“Did you ever notice that the colour of the sea changed—that it grew milk-white and around the boat its surface was very rough?”

“It may have been so, sir; I did not observe. The boat went on and on, and my head went with it.”

“And then, the fine powder, as fine as ashes, that fell——”

“I don’t remember it.”

“Mightn’t it have been snow?”

“Snow? Yes! No! The weather was warm. What did Pym say? Pym must be believed.” He lowered his voice and continued: “But Pym will tell you all that, sir, he knows. I do not know. He saw and you will believe him.”

“Yes, Dirk Peters, I shall believe him.”

“We shall look for him, shan’t we—after we’ve found William Guy and the sailors of the *Jane*?”

“Yes, after we’ve found them.”

“And even if we don’t find them?”

“Yes, even then. I think I can persuade our captain. I don’t think he’ll refuse——”

“No, he won’t refuse to bring help to a man—a man like him?”

“And yet,” I said, “if William Guy and his people are still alive, can we suppose that Arthur Pym——”

“Living? Yes! Living!” cried the half-breed. “By the great spirit of my fathers he is—he is waiting for me, my poor Pym! How joyful he will be when he clasps his old Dirk in his arms, and I—I, when I feel him there—there.”

And the huge chest of the man heaved like a stormy sea. Then he went away, leaving me inexpressibly affected by the tenderness that lay deep in the heart of this semi-savage.

I said little to Captain Len Guy, whole-heartedly set on the rescue of his brother about our chances of finding Arthur Gordon Pym. True enough if after we succeeded in that object, to urge upon him another even more visionary.

At length on January 7—according to Dirk Peters's reckoning—we arrived at the place where Nu Nu the savage had breathed his last. Our bearings were then $86^{\circ} 33'$ south latitude, the longitude remaining as before between 42nd and 43rd parallels. Here it was according to the half-breed that the two fugitives separated after the boat collided with the floating ice. But as the floor carrying Dirk Peters had drifted towards the north, did this mean it had been swept along by a counter-current?

Yes, that must have been so for our schooner no longer felt the influence of the current which had hitherto carried her on. Happily, the fresh north-east breeze was still blowing and the *Halbrane* went on southwards, 13° beyond the furthest point reached by Weddell's ship and 2° beyond that reached by the *Jane*. As for the land—lands or continent which Captain Len Guy was looking for there were no signs of it and I felt he was gradually losing confidence.

I was possessed by the desire to rescue Arthur Pym as well as the survivors of the *Jane*. Yet how could he have survived? Supposing our captain were to decide to go back, what would Dirk Peters do? Throw himself into the sea? This made me dread some violence on his part when he heard the sailors protesting against this insensate voyage and talking of going about for Hearne was stealthily inciting his comrades to insubordination.

It was essential not to allow indiscipline or discouragement to spread, so on January 7 Captain Len Guy at my request assembled the men and addressed the crew.

"Since we left Isalal Island the schooner has gone two degrees southwards and so as promised by Mr Jeorling, four thousand dollars—two thousand dollars for each degree—are due to you, and will be paid at the end of the voyage."

These words were greeted with some murmurs of satisfaction, but were cheered only by Hurliguerly and Endicott the cook.

On January 13 I was watching the seabirds wheeling about the ship when Hurliguerly, who was also looking at them, said:

"I've noticed one thing, Mr Jeorling—those birds aren't flying due south as they have been doing up to now. Some of them are setting off north and what's more, those that have gone southwards will soon be coming back."

"And that makes you think——?"

"They're beginning to feel the winter coming."

"No, no, Boatswain; the temperature is so high that the birds can't possibly want to get to warmer regions yet"

"You think that, Mr. Jeorling?"

"Yes, Boatswain. Don't we know that ships have always been able to visit the Antarctic until March?"

"Not at this latitude. Besides, there are early winters as well as early summers. The fine season this year was a good two months in advance, and so I fancy the bad season may come sooner than usual."

"That's quite likely, but it won't affect us, as our voyage will certainly be over in three weeks."

"If something doesn't turn up to stop us—like a continent stretching to the south and barring our way"

"A continent, Hurliguerly!"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised. But as for the lands Dirk Peters saw," the boatswain continued, "where the men of the *Jane* might have landed, I don't believe in them"

"Why?"

"Because as William Guy can only have had a row-boat to sail in, he couldn't possibly have got so far into these seas"

"I don't feel quite so sure of that. What would there be so surprising in his being carried to some land or other by the currents? He didn't stay on his boat for eight months, I suppose? He and his companions may have been able to land on some island, or even on some continent, and that's a good enough reason for us to keep looking for him"

"No doubt—but they won't all agree with you," replied Hurliguerly, shaking his head.

"I know," said I, "and it's making me anxious. Is the bad feeling increasing?"

"I fear so, Mr. Jeorling. The satisfaction of having gained several hundreds of dollars is losing ground, and the prospect of gaining a few more isn't ending the disputes. And yet the prize is so tempting! From Tsalal Island to the Pole, granted we ever get there, is six degrees. At two thousand dollars each degree that makes twelve thousand dollars for thirty men—four hundred dollars apiece. A nice little sum to slip into one's pocket! But all the same that fellow Hearne is working so wickedly upon his comrades that I believe they are ready to 'bout ship in spite of anybody."

"I can believe that of the new hands, Boatswain, but your old crew——"

"H-m! Three or four of those are beginning to wonder, and they don't feel easy in their minds about so long a cruise."

"I fancy Captain Len Guy and his mate will know how to get themselves obeyed."

"We shall see, Mr. Jeorling. But maybe our captain himself will get disheartened—maybe the sense of his responsibility will prevail, and then he'll give up his enterprise?"

"As for my friend Endicott, Mr. Jeorling, we'd go to the end of the world—if the world has an end—if the captain asked us to. But, we two, Dirk Peters, and yourself, we can't lay down the law to the others."

"And what do you think about the half-breed?" I asked.

"Well, our men seem to think he's to blame for this long voyage. You see Mr. Jeorling, though you're mixed up in it you pay, and you pay well, while this crazy fellow, Dirk Peters, persists in saying that his poor Pym is still alive—his poor Pym who was drowned, or frozen, or crushed—killed, anyhow, one way or another, eleven years ago.

"You see," he continued, "at first some curiosity was felt about Dirk Peters. Then, after he saved Martin Holt, it was interest. But now we know what he is, and no one likes him the better for that. At all events, it was he who persuaded our captain, with his talk of land to the south of Tsalal Island, to make this voyage, and it's because of him we've come so far. And so, Mr. Jeorling, I'm always afraid that one of these days somebody will do Peters a mischief."

"Dirk Peters would defend himself; and I should pity the man who laid a finger on him."

"Quite so. It wouldn't do for anybody to be in his hands, for they could bend iron! But they might combine to put him below."

"Well, well, we haven't come to that yet, I hope; so reason with your men. Make them understand that we've plenty of time to return to the Falklands before the end of the fine season. They mustn't give the captain an excuse for turning back."

On the 14th the temperature fell, and Captain Len Guy called my attention to the flocks of birds flying north. I could not help feeling that he was losing hope.

And who could wonder? Of the land the half-breed spoke of nothing was seen, and we were already more than 180 miles from Tsalal Island. Honestly, was it possible that William Guy and his five companions could have covered such a distance on their frail craft? And was there one chance in a hundred that we should ever find them?

On January 15 our bearings were $43^{\circ} 13' \text{ W.}$ and $88^{\circ} 17' \text{ S.}$ The *Halbrane* was less than two degrees from the Pole, and this fact could not be kept from the men.

During the afternoon came proof that the sealing-master had been working on their minds. They talked in whispers and cast evil glances at us. Two or three sailors made threatening gestures quite openly; and there arose such angry mutterings that West could not pretend to be deaf to them.

He strode forward and shouted: "Silence, there! The first man who speaks will have to reckon with me!"

Captain Len Guy was in his cabin, but every moment I expected to see him come out, and order the ship to be put about. Moreover a mist was beginning to close in on us. But I knew well enough that whatever the captain's feelings might be he would not give that order easily.

On the 17th I had gone to my cabin where one of the windows was open, when I heard a knock at the door, and asked who was there.

"Dirk Peter" was the reply. "If you please—may I come into your cabin?"

"Come in."

He entered, and shut the door.

"I want to tell you something," he began hesitatingly, "because it seems well that you should know it, and you only. In the crew—they must never know it."

"If it is so serious, Dirk Peters, why tell me about it?"

"If!—I must! Ah, yes! I must! I can no longer keep it there! It weighs on me like a stone."

And Dirk Peters struck his breast violently, then he resumed: "Yes! I am always afraid it may escape me during my sleep and that some one will hear it, for I dream of it, and in dreaming—"

"You dream," I replied, but what about?"

"Of him, of him. Therefore it is that I sleep in corners, all alone, for fear that his true name should be discovered."

"But tell me, Dirk Peters, why you didn't stay in America—why did you choose the Falklands?"

"Why, sir? Because I wanted to get near Pym, my poor Pym—because I hoped to find a chance of shipping on a whaler bound for the southern sea."

"But why call yourself Hunt?"

"I would not bear my own name any longer—on account of that business on the *Grampus*."

He was alluding to the drawing of lots, which decided between Augustus Barnard, Arthur Pym, Parker the sailor, and himself, that one of the four should be sacrificed—as food for the others.

Yes! I realized that this was not a fable, as I had long believed. It had actually happened on the *Grampus*, on July 16, 1827. But in vain did I try to understand why the man was recalling it to my memory.

"Well, Dirk Peters," I said, 'I will ask you, since you were anxious to hide your name, what induced you to reveal it, when the *Halbrue* was off Tsalal—why you didn't keep to the name of Hunt?"

"Sir,—understand me—there was hesitation about going farther—they wanted to turn back. This was decided, and then I thought that by telling who I was—Dirk Peters—of the *Grampus*—poor Pym's companion—I should be heard, they would believe with me that he was still living, they would go in search of him! And yet, it was a serious thing to do—to acknowledge that I was Dirk Peters, he who had killed Parker! But hunger, devouring hunger!"

Come, come, Dirk Peters, you exaggerate! If the lot had fallen to you, you would have incurred Parker's fate. You cannot be charged with a crime."

"Sir, would Parker's family speak of it as you do?"

"His family! Then he's got relations!"

"Yes—and that is why Pym changed his name in the *Narrative*. Parker's name was not Parker—it was——"

'No, Dirk Peters, no!' I protested, unwilling to hear it.

"His name was Holt—Ned Holt."

"Holt!" I exclaimed, 'the same name as our sailing-master's."

'The man was his own brother, sir. Yes—understand me—his brother. And if he learned that I——"

At that instant a violent shock flung me out of my bunk.

The schooner had made such a lurch to the port side that she was near foundering.

I heard an angry voice: 'Who's that dog at the helm?"

It was West's voice and the culprit was Hearn.

I rushed out of my cabin.

'Did you let go of the wheel?" West had seized Hearn by the collar of his jersey.

"Sir—I don't know——"

"Yes, I tell you you did let it go. A little more and the schooner would have capized under full sail. Gratian," West, shouted to

one of the sailors, "take the helm, and you, Hearne, go below!"

Suddenly there came a cry of 'Land!' and every eye was turned southwards

CHAPTER XVII

LAND?

THAT CRY of "Land," at once diverted our attention I no longer dwelt upon the secret Dirk Peters had just told me—and perhaps he too had forgotten it, for he rushed forward and fixed his eyes on the horizon. But West, whom nothing could divert from his duty repeated his commands. Gratian took the helm, and Hearne was shut in the hold.

Captain Len Guy had already dashed out of his cabin and was eagerly scrutinizing this land, ten or twelve miles away.

I was no longer thinking about the secret Dirk Peters had confided in me. Besides—as long as it remained between the two of us—and neither would betray it—there would be nothing to fear. But if ever an unlucky accident were to reveal to Martin Holt that his brother's name had been changed in the *Narrative* to Parker, that the unfortunate man had not perished in the shipwreck of the *Grampus* but had been sacrificed to save his companions from perishing of hunger, that Dirk Peters, to whom Holt himself owed his life, had killed him with his own hand, what might not happen then? This was why the half-breed shrank from any expression of thanks—why he avoided Martin Holt, the victim's brother.

The schooner was sailing with the caution demanded by navigation in unknown seas. There might be shoals or reefs fully hidden under the surface and an accident would render our return impossible before winter set in. West had given orders to shorten sail and to heave the lead, which showed a depth of twenty fathoms. We could venture no further without this precaution.

The weather was still fine, although the sky was misty. This made it hard to identify the vague outlines which stood out like floating vapour in the sky, disappearing and then reappearing between the breaks in the mist.

We could not admit that we were victims of an illusion, although we feared it might be so.

The temperature now fell continuously, and the men had to resume their woollen clothing, which they had left off a month before.

What could be the cause of this sudden chill, now, at the height of the Antarctic summer? It made us realize the necessity for reaching our goal as soon as possible. To linger in this region or to expose ourselves to the danger of wintering out here would be to tempt Providence.

As I pointed out to the captain, we had come so far, thanks to the help of special circumstances, an early summer, an abnormal temperature, and a rapid thaw. Such conditions might recur only once in a score of years.

"Indeed, Mr. Jeorling," he replied, "I thank Providence for this, and it rekindles my hopes. As the weather has been so fine, what is there to prevent my brother and my fellow-countrymen from having landed on this coast, where the wind and the tide carried them? What our schooner has done, their boat may have done! They surely did not start on so long a voyage without food, which they may have been able to get on Tsalal Island. They had arms and ammunition. Fish abound in these waters, waterfowl too. Oh yes! My heart is full of hope, and I wish I were a few hours older!"

Without being so sanguine as he, I was glad to see he had regained his hopeful mood. Perhaps, if he were successful, I might be able to get him to continue the quest for Arthur Pym.

Some time later the boatswain came up to me and said: "Shall I tell you what I think, Mr. Jeorling?"

"Yes, certainly—but what do you think?"

"That it isn't land ahead of us, Mr. Jeorling!"

"What do you mean?"

"Look carefully, and put one finger before your eyes—look there—out a-starboard."

I did as he wished.

"Do you see?" he continued. "May I lose my liking for my grog if these heights aren't changing places among one another."

"And what does that mean?"

"That they're not land at all—they're icebergs."

"Icebergs!"

"Sure enough, Mr. Jeorling."

And, indeed, ten minutes later the look-out gave warning that several icebergs were moving obliquely into our path.

This news produced a great sensation. Our last hope was suddenly extinguished. And what a blow to Captain Len Guy! We

should have to seek land still further south without even being sure of ever coming across it!

And then the cry, "'Bout ship! 'Bout ship!" resounded everywhere.

Yes, indeed, the men from the Falklands were demanding that we should turn back, although Hearne was not there to fan the flame of insubordination, and I have to admit, too, that most of the old hands seemed to agree with them.

West waited for orders, not daring to demand silence.

Gratian was at the helm, prepared to steer accordingly, while his comrades had their hands on the cleats ready to ease off the sheets.

Dirk Peters remained motionless, leaning against the fore-mast, his head down, his body bent, and his mouth set firm. Not a word passed his lips.

But now he turned towards me, and what a look of mingled wrath and entreaty he gave me!

So I began to speak, and I did so with such conviction that none tried to interrupt me:

"No; we mustn't give up hope! Land cannot be far away. Those icebergs must have broken off from some continent or island, and behind them we shall meet the coast where they were formed. In another twenty-four hours, or forty-eight at the most, if it doesn't come into sight, Captain Len Guy shall steer back to the north!"

The boatswain came to my help, and added good-humouredly:

"Well said, and I agree with Mr. Jeorling that land isn't far off! If we look for it beyond those icebergs, we shall find it without much hard work, or great danger! What's another degree farther south, when it's a question of putting another hundred dollars into your pocket? And don't forget that if they're north having when they go in, they're more so when they come out!"

Now Endicott, the cook came to the aid of his friend: "Oh, yes, very good things indeed are dollars!" he cried, showing two rows of shining white teeth.

Captain Len Guy took up his telescope again, and after scrutinizing these moving masses he gave the order:

"Steer south-sou'west!"

The sailors hesitated for an instant. Then, recalled to obedience, they began to brace the yards and slack the sheets, and the schooner increased her speed.

Later I went up and thanked Hurliguerly.

"Ah, Mr. Jeorling," he replied, shaking his head, "it's all very

well this time, but you mustn't do it again. Everyone would turn against me, even Endicott, perhaps."

"Yes, Hurliguerly, yes—I believe what I have said, and I don't doubt that we shall really see the land beyond the icebergs."

"Just possible, Mr. Jeorling, quite possible. But it must appear before two days, or, on the word of a boatswain, nothing can prevent us from putting about!"

But in spite of my conviction there was no sign of land, and I was wondering whether it would not be better to steer more to the west, at the risk of keeping the *Halbrane* from reaching that extreme point where the earth's meridians meet.

Thus, as the hours went by—and I was only allowed forty-eight—it was only too plain that courage was ebbing, and that insubordination was becoming widespread. After another day, I could no longer strive against the general discontent and the schooner would have to retrace her course northwards.

The crew were working in silence, whilst West was giving sharp short orders, so as to take the vessel through the leads. Nevertheless, in spite of their watchfulness, in spite of their skill, and their prompt obedience to their orders, she brushed against the icebergs, which grazed her hull. Even the bravest of us could not repress a feeling of terror when we reflected that the planking might have given way and the sea have invaded us.

Inescapable fear seemed to descend upon us from these desolate and deserted regions. How could we still entertain a hope that the survivors of the *Jane* had found shelter, and been able to exist, in those awful solitudes?

And if the *Halbrane* herself were shipwrecked, would there remain any evidence of her fate?

Now that our southern course had been varied to escape the icebergs, a change had taken place in the half-breed's behaviour. Continually stooping at the foot of the fore-mast, looking afar into the boundless space, he moved only to lend a hand to some manoeuvre, and without any of his former vigilance or zeal. Not that he had ceased to believe that his comrade of the *Jane* was still living—that thought never even came into his mind! But he felt by instinct that traces of poor Pym were not to be found along this course.

"Sir," he would have protested, "this is not the way! No, this is not the way!" And how could I have answered him?

Towards seven o'clock in the evening a mist arose; this would make our navigation difficult and dangerous.

The day, with its emotions of anxiety and alternatives, had

worn me out So I returned to my cabin, where I threw myself on my bunk in my clothes.

Tomorrow, the forty-eight hours would be up, the last concession which the crew had made to my entreaties

CHAPTER XVIII

RUN AGROUND ?

MY MIND was disordered, and teemed with a thousand fancies I wanted to rise, but a heavy hand held me down to my bunk ! And I longed to leave this cabin where I was struggling against nightmare in my half-sleep, to launch one of the boats, to embark in it with Dirk Peters, who would never hesitate to follow me, and to abandon ourselves to the southerly current

And lo ! I was doing this in a dream It is tomorrow ! Captain Len Guy has given orders to put about One of the boats is in tow I warn the half-breed We creep along without being seen We cut the painter Whilst the schooner sails on ahead, we drop astern and the current carries us away

Thus we drift on the sea without hindrance ! At length our boat stops Land is there I can see a sphinx dominating the southern Pole—the sphinx of the sea I go to him I question him He discloses the secrets of these mysterious regions And then the phenomena described by Arthur Pym appear around the mystic monster The curtain of flickering vapours, striped with luminous rays, is rent asunder But it is not a face of superhuman grandeur which looms before my astonished eyes it is Arthur Pym, fierce guardian of the Pole, displaying the banner of the United States !

But then I was recalled from dream to reality Crash succeeded crash overhead

Within my cabin the partitions were aslope as though the *Halbrane* were on her beam-ends I was thrown out of my bunk and barely escaped splitting my skull against the corner of the table But I struggled to my feet and propped myself against the door

Then the bulwarks began to crack and the port side of the vessel was ripped open

Suddenly loud shouts were heard from the after-deck, and then screams of terror resounded in the maddened voices of the crew

There came a final crash, and the *Halbrane* was motionless

I had to crawl along to gain the deck Captain Len Guy was

dragging himself along on his knees, so great was the list to port, and was holding on as best he could, while Dirk Peters, and several of the others, were clinging to the starboard shrouds.

Someone came creeping up to me, the slope of the deck keeping him from holding himself upright: it was Hurliguerly, working himself along with his hands like a top-man on a yard.

"What's wrong?" I asked anxiously. "Have we run aground?"

"Ground means land," replied the boatswain ironically, "and there was never any except in that rascal Dirk Peters's imagination."

"But tell me—what's happened?"

"We chanced upon an iceberg in the fog, and couldn't keep clear of it."

"An iceberg, Boatswain?"

"Yes, an iceberg, which has chosen just this moment to turn head over heels. While turning, it hit the *Halbrane* and carried her off like a battledore hitting a shuttlecock, and now here we are stranded a hundred feet above sea-level."

Could one have imagined a more terrible end to our voyage?

I did not know whether we should ever succeed in getting the schooner down with the means available. But I did know that Captain Len Guy, the mate, the older members of the crew, when they had recovered from their first shock, would not give up in despair. They would all look to the general safety, but as for the measures to be taken, no one yet knew anything. A foggy veil, a sort of greyish mist, still hung over the iceberg and nothing could be seen of its enormous mass except the narrow craggy cleft in which the vessel was wedged, nor even of the place the berg occupied in the drifting ice-fleet.

Common prudence demanded that we should quit the *Halbrane*, which might slide off into the sea if the berg made the slightest movement. Could we be certain that it had finally come to rest? Was it absolutely stable? Ought we not to be on the lookout for another upheaval? And if the schooner were to slide into the gulf, which of us could extricate himself and survive the final plunge into the ocean?

In a few minutes the crew had abandoned ship, each of us seeking refuge on the ice, awaiting the time when the berg should be freed from mist. The oblique rays of the sun did not pierce it, but we could distinguish each other at about twelve feet apart, and the *Halbrane* looked like a confused blackish mass standing out sharply against the whiteness of the ice.

Captain Len Guy then ordered the roll to be called, and we

found that so far, this catastrophe had cost us five men—these were the first throughout our voyage. But were they to be the last?

“What about Hearne?” asked Martin Holt, his voice breaking the silence. Had the sealing-master been crushed to death in the hold where he was imprisoned?

West rushed towards the schooner, hoisted himself on board and lowered himself down the hatch.

We waited silent and motionless to learn the fate of Hearne, little worthy of our pity though he was.

And yet, how many of us were thinking that if we had heeded his advice, we should not have had to seek refuge on a drifting ice-mountain! I scarcely dared to calculate my own share of the vast responsibility, I who had so vehemently insisted on continuing the quest.

At length the mate reappeared on deck, with Hearne behind him. The man silently rejoined his comrades, and we took no further notice of him.

Towards six in the morning the fog cleared off, owing to a marked fall in the temperature. This enabled us to estimate the size of the mass on which we were clustering like flies on a sugar-loaf, and compared to which the schooner looked no bigger than a ship's boat.

The iceberg, of between 300 and 400 fathoms in circumference, was from 130 to 120 feet high. Its depth would, therefore be four or five times greater, and it would weigh millions of tons.

The berg, having been melted away at its base by contact with warmer waters, had gradually risen in the water; its centre of gravity had become displaced, and its equilibrium could be restored only by a sudden capsize. Caught in this movement the *Halbrane* had been hoisted as though by an enormous lever.

Our schooner was caught in a depression on the west side of the berg. She was listing to starboard with her stern raised and her bows lowered, and we could not help thinking that the slightest movement would make her slide down into the sea. The collision had been so violent as to stave in part of her hull, bring down her topmasts, and litter the sea with wreckage.

But most alarming of all was the fact that of our two boats one had been stove in when we grounded, and the other, the larger of the two, was still hanging from the starboard davits. Before anything else was done this boat had to be placed in safety, as it might prove our only means of escape.

Investigation showed that the lower masts were still intact, and

might be of service if ever we succeeded in freeing the schooner. But how were we to release her from the grip of the ice, and restore her to her natural element?

"I think," West decided, "that we shall have to dig out a sort of slide down to the base of the iceberg."

"Before we start," suggested Hurliguerly, "let's examine the hull and see what the damage is, and whether we can repair it. What's the use of launching an unseaworthy ship, only to have it go to the bottom at once?"

Fortunately, the iceberg seemed to be quite steady on its new base. So long as the centre of gravity remained below the sea-level there was no fear of a fresh capsizing.

Captain Len Guy, with some of the crew, went up to the schooner to make a minute investigation of her hull. After an examination which lasted two hours, we ascertained that the damage was not serious and could be repaired fairly quickly. Two or three planks had been wrenched away, but the inner hull was intact, the ribs not having given way. Our vessel, constructed for the polar seas, had resisted where many others less solidly built would have been dashed to pieces. The rudder had been unshipped, but that could easily be set right.

Having finished our inspection we felt reassured. Reassured! Yes, if only we could succeed in refloating the schooner.

CHAPTER XIX

RENEWED HOPE

NEXT MORNING, Dirk Peters, who was watching the southern horizon shouted in his rough voice: "Lying to!"

"That's right," agreed the boatswain. "The iceberg isn't moving, and perhaps it hasn't moved an inch since it capsized!"

And, indeed, while the other icebergs were drifting southwards, ours was as motionless as though it had been stranded on a shoal. Probably when it capsized its new base had got wedged in the sea-floor.

This complicated matters seriously, for the dangers of remaining here were so great that the chances of drifting were preferable. This, at least, would have given us some hope of reaching some continent or an island, or even, if the current did not change, of drifting right out of the Antarctic.

Here we were, then, after three months of this terrible voyage! Could there now be any question of trying to save William Guy and his comrades or Arthur Pym? Mustn't we take care of our own safety? And could it be wondered at if the sailors were to rebel, holding as they did their officers and especially myself responsible for the disaster?

What if Hearne's followers, urged by despair were already thinking of seizing our only boat and setting off towards the north, and leaving us marooned on this iceberg? It was, then, of the utmost importance that we should keep it in safety and closely watched.

A marked change had taken place in Captain Len Guy upon finding himself face to face with the dangers which menaced us, he seemed to be transformed. Hitherto his sole preoccupation had been the search for his fellow-countrymen, he had delegated command of the schooner to West, and he could not have given it to anyone more zealous and more capable. But now he once more became, after God, sole master on board.

At his command the crew were drawn up around him, he cast a stern glance upon them, and said sharply

"Sailors of the *Halbrane*, I must first speak of our lost companions. Five of us have just perished in this catastrophe."

And now we're waiting our turn to perish in these seas, where we have been dragged in spite of——"

"Silence Hearne," cried West pale with anger "or——"

"Hearne has said what he had to say." Captain Len Guy continued coldly. "Now it is said, and I advise him not to interrupt me a second time."

The sealing-master might possibly have ventured to reply, for he felt he had the support of most of the crew, but Martin Holt held him back and he was silent.

Captain Len Guy then took off his hat and spoke with an emotion that stirred us to the bottom of our hearts.

"We must think of those who have died in this dangerous voyage which was undertaken in the name of humanity. May God be pleased to take into consideration the fact that they devoted their lives to their fellow creatures and may He not be regardless of our prayers for one another? Kneel, sailors of the *Halbrane*!"

We all knelt down on the icy surface, and the murmurs of our prayers ascended towards heaven. Then we waited for Captain Len Guy to rise.

"Now," he resumed, "after the dead come the living. To them

I say they must obey me, whatever my orders may be, and in our present situation I shall not tolerate any insubordination or disobedience. The responsibility for the general safety is mine and I will not yield it to anyone. I am master here, as on board——"

"On board—when there isn't any ship," muttered the sealing-master.

"You are mistaken, Hearne, the vessel is here, and we shall have her back in the sea. Besides, if we only had a boat, I should be her captain. Let him who forgets this beware!"

That day, Captain Len Guy, having taken our bearings, announced our position to be: South latitude: $88^{\circ} 55'$. West Longitude: $39^{\circ} 12'$.

The *Halbrane* was only at $1^{\circ} 5'$ —about 65 miles—from the south pole.

"All hands to work," came the order that afternoon, and everyone obeyed it with a will, for there was not a moment to lose. Fortunately there was enough food in the schooner for eighteen months on full rations, so we were threatened neither with hunger nor with thirst, for though the water-casks had burst in the collision, the barrels of lime-juice and wine were nearly all intact and the iceberg would supply us with good drinking water.

The captain and West decided first to lighten the vessel, unloading everything on board and unstepping the masts. To make ready for the difficult and dangerous operation of launching, the ballast would have to be removed. Moreover it would have been an act of unpardonable rashness to leave the provisions in the store-room of the *Halbrane*, whose situation on the iceberg was so very precarious. The slightest movement might displace her, and with her would have disappeared the supplies on which our lives depended.

To take precautions against any possible accident, and against any plot on the part of Hearne and others to seize it, we placed the boat in a position which would be easy to guard, about thirty feet clear of the schooner, along with its oars, rudder, compass, anchor, masts, and sail.

By day there was nothing to fear, and at night, or rather during the hours of sleep, the boatswain or one of the officers would keep guard over it.

We had set up our camp on the plateau, not far from the *Halbrane*. Shelter against the inclemency of the weather was found under tents, constructed of sails slung over spars and

fastened down by pegs. Here, too, Endicott's kitchen was fitted up. The glass remained set fair; the wind was nor'-east, the temperature having risen to 46 degrees.

It is only fair to state that during these three days of hard work no fault was to be found with Hearne. He knew he was being closely watched, and he was well aware that Captain Len Guy would not spare him if he tried to arouse any insubordination. It was a pity that his bad instincts had induced him to take this attitude, for his strength, skill, and cleverness made him a very valuable man, and he had never proved more useful than now.

Was he changed for the better? Did he understand that general goodwill was necessary for the general safety? I did not know, but I had no confidence in him, and neither had Hurliguerly.

I need not dwell on the ardour with which the half-breed did the rough work. He was always the first to begin and the last to leave off, doing as much as four men, scarcely sleeping, and only resting during meals, which he took apart from the others.

Now and again I noticed that he and Martin Holt happened to be engaged together on some difficult piece of work. And then whenever I thought of the fate of the so-called Parker, Martin Holt's brother,—that dreadful scene on the *Grampus*—it filled me with horror. I was certain that if this secret were made known the half-breed would become an object of terror to the crew. He would no longer be looked upon as the rescuer of the sailing-master; and the latter, learning that his brother. . . Luckily, Dirk Peters and myself were the only two who knew the facts.

While the *Halbrane* was being unloaded, Captain Len Guy and the mate were considering how best she might be launched. Allowance had to be made for a drop of one hundred feet down to the sea—this to be effected by means of a channel hollowed obliquely down the slope of the iceberg, and well over a thousand feet long. So, while one team, led by the boatswain, were unloading the schooner, another directed by West, began to cut the trench.

These tasks took us until January 24. The atmosphere was clear, and the thermometer was a few degrees above freezing point. The number of icebergs coming from the nor'-west was increasing; there were now a hundred of them, and a collision with any of them might be disastrous. Hardy, the caulker, hastened to repair the hull; new lengths of planking had to be fixed, and then made water-tight; fortunately we had everything necessary for this work. In the midst of the prevailing silence the noise of the hammers and the mallet resounded startlingly.

The sea-birds circled round the berg, and their shrill screams added to the uproar.

One day, as Hurliguerly and I were seated on the summit of the iceberg, gazing on the deceptive horizon, he asked :

"Who could ever have imagined, Mr. Jeorling, when the *Halbrane* left Kerguelen, that six and a half months later she would be stuck on the side of an ice-mountain?"

"Nobody," I replied, "and but for this unfortunate accident we should have attained our object and been on our way home."

"I don't mean to contradict you," replied the boatswain, "but you say we should have attained our object. Do you mean that we should have found our country-men?"

"Perhaps."

"I can scarcely believe that, Mr. Jeorling, although it was the main, and perhaps even the only, object of our voyage."

"The only one—yes—at the start," I insinuated. "But since the half-breed's revelations about Arthur Pym——"

"Ah! You are always harking back to that subject, like brave Dirk Peters himself."

"Always, Hurliguerly; and only that a deplorable and unforeseen accident made us run aground——"

"It's a queer way of running aground," replied the boatswain. "Instead of a good solid sea-floor, we've run aground in the air."

"Then I'm right, Hurliguerly, in saying that it's an unlucky adventure."

"Unlucky, yes; and in my opinion we should take warning by it."

"What warning?"

"That man is not allowed to venture so far in these latitudes, and I believe that the Creator forbids His creatures to climb to the summit of the poles."

"Notwithstanding that the summit of one pole is only about sixty miles away?"

"Granted, Mr. Jeorling, but these sixty miles are as good as a thousand when we've no means of crossing them! And if we don't succeed in launching the schooner, then here are we condemned to winter quarters which the polar bears themselves would hardly relish!"

CHAPTER XX

DISASTER

I REPLIED only by a shake of my head, which Hurliguerly could not fail to understand

"Do you know, Mr Jeorling, of what I think oftenest?"

"What do you think of, Boatswain?"

"Of the Kerguelens, towards which we certainly aren't travelling Truly, in a bad season it was cold enough there! But when I compare my lot to old Atkins, settled in his cosy inn, when I think of the 'Green Cormorant', of the big parlour downstairs and the little tables with our friends sitting round them sipping their hot drinks, discussing the news of the day while the stove makes more noise than the weather-cock on the roof—oh, then the comparison doesn't favour us, and to my mind Mr Atkins has a better time than I do"

'You shall see them all again, Boatswain—Atkins the 'Green Cormorant', and Kerguelen! I or all our sakes do not let yourself grow downhearted! And if you a sensible and courageous man, despair already——'

Oh, if I were the only one it wouldn't be 'half so bad!'

"The whole crew doesn't despair, surely?"

'Yes—and no," replied Hurliguerly 'for I know some who aren't at all satisfied!'

Has Hearne begun his mischief again?"

"Not openly at least, Mr Jeorling and since I have kept him under my eye I have neither seen nor heard anything. But as he knows what's waiting for him if he makes trouble. But in my opinion the sly dog has changed his tactics. But what does astonish me is Martin Holt"

"What do you mean, Boatswain?"

'That they seem to be on good terms. See how Hearne seeks out Martin Holt, and Holt does not repulse him"

"Holt is not one of those who would listen to Hearne—not if he tried to stir up trouble amongst the crew"

"No doubt, Mr Jeorling. All the same, I don't fancy seeing them so much together. Hearne is a dangerous and unscrupulous man, and most likely Martin Holt does not distrust him enough. And—just wait a moment—do you know what they were talking

about the other day when I overheard a few scraps of their conversation?"

"I could not possibly guess until you tell me, Hurliguerly."

"Well, I heard them talking about Dirk Peters, and Hearne was saying: 'You mustn't be surprised at the half-breed, Master Holt, because he refused to accept your thanks! But you mustn't forget that he was in the crew of the *Grampus*, and your brother Ned, if I don't mistake——' "

"He said that, Boatswain—he mentioned the *Grampus*?" I exclaimed. "And Ned Holt?"

"And what did Martin Holt say?"

"He said: 'I don't even know how my unfortunate brother died. Was it in a mutiny? He was not the sort of man to betray his captain, and perhaps he was murdered'."

"Did Hearne dwell on this, Boatswain?"

"Yes, but he added: 'It's very sad for you, Master Holt! The captain of the *Grampus*, so I'm told, was cast adrift in a small boat with one or two of his men—and who knows if your brother wasn't one of them?' "

"And what next?"

"Then, Mr. Jeorling, he said: 'Did it never occur to you to ask Dirk Peters about it?' 'Yes, once,' replied Martin Holt, 'I did ask him about it, and never did I see a man so overcome. He replied in so low a voice that I could scarcely understand him, "I don't know—I don't know"—and he ran away with his face buried in his hands'."

"Was that all you heard, Boatswain? And what did you think about it?"

"Nothing, except that I think the sealing-master is a scoundrel of the deepest hue, plotting something he'd like to drag Martin Holt into."

What did Hearne's new attitude mean? Why was he trying to win over Martin Holt, one of the best of the crew? Why was he asking what happened on the *Grampus*? Did Hearne know more about this than the others—this secret which the half-breed and I thought we alone possessed?

The doubt made me very uneasy. However, I took good care not to say anything of it to Dirk Peters. If he had for a moment suspected that Hearne had mentioned what happened on the *Grampus*—if he had heard that the rascal was continually talking to Martin Holt about his brother—I really do not know what would have happened.

Two days later the work was finished. The caulking was com-

pleted, and so was the causeway to take the vessel down from our floating mountain. It ran obliquely round the west side of the berg, so that the slope should not be too great anywhere. With cables properly fixed, the launching might be carried out without mishap.

On the afternoon of the 28th the finishing touches were given. In a few places where the ice had melted quickly it had to be strutted. Then everyone was allowed to rest. The captain had double rations served out to all hands, and well they deserved them; they had certainly worked hard all the week. Every sign of mutiny had disappeared, and the crew thought of nothing except the launching. The *Halbrane* back in the sea would mean getting away, it would mean getting home! But for Dirk Peters and me it would mean forsaking Arthur Pym.

That night the thermometer registered 53°. So, although the sun was low down on the horizon, the ice was melting, and thousands of rivulets were flowing in every direction. The early birds awoke at four o'clock, and I was one of their number. I had scarcely slept, and I imagine that Dirk Peters did not sleep much either, haunted as he was by the sad thought of having to turn back!

The launching was to take place at ten, and everyone believed that by evening the schooner would be at the foot of the berg.

Naturally we had all to join in this difficult task. To each of us a special duty was assigned; some were to facilitate the descent with wooden rollers; others to moderate the speed, if it became too great, with hawsers and cables.

We breakfasted at nine. The sailors were quietly confident, and could not refrain from drinking to our success; and although this was a little premature, we added our rejoicings to theirs. Success seemed very nearly assured, and at last we were about to leave our camp and take up our stations.

Then suddenly cries of amazement and fear were raised. What a frightful scene, and, short-lived though it was, what an impression of terror it left on our minds!

One of the enormous blocks which supported the *Halbrane* had been loosened by the melting of the ice. Now it slipped and was bounding away, and in a moment, the schooner, being no longer held fast, was sliding down the slope.

On board were two sailors. In vain did these unfortunate men try to jump over the bulwarks, they had no time, and they were dragged down in this dreadful fall.

Yes! I saw it! I saw the schooner topple over, slide down on

her left side, crush one of the men who was too slow in leaping clear, then bound from iceblock to iceblock, and at last fling herself into space.

And in another moment the *Halbrane*, stove in, smashed, with gaping planks and shattered ribs, had sunk, sending a tremendous jet of water spouting up at the foot of the iceberg.

Horrified! Yes, we were horrified indeed when the schooner, carried off as though by an avalanche, vanished into the gulf. Not a vestige of our *Halbrane* remained, not even a wreck!

A minute ago she was a hundred feet high in the air, now she was five hundred in the depths of the sea! So stupefied were we that we were unable to think of the dangers still to come.

Not a word was spoken. We stood motionless, as though rooted to the ice. No words could express the horror of our situation!

The silence was broken by a tumult of despairing voices, whose despair was well justified by this irreparable misfortune!

And I am sure that more than one thought it would have been better to have been on the *Halbrane* as she rebounded off the iceberg!

At last the instinct of self-preservation triumphed, and except for Hearne, who stood some distance off in a meaningful silence, the men shouted: "To the boat! To the boat!"

These unfortunate fellows had lost their wits. They were rushing towards the crag which sheltered our one boat, which could not possibly hold them all.

Captain Len Guy and Jem West rushed after them. I joined them, followed by the boatswain. We were armed, and ready to make use of our weapons. We had to keep these frantic men from seizing the boat, which did not belong to a few of us, but to all.

"Halt, men!" shouted the captain.

"Halt!" repeated West; "stop there, or we fire!"

It was in vain! The frenzied men heard nothing, would not hear anything, and one of them fell, struck by the mate's bullet. Slipping on the frozen slope, he disappeared into the gulf.

Was this the beginning of a massacre? Would the others let themselves be slaughtered? Would the old hands side with the new-comers?

But we could not allow them to take possession of the boat, to load it with a handful of men, and abandon us to our certain fate. They had almost reached it, heedless of danger and deaf to threats, when a second report was heard, and one of the sailors fell, to a bullet from the boatswain's rifle.

Then, in front of the boat, someone appeared. It was Dirk Peters, who had climbed the opposite slope.

CHAPTER XXI

ADRIFT ONCE MORE

THE HALF-BREED put one of his enormous hands on the stern, and with the other gestured to the furious men to stand clear. Now we no longer needed our arms, as he alone would suffice to protect the boat.

And indeed he caught hold of the nearest sailor by the belt, lifted him up, and sent him flying ten paces off. The wretched man would have rebounded into the sea had not Hearne seized him.

Through this intervention the revolt was instantly quelled. Besides, we had nearly got up to the boat, and with us were some of our own men who after a moment's hesitation had sided with their captain.

No matter. The others were still thirteen to our ten.

The eyes of Captain Len Guy flashed with anger, and for some moments words failed him, though his looks said what his tongue could not utter. At length, in a terrible voice, he began :

"I ought to treat you as mutineers, but I will only consider you as madmen! The boat belongs to us all. It's our only means of salvation, and you wanted to steal it—to steal it like cowards! Pay attention to what I'm saying for the last time! This boat, which belonged to the *Halbrane*, is now the *Halbrane* herself! I am still captain and let anyone who disobeys me beware!"

As he spoke Captain Len Guy looked at Hecate, for whom this warning was expressly meant. The sealing-master had appeared in the last scene, not openly at least, but nobody doubted that he had urged his comrades to make off with the boat, and that he had every intention of doing the same again.

"Get back to the camp," the captain ordered, "and you, Dirk Peters, remain here!"

The half-breed's only reply was a nod.

The captain, the mate, and the boatswain later joined in council, and I shared in their deliberations, as Captain Len Guy began :

"We have protected our boat, and we mean to go on protecting her. As she's too small to take us all, if we have to use her, we'll

have to select her crew. Chance shall decide which of us is to go, and I shall not ask to be treated differently from the others."

"We haven't come to that," replied the boatswain. "The iceberg is quite solid, and there is no fear of its melting before winter."

"No," assented West, "that isn't what we've got to be afraid of. What we need to do, apart from watching the boat, is to keep an eye on the food."

"You're right," replied the captain, "and we must see that there's no looting. We're certain of enough food for one year, not counting what we get by fishing."

"And what's more necessary, captain, we shall have to keep a sharp lookout, for I've seen some of the men hovering about the spirit casks!"

"I'll see to that," replied West.

"And if we have to winter here, we should get through it, Mr. Jeorling," the boatswain said to reassure me. "We could dig out shelters in the ice, so as to bear the cold, and so long as we have enough to appease our hunger——"

This brought the horrid memory of the *Grampus* to my mind—the scene in which Dirk Peters had killed Ned Holt, our sailing-master's brother. Should we ever be reduced to such straits?

"Eh! our iceberg will end by weighing its anchor," Hurlguerly continued. "It isn't stuck to the bottom like the Falklands or the Kerguelens! So the best thing is to wait, as the boat won't take all of us."

I dwelt upon the fact that there was no need for all of us to embark. It would be enough, I said, for a few of us to explore twelve or fifteen miles farther south.

"South?" repeated Captain Len Guy.

"Undoubtedly, Captain," I added. "You probably know what the geographers declare that the Antarctic regions consist of a continent."

None the less, it might be dangerous to send out our only boat on a voyage of exploration, as the current might carry it too far, or it might not find us again. And, indeed, if the iceberg happened to get loose and to start drifting again, what would become of the crew?

The trouble was that the boat was too small to carry all of us, with the food we needed. So eleven of us, chosen by lot, would have to stay on this island of ice. And what would become of them?

"After all," said Hurliguerly, "I don't know that those who would embark would be any better off than those who stay! I'm so doubtful about it, that I'd willingly give up my place to anyone who wanted it."

We finally decided to get ready for wintering on the berg, even if it were again to drift.

Endicott, the cook, was the only man who did not grumble at the decision, for it mattered very little to him where he was, so long as he had somewhere for his stoves.

So he said to his friend the boatswain, with his broad smile :

"Luckily my kitchen did not go off with the schooner, and you shall see if I don't get you meals just as good as on board the *Halbrane*, so long as food doesn't run short, of course——"

"Well, it won't run short for some time to come," replied the boatswain. "It isn't hunger we have to fear, it's cold, such cold as would reduce you to an icicle the minute you stopped warming your feet—cold that makes your skin crack and your skull split! Even if we had some hundreds of tons of coal. But, anyhow, we've still got enough to boil your kettle."

That night, having posted Dirk Peters to guard the boat, and made certain that Hearne and his companions were safely asleep, the captain and West turned in.

I could not tell how long I had been asleep, nor what time it was, when I found myself sprawling on the ground after a violent shock.

What could be happening? Was the iceberg again about to capsize?

We were all up in a second, and outside our tents.

Another floating mass of enormous size had just struck our iceberg, which had "weighed anchor", as the sailors say, and was drifting southwards.

An unlooked-for development! But what would be the result of our being no longer held motionless? The current was now carrying us towards the pole! Our first feeling of relief was, however, succeeded by all the terrors of the unknown; and what an unknown!

Dirk Peters alone rejoiced whole-heartedly that we were once more, as he believed, on the route which would lead us to the discovery of traces of his "poor Pym". Very different were the ideas which occupied the minds of his companions.

Captain Len Guy no longer entertained any hope of reaching his countrymen, and now felt it his duty to take his crew back to the north, so as to cross the Antarctic Circle while it was still

possible to do so. And we were being carried away towards the south!

The terror of our position may be summed up in a few words. We were now the occupants of a floating iceberg, with no hope but that our monstrous home might encounter one of the whaling ships. Fortunately, because of the precautions we had taken the cargo was only slightly damaged. What would have become of us had all our stores been swallowed up!

Now the two icebergs had merged into one, which was travelling south at about two miles an hour. At this rate, thirty hours would suffice to bring us to the point where the terrestrial meridians meet. Would the current which was carrying us pass through the pole itself, or was there any land which might check our progress? This was a question that I had discussed with the boatswain.

"Nobody knows, Mr. Jeorling," was his reply. "If the current goes to the pole, we shall go there; and if it doesn't, we shan't. An iceberg isn't a ship, and it has neither sails nor helm, so it goes just as the drift takes it."

"That's true, Boatswain. And so I suggest that if two or three of us were to embark in the boat then, if there is land somewhere, isn't it possible that the people from the *Jane*——"

"Have come upon it, Mr. Jeorling—four thousand miles from Tsalal Island?"

There was good sense in Hurliguerly's attitude, and I could not deny it.

During the day most of the cargo was stowed away in a vast cave-like fissure in the ice, where it would be safe even in a second collision. Our men then helped Endicott to set up his cooking-stove, and they heaped up a great pile of coals nearby.

No murmurs, no recrimination, disturbed these labours. But how long would the new-comers from the Falklands, already exasperated by our disasters, resist their desire to seize the boat and escape?

I did not think they would make the attempt, however, so long as our iceberg kept adrift, for the boat could not outstrip us; but, if it were again to run aground, what might not these unfortunate creatures do to escape the horrors of wintering under such conditions?

In the afternoon, I had another conversation with Dirk Peters. "Mr. Jeorling," he said, "you remember, in your cabin in the *Halbrane*, I told you the—the affair of the *Grampus*! I told you that Parker's name was not Parker, that it was Holt, and that he was Martin Holt's brother?"

"I know, Dirk Peters," I replied; "but why do you refer to that sad story again?"

"Why, Mr. Jeorling? Have not—have you never said anything about it to anybody?"

"Not to anybody." I protested. "How could you suppose I should be so ill-advised, so imprudent, as to divulge your secret, a secret which ought never to pass our lips—a dead secret?"

"Dead, yes, dead! And yet, understand me, it seems to me that, among the crew, something is known."

I recalled what the boatswain had told me: how he had overheard Hearne prompting Martin Holt to ask the half-breed about his brother's death. Had something of the secret leaked out, or were Dirk Peters's fears purely imaginary?

"Explain yourself," I said.

"Understand me, Mr. Jeorling, I am a bad hand at explaining. Yes, yesterday—I have thought of nothing else since—Martin Holt took me aside, far from the others, and told me that he wished to speak to me——"

"About the *Grampus*?"

"About the *Grampus*—yes, and about his brother, Ned Holt. For the first time he uttered that name before me—and yet we have sailed together for nearly three months."

The half-breed's voice was so changed that I could hardly hear him.

"He asked me," continued Dirk Peters, "if I didn't remember Ned Holt of the *Grampus*, and whether he had perished in the fight with the mutineers or in the shipwreck; whether he was one of the men who had been abandoned with Captain Barnard; in short, he asked me if I could tell him how his brother died. Ah! *how*!"

No idea could be conveyed of the horror with which the half-breed revealed his profound loathing of himself.

"And what answer did you make to Martin Holt?"

"None, none!"

"You should have suggested that Ned Holt perished in the wreck of the brig."

"I could not—understand me—I could not. The two brothers are so like each other. In Martin Holt I seemed to see Ned Holt. I was afraid; I got away from him."

When I raised my eye Dirk Peters had disappeared: he had said what he came to say, and he now knew that I had not betrayed his confidence.

Next day was January 31. Mist, everywhere! Nay, more than

mist: a thick yellow, mouldy-smelling fog. And even more than this; the temperature had fallen noticeably; this was probably a fore-warning of the austral winter. The summit of our ice-mountain was lost in vapour, in a fog which would not dissolve itself into rain, but would continue to blot out the horizon.

"Bad luck!" said the boatswain; "for now if we were to pass any land we shouldn't be able to see it."

"And our drift?"

"Faster than yesterday, Mr. Jeorling. The captain has sounded, and he makes our speed not less than between three and four miles."

"And what do you infer from this?"

"I infer that we must be within a narrower sea, as the current is so strong. I shouldn't be surprised if we had land on both sides of us within ten or fifteen miles."

"Then there must be a broad strait cutting the continent in half?"

"Yes—that's what the captain thinks."

"Then isn't he going to try to reach one or other of its coasts?"

"And how?"

"With the boat."

"Risk the boat in the middle of the fog!" exclaimed the boatswain. "What are you thinking of, Mr. Jeorling? Can we cast anchor to wait for it? All the chances would be that we should never see it again. Ah! if we only had the *Halbrane*!"

But there was no longer a *Halbrane*!

In spite of the difficulty of the ascent through the half-condensed vapour, I climbed up to the top of the iceberg. But even there I strove in vain to pierce the impenetrable grey mantle in which the waters were wrapped.

Then it was that I felt myself falling into an hallucination—one of those hallucinations which must have troubled the mind of Arthur Pym. I seemed to be losing myself in his extraordinary personality; I was beholding all he had seen! Was not that impenetrable mist the curtain of vapour which he had seen in his delirium? I peered into it, seeking for those luminous rays which had streaked the sky. I sought in its depths for that limitless cataract, rolling in silence from the height of some immense rampart lost in the vastness of the zenith! I sought for the dreadful white giant which guarded the South Pole!

At length reason resumed her sway, and I descended to our camp.

The whole day passed without a change. The fog never once

lifted, and if the iceberg, which had travelled forty miles since the previous day, had passed right across the South Pole, we should never know it.

CHAPTER XXII

AMID THE MISTS

SO THIS was the end of all our efforts, trials, and disappointments! Not to speak of the destruction of the *Halbrane*, the expedition had already cost nine lives. From thirty-two our number was reduced to twenty-three.

Between the South Pole and the Antarctic Circle lay 20 degrees, and those would have to be cleared in six weeks at the outside, before the ice barrier hemmed us in. As for wintering in the Antarctic, not one of us could survive it.

We had lost all hope of rescuing the survivors of the *Jane*, and our sole desire was to escape. Our drift, which had taken us south, down to the pole, was now taking us northwards, and if that continued there might still be a chance for us.

The mist did not lift, so we could not ascertain how far beyond the Pole we had come. Captain Len Guy estimated the distance at about 250 miles. The current did not seem to have reduced its speed or changed its direction; it was obviously carrying us between the two halves of a vast Antarctic continent.

During this period I saw little of Dirk Peters, who kept guard over the boat. Martin Holt's questions regarding his brother Ned implied that the dreadful secret was at least suspected, and the half-breed held himself more aloof than ever, sleeping while the others watched, and watching while they slept.

Nothing could exceed the melancholy monotony of the hours which we passed in the dense fog. The silence was broken only by the clangour of the sea-birds, which came in muffled croaking tones through the stifling vapour. Petrels and albatross swept the top of the iceberg, where they kept a useless watch in their flight. In what direction were those swift-winged creatures bound? We could not tell. One day, the boatswain, who was anxious to find out, climbed up to the summit of the berg, not without risk of breaking his neck. There he came into such violent contact with a *quebranta huesos*—a sort of gigantic petrel, with a twelve-foot wing-spread—that he was flung on his back

"Oh, that bird," he commented later. "That was a narrow squeak! A thump, and down I went, sprawling I saved myself I don't know how, for I was all but over the edge. Those ice ledges, you know, slip through one's fingers like water. I shouted to the bird, 'Can't you look where you're going, you fool?' But what was the good of that? The big blunderer didn't even beg my pardon!"

That afternoon our ears were assailed by a hideous braying, and Hurliguerly remarked that as there were no donkeys to treat us to the concert, it must be the penguins. Hitherto we had not seen even one, but now there could be no doubt that they were there in thousands, for the music was unmistakably that of a multitude of performers. Now those birds mostly frequent the coast or the off-shore ice-fields. Might not their presence indicate the proximity of land?

"I think what you think Mr Jeorling," the captain agreed. "Since we've been drifting, none of them have taken refuge on the iceberg, and now they're here in crowds, if we may judge by their deafening cries. Where have they come from? No doubt from the land, which is probably near. And there's something else which you may not have noticed—in the braying of the penguins is mingled a sound like cattle lowing. Listen!"

I listened, and sure enough, the orchestra was more complete than I had supposed.

"I can hear it plainly," I agreed. "So there are seals and walrus here too! Oh! What a pity it is that we're shrouded by this impenetrable fog!"

"Which keeps us from even getting down to the base of the iceberg! To see whether there's any seaweed drifting round us, if so, it would be another sign of land."

"Why not try, Captain?"

"No, no, Mr Jeorling, that might lead to accidents, and I won't let anybody leave the camp. If there is land there I imagine our iceberg will run aground before long."

"And if it doesn't?"

"If it doesn't, how are we to reach it?"

I thought to myself that the boat might very well be used. But Captain Len Guy preferred to wait, and perhaps this was best in the circumstances.

At eight that evening the half-condensed mist was so compact that it was difficult to walk through. The composition of the air seemed to be changed, as though it were becoming solid. We could not ascertain whether the fog had any effect on the com-

pass. I will add here that since we had passed the Pole no confidence could be placed in its indications, it had gone wild because of the proximity of the magnetic pole, which we were no doubt approaching so nothing could be known regarding our course.

The sun did not fully set at this period, yet the waters were wrapped in almost complete darkness at nine in the evening when the roll was called. But this time each man as usual answered to his name except Dirk Peters.

The call was repeated in the loudest of Hurliguerly's stentorian tones. No reply.

"Hasn't anybody seen Dirk Peters today?" asked the captain. "Has anything happened to him?"

"Don't worry!" the boatswain reassured him. "Dirk Peters is much at his ease in the fog as a polar bear. He managed to get out of one nasty fix—he'll get out of another!"

I let Hurliguerly talk, realizing why the half-breed kept out of the way.

That night none of us could sleep. We were almost suffocating for lack of oxygen. And we all felt a strange presentiment, a though our fate were about to change for better or worse—indeed it could be worse.

At six in the morning we came out to breathe a more wholesome air, and at nine the iceberg suddenly doffed its cap of vapour, producing an indescribable transformation scene which no fairy's wand could have accomplished more quickly or more successfully.

In a few moments the sky was clear to the extreme verge of the horizon and the sea reappeared lit by the oblique rays of the sun which now rose only a few degrees above the horizon. A rolling swell bathed the base of our iceberg in white foam as it drifted along with a great multitude of floating mountains under the double action of wind and current on a course inclining to the north-northeast.

"Land!"

This cry came from the summit of the berg and Dirk Peters was revealed standing on the outermost block his hand outstretched towards the north.

He was not mistaken. The land this time—yes!—it was land! Its distant heights, of a blackish hue, rose within three or four miles of us.

Our bearings were $86^{\circ} 12'$ south, latitude, $114^{\circ} 17'$ so that the iceberg was nearly four degrees beyond the South Pole, and from the western hemisphere we had passed into the eastern.

CHAPTER XXIII

IN CAMP

SHORTLY AFTER noon the iceberg was within a mile of the land

After their dinner, the crew climbed up to the topmost ice-block, where Dirk Peters was standing, but on our approach he descended the opposite slope, and by the time I reached the top he was no longer to be seen.

The land towards the north evidently formed a continent or large island. On the west there was a sharply projecting cape, which looked like an enormous seal's head seen from the side; beyond that was a wide stretch of sea. On the east the land extended out of sight.

Now all depended on the current—whether it would carry the iceberg into an eddy which might drive it on the coast, or whether it would keep on drifting it northwards. On the whole it seemed, however, that the current tended rather to carry the iceberg towards the northern point of the land.

"After all," said Captain Len Guy, "even if it is habitable during the summer, it doesn't look like being inhabited now, for we can't see anybody on the shore."

"Let us remember," I told him, "that the iceberg isn't calculated to attract attention like the *Halbrane*, and we mustn't jump to the conclusion, Captain, that because we can't see any natives——"

"Certainly not, Mr. Jeorling, but you will agree that this land is very unlike Tsalal Island when the *Jane* reached it, there's nothing here but desolation and barrenness."

"I agree—barrenness and desolation, that's all. I want to ask you whether you mean to go ashore, Captain? Surely, to leave this land behind us without ever having set foot on it, without having made sure there's no trace here of some encampment, if your brother, Captain—his companions——"

Captain Len Guy shook his head. How could the castaways have supported life in this desolate region for several months?

Moreover, we had hoisted the British flag on the summit of the iceberg, and William Guy would certainly have recognized it and come down to the shore had he still been alive.

No one. No one.

Then West advised us to wait a little before deciding. "In less than an hour," he pointed out, "we shall be able to decide. Our speed seems to be slackening, and maybe some eddy may take us obliquely inshore."

"That's my opinion, too," agreed the boatswain, "and if our floating home hasn't heaved to, it has almost done so. It seems to be swinging round."

For some reason or other the iceberg was getting out of its previous course. A gyratory movement had succeeded to the drift, caused by the action of an eddy which was taking us towards the coast, and a little ahead of us several icebergs had just run aground. The nearer we approached it, the clearer became the desolation, and the prospect of six months' wintering there would have appalled the stoutest hearts.

At five in the afternoon, the iceberg plunged into a deep rift in the coast, and there it stuck fast.

"On shore! On shore!" arose the cries and the men were already hurrying down the slope of the iceberg, when West shouted: "Wait for orders!"

After some hesitation the instinct of discipline prevailed, and finally the whole crew assembled around Captain Len Guy.

There was no need to launch the boat, for the iceberg was in contact with the point.

The captain, the boatswain, and myself, preceding the others, were the foremost to quit the camp; ours were the first human feet to tread this virgin and volcanic land.

We walked for twenty minutes over rough ground, strewn with rocks of igneous origin, solidified lava, dusty slag, and grey ashes, but without enough soil to grow even the hardiest plants.

With some difficulty, we at last succeeded in climbing the hill; this took us a whole hour. Although evening had now come, it brought no darkness, and from the summit we could see over an extent of from thirty to forty miles.

Behind us lay the open sea, laden with floating iceberg; many of these had recently heaped themselves up against the beach and rendered it almost inaccessible.

On the west was a strip of hilly land, which extended beyond our sight, and was washed on the east by a boundless sea. Clearly the drift had carried us through a strait.

Ah! If we had only had our *Halbrane*! But our sole possession was a frail craft barely able to hold a dozen men, and numbered twenty-three!

On our return to the coast the boatswain found several caverns

in the granitic cliffs, large enough to house us all, with space for our cargo.

The men were again mustered, and again the only absentee was Dirk Peters, still holding himself aloof. There was nothing to fear from him, however; in any circumstances we might count upon him. Then Captain Len Guy spoke, without showing any sign of discouragement, and explained the position with the utmost frankness and lucidity, pointing out that the first thing to do was to carry the cargo ashore and stow it away in one of the caverns. As regards food our preserved meat and dried vegetables would suffice for the winter, and as regards fuel he was satisfied that we should not want for coal, provided it were not wasted.

A third question raised by Hearne was well calculated to rouse jealousy and anger among the crew: what use was to be made of our only remaining craft. Ought the boat to be kept for service during the winter, or used to take us back to the ice-barrier?

Captain Len Guy did not decide at once; he wanted to postpone the decision for the time being. The boat, with the necessary provisions, could not hold more than eleven or, at the most, twelve men. If she were to sail then her passengers must be selected by lot and the captain made it clear that neither West, the boatswain, I, nor himself would claim any privilege; we should take our chance like the others. Both Martin Holt and Hardy were quite able to take her to the fishing-grounds, where the whalers would still be found.

Once arrived, her crew were not to forget their comrades, marooned in the Antarctic; they were to send a ship to take them off when summer returned.

When he had finished—without any interruption even from Hearne—no one made any comment. There was, indeed, nothing to be said, as lots were to be drawn under conditions of perfect equality.

Next day, February 8, we all set to work with a will. Dirk Peters also turned up and lent us the valuable assistance of his great strength but he did not say a word to anyone. The boat was carefully lowered to the base of the iceberg, and drawn up by the men on a little sandy beach out of reach of the water. It was in splendid condition and thoroughly serviceable.

The boatswain then set to work on the former cargo. Along with the cases of preserved food and the casks it was rapidly carried ashore.

Our task was completed during the afternoon of the 10th. The cargo was safely stowed inside a large cave, reached by a narrow

opening. We were to live in another cave nearby, where Endicott set up his kitchen so that we should profit by the heat of the stove, which was to cook our food and warm the cavern during the long days—or rather the long nights—of the austral winter.

During this occupation, I saw nothing suspicious in the behaviour of Hearne and the Falklands men. Nevertheless Dirk Peters was kept on guard at the boat, which it might be easy to seize.

Hurliguerly, who was watching his comrades closely, seemed less anxious.

I had been asleep for some hours when I was awakened by a great shouting. I sprang up instantly and darted out of the cavern, along with the captain and West, who also had been suddenly aroused from their sleep.

"The boat! The boat!" cried West.

It was no longer in its place—that place so jealously guarded by Dirk Peters.

After launching the boat three men had got into it with a supply of food while ten others strove to restrain the half-breed.

Hearne was among them, and Martin Holt also: though the latter, it seemed to me, was not taking any active part in the fight.

These wretches, then, meant to steal away before the lots were drawn, they meant to forsake us. They had succeeded in surprising Dirk Peters, and had he not fought hard for life they would have killed him.

In the face of this mutiny, realizing our inferiority in numbers, and not knowing whether he might count even on all his old crew, Captain Len Guy re-entered the cavern with West to get weapons, for Hearne and his accomplices were armed.

The half-breed, overpowered by numbers, had been knocked down, and Martin Holt, in gratitude to the man who had saved his life, was rushing to help him when Hearne shouted:

"Leave the fellow alone, and come with us!"

Martin Holt hesitated.

"Yes, leave him alone, I say; leave him alone—Dirk Peters, your brother's murderer!"

"My brother's murderer?"

"Your brother; killed on board the *Grampus*——"

"Killed! By Dirk Peters?"

"Yes! Killed and eaten—eaten—eaten!" repeated Hearne, pronouncing the hateful words almost in a howl.

And then, at a sign from Hearne, two of his comrades seized Martin Holt and dragged him into the boat, to be instantly followed by all those whom he had lured into this criminal revolt.

Dirk Peters jumped to his feet, sprang upon one of the Falklands men just as he was entering the boat, lifted him bodily, hurled him round his head and dashed his brains out against a rock.

A moment later he himself fell, shot in the shoulder by a bullet from Hearne's pistol, and the boat was pushed off.

The Captain Len Guy and West came out of the cavern—the whole scene had passed in less than a minute—and, together with the boatswain, Hardy, Francis and Stern, they ran down to the point.

The boat in the grip of the current, was already some distance off, and the tide was falling rapidly.

West lifted his gun and fired; one of the sailors fell into the bottom of the boat. A second shot, fired by Captain Len Guy, grazed Hearne's breast, just as the boat disappeared behind the iceberg.

The only thing for us to do was to cross to the other side of the point, to which the current would carry the boat. If she passed within range, and if a second shot should hit Hearne, his companions might perhaps decide to return.

A quarter of an hour elapsed. But when the boat appeared at the other side of the point, it was so far off that our bullets could not reach it. Hearne had already had the sail set, and the boat, swept along by wind and current, was soon no more than a white speck on the face of the waters, and then passed out of sight.

CHAPTER XXIV

FOUND AT LAST

AFTER THE boat had disappeared, Captain Len Guy and his companions retraced their steps towards the cavern in which we should have to live throughout the dread darkness of the Antarctic winter. My first thought was of Dirk Peters, whose wounds had kept him from following us.

On reaching the cavern I failed to find him. Was he badly hurt? Should we have to mourn the death of him who was as faithful to us as to his "poor Pym"?

"Let's look for him, Mr. Jeorling!" cried the boatswain.

"We'll all go together," said the captain. "Dirk Peters would never have forsaken us, and we won't forsake him."

Would he come back, I wondered, now that the facts had come out?

I told my companions why Ned Holt's name had been changed to Parker's in Arthur Pym's *Narrative*, and of the circumstances in which I had learned about it. At the same time I urged every consideration that might exculpate him, stressing the point that if the lot had fallen to Dirk Peters, he would have been the victim.

"Dirk Peters told this only to you?" enquired Captain Len Guy. "Then I can't make out how Hearne got to know about it."

"At first," I replied, "I thought Peters might have talked in his sleep, and that Martin Holt had happened to overhear him. But then I remembered that when the half-breed confided in me, he was in my cabin, and the window was open. My idea is that the man at the wheel overheard us, and that man was Hearne. Trying to hear us better, he let go the wheel, making the *Hal-brane* lurch——"

"I remember," said West. "That was when I sent him below."

"Well, then, Captain," I resumed, "it was from then on that Hearne made up to Martin Holt, as Hurliguerly pointed out."

"Of course he did," the boatswain agreed, "for Hearne, not being able to handle the boat himself, needed a seaman like Holt."

"And so," I continued, "he kept on urging Holt to ask the half-breed about his brother's fate and you know how Holt came at last to learn the fearful truth and it seemed to daze him."

After an hour's search we sighted Dirk Peters, whose first impulse was to get away, but when we got up to him he stood still and made no resistance. We all talked to him, and Captain Len Guy offered him his hand. After a moment's hesitation he took it, then, without a word, he returned with us to the beach.

No allusion was ever again made to the *Grampus* or to Dirk Peters's wound. Proved to be slight, he merely wrapped a piece of sailcloth round the injured arm and went off to his work unconcernedly.

We did everything in our power to get ready for a prolonged hibernation. Winter was threatening us. For some days past the sun hardly showed at all through the mists. The temperature fell to 36 degrees, while the sunshine, casting elongated shadows on the ground, gave hardly any heat. The ice drifted down more thickly from the south.

During the next few days we finished storing our belongings and we also made some explorations inland, but the country was barren and showed no signs that anyone had ever landed there.

One day Captain Len Guy suggested that we should give it a name. We called it Halbrane Land, in memory of the schooner, and we called the strait between the two halves of the polar continent the Jane Sound.

Then we began shooting the penguins which swarmed upon the rocks, as well as capturing some of the animals on the beach. We were beginning to feel the want of fresh meat, and Endicott's cooking rendered seal and walrus flesh quite palatable, while the fat would serve, if necessary, to warm the cavern and feed the cooking-stove. Our most formidable enemy would be the cold, and we must fight it by every means within our power.

On February 19 there occurred an incident which those who acknowledge the intervention of Providence in human affairs will recognize as providential.

It was eight o'clock in the morning; we were sitting in the cave, waiting for our breakfast, when we heard a call from outside.

The voice was Hurliguerly's, and we hurried out. He shouted : "Come—come quickly !"

He was standing on a rock above the beach and his hand was stretched out towards the sea.

"What is it?" asked Captain Len Guy.

"A boat."

"Is it the *Halbrane's* boat coming back !"

"No, Captain—it isn't."

Then we saw a boat, not to be mistaken for that of our schooner, drifting without oars or paddle, and apparently abandoned to the current.

We had but one idea—to seize at any cost upon this derelict craft, which might well prove our salvation. But how were we to reach it?—how were we to get it ashore?

While we were looking at the boat and at one another, there came a sudden splash as though somebody had fallen into the sea.

It was Dirk Peters, who, flinging off his clothes, had sprung from the top of a rock, and was swimming rapidly towards the boat.

We cheered him heartily; I never beheld anything like that swimming. He sped through the waves like a porpoise, and indeed he was powerful and swift enough to be one. What might not be expected from such a man !

In a few minutes he had swum several cables' lengths towards the boat and all we could see of him was his head like a black speck on the surface of the waves. We stared after him intently.

Surely, surely he would reach the boat; but would he not be carried away in it? Was it credible that even his great strength would enable him, swimming, to tow it in to the beach?

"He has it! He has it! Hurrah, Dirk, Hurrah!" shouted Hurliguerly, and Endicott echoed his exultant cheer.

The half-breed had, in fact, reached the boat and was raising himself out of the water. His big, strong hand had grasped the side, and at the risk of making the boat capsize, he hoisted himself up, clambered into it, and sat down to draw his breath.

Almost instantly a shout reached our ears—a shout uttered by Dirk Peters. What had he found? Paddles! Yes, for we saw him seat himself in the bows and paddle with all his strength, striving to get out of the current.

"Come on!" shouted the captain, and we ran along the edge of the beach.

But West stopped us. The boat had reached the shelter of a small headland, and was obviously going to run ashore.

When it was within five or six cables' length, and the eddy was urging it on, Dirk Peters released the paddles, stooped towards the stern and then raised himself holding up an inert body.

An agonized cry rent the air!

"My brother—my brother!"

"He's alive! He's still alive!" shouted Dirk Peters

A moment later, the boat had touched the beach, and Captain Len Guy held his brother in his arms.

Three bodies lay, apparently lifeless, in the boat.

And these four men were the sole survivors of the *Jane's* crew.

CHAPTER XXV

ELEVEN YEARS IN BRIEF

WE CARRIED our treasure-trove to the cavern, and had the happiness of restoring all four men to life. In reality it was hunger, nothing but hunger, which had reduced the poor fellows to the semblance of death.

On February 9, 1828, the crew of the *Jane*, having no reason to doubt the good faith of the population of Ts'alal Island, disem-

barked, to visit the village of Klock-Klock, taking the dog Tiger with them.

On reaching the narrow gorge leading to the village, the little company divided, Arthur Pym, Dirk Peters, and Allen entering a cleft in the hill-side. Their companions never saw them again.

Shortly afterwards the whole face of the hill collapsed, apparently burying William Guy and his twenty-eight companions.

Twenty-two of these wretched men were crushed to death on the instant, and their bodies irretrievably buried under that mass of earth.

Seven, including William Guy miraculously sheltered in the depth of a great cleft of the hill, had survived the catastrophe. As for Tiger, they did not know whether he had perished in the landslip, or whether he had escaped. In that side of the hill, as in the other, there were a number of winding passages, and it was by crawling along these in the darkness that William Guy and his companions reached a cavity open to the light of day. From this shelter they beheld the attack on the *Jane*, culminating in the looting of the ship by the savages, and finally the explosion which killed many of them and destroyed the ship.

Too-Wit and the other islanders had no reason to suppose that any of the crew had survived the cleverly contrived collapse of the hill. Arthur Pym and Dirk Peters on the one side, and William Guy and his companions on the other, were therefore left undisturbed in the labyrinths of Klock-Klock, where they fed on the flesh of whatever sea-birds they could catch and on the fruit of the trees growing on the hillsides. They made fire by rubbing together pieces of wood.

Unlike Arthur Pym and the half-breed, who a week later managed to leave their hiding-place, secure a boat, and abandon Tsalal Island, William Guy and his companions found no chance to escape.

After they had been shut up in the labyrinth for twenty-one days, the birds on which they lived began to run short, and they realized that their only hope of escaping hunger—they need not fear thirst, as there was a spring of fresh water inside the hill—was to go down again to the coast, lay hands on some native boat, and put to sea. Where were they to go, and what was to become of them without food? Although they could not answer these questions they would not have hesitated to make the attempt if they could have had a few hours of darkness; but at that season the sun did not set.

Death would probably have put an end to their sufferings had not the situation unexpectedly changed.

On February 22, William Guy and Patterson were in the entrance to the cave. They no longer knew how to provide for the wants of seven persons, already suffering from the want of food. They could see large turtles crawling on the beach, but how could they venture to go down there, with hundreds of natives coming and going and continually uttering their cry of *tekeh-lu*!

Suddenly the whole crowd became violently agitated: men, women and children were running wildly about and some of them were even taking to their boats as though threatened by some great danger.

What was happening?

William Guy and his companions very soon learned. The cause of the tumult was the appearance of some unknown animal, a terrible beast, which was charging into the midst of the islanders, snapping at them and biting them indiscriminately, and springing at their throats with a hoarse growling.

And yet the infuriated animal was alone, and might easily have been killed by stones or arrows. So why did a crowd of savages manifest such abject terror? Why were they taking to flight? Why did they seem unable to defend themselves against this solitary beast?

The animal was white, and hence the very sight of it had produced that inexplicable terror of whiteness shared by all the natives of Tsalal.

To their intense surprise. William Guy and his companions recognized the strange animal as the dog Tiger.

Yes! Tiger had escaped from the crumbling mass of the hill and made off into the interior of the island, whence he had returned to Klock-Klock, to spread terror among the natives. But Tiger was no mere phantom foe, he was the most dangerous and deadly of enemies, for the poor animal had developed madness, and his bite was fatal.

This was why the islanders were taking to flight that was why they had abandoned their island, never to return.

Although the boats had carried off most of the population, many were still left on Tsalal, having no means of escape, and their fate was at hand. Several of the natives whom Tiger had bitten developed hydrophobia, and attacked the others. Fearful scenes followed; they can be summed up briefly the horrors we had seen were those of the wretched savages, which had lain there bleaching for eleven years!

The poor dog had died, after he had done his fell work, in a corner on the beach, where Dirk Peters had found his skeleton and the collar bearing the name of Arthur Pym.

Then, after the last of the natives had perished, William Guy, and his companions ventured out of the labyrinth, where they were on the verge of death by starvation.

What sort of existence had they led during the eleven years that followed?

On the whole, it was more endurable than might have been supposed. The natural products of an extremely fertile soil and the presence of some domestic animals secured them against want of food; they had only to make out the best practicable shelter for themselves and wait for an opportunity of getting away from the island with as much patience as they could muster. And whence could such an opportunity come? Only from the aid of Providence.

Captain William Guy and his companions descended the ravine, which was half filled with the collapsed hill-face, amid heaps of scoria and blocks of black granite. They tried to explore the fissure into which Arthur Pym, Dirk Peters, and Allen had turned, but found it blocked up. Then they made their home in a cave, very like the one we had occupied on the coast of Halbrane Land.

And it was here that, during long, hopeless years, the seven survivors of the *Jane* had lived, as we were about to do ourselves, though under better conditions, for the fertility of Tsalal furnished them with resources unknown to Halbrane Land. We were condemned to perish when our provisions should be exhausted, but they could have waited indefinitely—as indeed they did.

They had never doubted that the other three had perished, though this was true only of Allen. How, indeed, could they ever have imagined that Pym and the half-breed had got hold of a boat and escaped from Tsalal Island?

As William Guy explained, no incident occurred to break the monotony of eleven years—not even the reappearance of the islanders, who were kept away from Tsalal by superstitious terror. No danger, indeed, had threatened them, but, of course, they had gradually lost the hope of ever being rescued. At first, when the fine season returned, when the sea was reopened, they had thought it possible that a ship would be sent in search of the *Jane*. But after four or five years they relinquished the hope.

Then at last one of their number had failed to return to the cavern. They called, they waited, they searched for him. All was

in vain. He did not reappear; no doubt he had been drowned. He was never more seen by his fellow-exiles.

This was Patterson, William Guy's faithful companion.

Now, what William Guy had not known, but what we told him, was that Patterson—in what circumstances now would never be known—had been carried away on the surface of an ice-block, at last to die of hunger. And on that iceblock, which had travelled as far as Prince Edward Island, the boatswain had found his half-decomposed body.

When William Guy learned how we had found Patterson's body, and how it was that the notes in his pocket-book had brought us into the Antarctic, he hid his face in his hands and wept.

Five months after the disappearance of Patterson in the middle of October, Tsalal Island was laid waste from coast to coast by an earthquake. William Guy and his companions must soon have perished on its barren remnants, which could no longer give them food. Had not a means of leaving its coast now merely an expanse of tumbled rocks, been afforded them almost miraculously. Two days after the earthquake the current carried ashore within a few hundred yards of their cavern, a boat which had drifted from the islands on the south-west.

Without delay the boat was laden with as much of the remaining provisions as it would hold, and the six men embarked in it, bidding *adieu* for ever to the now uninhabitable land.

Unfortunately, a strong breeze was blowing, it was impossible to resist it, and the boat was driven southwards by that very current which carried our iceberg to Halbranc Land.

For two months and a half these poor fellows were borne across the open sea, unable to control their course. It was not until January 2, that they sighted land—east of the Jane Sound.

Their boat had gone ashore far to the south-east of us. But how different was this coast from that of Tsalal Island, nothing but sand and stones, neither trees, shrubs, nor plants of any kind. Their provisions were almost exhausted, and another two of them had died.

The survivors decided not to wait a day longer in this place where they were doomed to die of hunger. They embarked in the boat with the last remnants of their food and once more abandoned themselves to the current.

After they had drifted across this unknown deep for some weeks their resources were completely exhausted. They had not eaten for forty-eight hours, when the boat, with its occupants

lying inanimate at the bottom of it, was sighted from Halbrane Land. And so in this remote corner of the world the two brothers were at last reunited.

CHAPTER XXVI

"WE WERE THE FIRST"

TWO DAYS later not one of the survivors from the two schooners, the *Jane* and the *Halbrane*, remained upon the Antarctic coast.

On February 21, 1840, at six in the morning, the boat, with her crew of thirteen all told, left the creek and doubled the point of Halbrane Land.

Our boat was one of those used by the natives of Tsalal; one of their strongly built pirogues, forty feet long, six feet wide and propelled by several paddles. We called out little craft the *Paracuta*, after a fish which abounds in these waters, and we carved upon the gunwhale a crude representation of that fish.

I must stress the fact that not a single scrap of iron entered into her construction, not so much as a nail or a bolt, for that metal was entirely unknown to the Tsalal islanders. The planks were bound together by a sort of liana, or creeping-plant, and caulked with moss steeped in pitch, which contact with the seawater turned into a substance as hard as metal.

The greater part of the *Halbrane's* cargo was left in our cavern, fully protected from the weather, for the use of any shipwrecked people who might chance to be thrown on the coast. The boatswain had planted a spar on top of this slope to attract attention. But, our two schooners notwithstanding, what vessel would ever venture into such latitudes?

At seven Halbrane Land lay five miles behind us, and in the evening we gradually lost sight of its heights. The breeze blew steadily from the south, and we did not meet with any unfavourable current in Jane Sound. By paddling when the wind fell, we kept up the speed necessary for us to reach the Pacific Ocean fairly quickly.

The desolate aspect of the land was unchanged, but the strait was already partly obstructed by the icepacks, some of which were as much as 200 feet long, as well as by icebergs. Though we easily avoided them, we found it disquieting that they were

all drifting towards the ice-barrier, for they might close the leads which otherwise might well be open at this season.

The further Dirk Peters was carried away from the places where he had found no trace of his poor Pym the more silent he became, and at last he no longer even answered me when I spoke to him.

Since passing the South Pole we had been in the eastern hemisphere, so we had to abandon all hope of either touching at the Falklands, or of finding whaling-ships off the Sandwich Islands, the South Orkneys, or South Georgia.

Our voyage proceeded without incident for ten days. Our little craft was perfectly seaworthy, although as I have pointed out, not a scrap of iron had a place in her construction, nor had it once been necessary to repair her seams. To be sure, the sea was smooth—the surface of its long, rolling waves was hardly ruffled.

On March 10, our latitude was $7^{\circ} 13'$ and our speed averaged 30 miles a day. If it could be kept up for three weeks, there was every chance of our finding the leads open, and being able to get through the iceberg barrier; and also that the whalers might not yet have left the fishing-grounds.

The sun was on the horizon, and the time was approaching when the Antarctic would be shrouded in night. Fortunately, in re-ascending northwards we were getting into waters whence light was not yet banished.

Then we perceived a phenomenon as extraordinary as any of those described by Arthur Pym. For three or four hours sparks, accompanied by a sharp crackling noise, shot out of our fingers' ends, our hair, and our beards. There came an electric snowstorm, with great flakes falling loosely, their contact producing this strange luminosity. The sea rose so suddenly and trembled all so wildly that the *Paracuta* was several times in danger of being swamped by the waves, but at last we got safely through the mystic-seeming tempest.

Thenceforth the light was very dim. Frequent mists came up and bounded our outlook to a few cable-lengths. Extreme watchfulness and caution were needed to avoid collision with the floating masses of ice, which were travelling more slowly than ourselves.

Towards the south, the sky was frequently lit up by the broad and brilliant rays of the Aurora.

The temperature fell perceptibly, and no longer rose above 23° .

Forty-eight hours later Captain Len Guy and his brother succeeded with great difficulty in taking our approximate bearings, which were $75^{\circ} 17'$ south and $118^{\circ} 3'$ east. So now, on March 12, the *Paracuta* was distant only 400 miles from the Antarctic Circle.

During the night a thick fog came on, and the breeze fell—regrettably, for this increased the risk of collision with the floating ice. In these waters fog was only to be expected, but what did surprise us was the gradual increase in the speed of our boat, although the falling of the wind ought to have lessened it.

This increase of speed could not be due to the current, for we were travelling faster than it was.

These conditions lasted until morning, without our being able to account for them; but, about ten o'clock, the mist began to disperse. The coast on the west reappeared—a rocky coast, without a mountainous background; the *Paracuta* was running parallel with it.

And then, no more than a quarter of a mile away, we beheld a gigantic mound, towering to a height of three hundred feet above the plain, and with a circumference of from two to three hundred feet. In its strange form it resembled an enormous sphinx; the body upright, the paws outstretched, crouching in the attitude of the winged monster which Grecian Mythology has placed upon the road to Thebes.

Was this a living animal, a gigantic monster, a mastodon a thousand times the size of those enormous elephants of the polar seas whose remains are still found in the ice? In our frame of mind we might have believed that it was such a creature, and believed too that the mastodon was about to hurl itself on our little craft and crush her to atoms.

After a few moments of unreasoning and unreasonable fright, we realized that the strange object was nothing more than a huge strangely-shaped mound, and that the mist had just rolled off its head, leaving it to stand out and confront us.

But our attention was arrested, our surprise, even our alarm, evoked, by phenomena even stranger than this.

I have already said that the speed of the *Paracuta* was gradually increasing; it became excessive, outstripping the current itself. Now, suddenly, the grapnel that had belonged to the *Halbrane* and had been lying in the bows, flew from its place as though drawn by some irresistible power, straining the rope that held it to breaking point. As it grazed the surface of the water it seemed to be towing us towards the shore.

"What's happening?" cried William Guy.

"~~Cut~~ away, Boatswain, cut away!" shouted West, "or we'll be dragged into the rocks."

Hurliguerly hurried to the bow to cut the rope. But the knife he held was suddenly snatched out of his hand, the rope broke, and the grapnel shot off like a projectile towards the sphinx.

At the same moment, all the articles made of iron or steel—cooking utensils, arms, Endicott's stove, our knives, which were torn from our pockets—similarly took flight in the same direction, while the boat, quickening its speed, brought up against the beach.

No sooner had we landed than our attention was diverted by the sight of another boat lying wrecked upon the sand.

"The *Halbrane's* boat!" cried Hurliguerly.

It was indeed the boat which Hearne had stolen, and it was simply smashed to pieces; the formless wreckage of a craft flung by the sea against the rocks.

We at once noticed that all the boat's ironwork had disappeared, down to the rudder hinges. There remained not one trace of the metal.

What could be the meaning of this.

A shout from West brought us to a beach somewhat to our right.

Three corpses lay upon the stony soil—of Hearne, of Martin Holt, and of one of the Falklands men.

Of the thirteen who had gone with the sealing-master, there remained only these three, and they had evidently been dead for some days.

What had become of the ten missing men? Had their bodies been carried out to sea?

We searched in vain. Nothing was to be found, no trace of a camp, not even the slightest indication of a landing.

"Their boat," William Guy surmised, "must have been struck by a drifting iceberg. The other men must have been drowned, and only these three bodies have come ashore,"

"But," asked the boatswain, "how can we account for the state the boat is in?"

"And especially," added West, "the way all the iron has vanished?"

"It certainly looks," I agreed, "as though every bit of it has been violently torn off."

Leaving the *Paracuta* in the charge of two men, we went on to extend our search further.

As we were approaching the huge mound the mist cleared away, and the form stood out more clearly than ever. It was, as I have said, almost that of a sphinx—a dusky-hued sphinx, as though the material of which it consisted had been oxidized by the polar climate.

And then a possibility flashed into my mind, an hypothesis which explained these amazing events.

“Ah!” I exclaimed, “a loadstone! That’s it! A magnet with tremendous attractive power!”

The others understood, and thus this final catastrophe, to which Hearne and his companions were the victims, was explained with terrible clearness.

The Antarctic Sphinx was simply a colossal magnet. Under its influence the iron fastenings of the *Halbrane’s* boat had been torn out and hurled forward as though by a catapult. This was the occult force that had irresistibly attracted everything made of iron on the *Paracuta*. And our boat itself would have shared the fate of the *Halbrane’s* had any of that metal been used in its construction. Was it, then the proximity of the magnetic pole that produced such effects?

At first we thought this idea feasible, but on reflection we rejected it.

In two places, on the opposite sides of the earth where the magnetic meridians cross, their only effect is the vertical position of the magnetized needle. This effect, already observed at the North Magnetic Pole, must also be produced in the south.

Yet there existed a magnet of prodigious strength that produced the zone of attraction which we had entered. Under our eyes one of those surprising effects, hitherto classed as a fable, had actually been produced.

To me it seemed that the explanation lay along these lines: the Trade Winds bring towards the south a continual series of clouds heavily charged with electricity which has not fully discharged itself in storms. This electrical energy accumulates at the magnetic poles, from which it flows outwards as a current; this gives rise to the Auroras which shine so brilliantly during the long polar nights and are occasionally visible even in the temperate zones.

These continuous currents around the poles, which so bewilder our compasses, must be extremely powerful, and if a mass of iron were subjected to their action it would be converted into a magnet whose strength would be proportional to the number of turns in the lodes which led up to it and to the square root of its own

diameter. And, in fact, the volume of the sphinx which upreared its mystic form upon this outer edge of the southern lands might be calculated by thousands of cubic yards.

Now, for the current to circulate around the sphinx and transform it into a magnet by induction, what would be needed? Nothing but a metallic lode, winding deep into the ground and connected with the base of the mass of iron.

Our compass would not enable us to determine whether the marvel before our eyes really stood at the south magnetic pole. All I can say is, that this needle wavered about, helpless and useless. And indeed the exact position of the Antarctic Sphinx mattered as little as the composition of the artificial loadstone, or the method by which the clouds and metallic lode generated its attractive power.

This, I felt instinctively, was the explanation. Certainly it could not be doubted that we were in the neighbourhood of a magnet whose attraction had produced these terrible but strictly natural effects.

"There's no danger in going to the foot of the mound, I suppose," asked Captain Len Guy.

"None," I replied.

"There—yes—there!"

I could not describe the impression those three words made upon us. Edgar Poe would have said that they were three cries from the depths of the underworld.

It was Dirk Peters who had spoken, and his body was inclined forward towards the sphinx, as though it had been turned to iron and was attracted by the magnet.

Then he sped swiftly towards it, and we hastened after him over the rough ground, strewn with volcanic fragments.

The monster grew larger as we neared it, but lost none of its mythological shape. Lonely on that vast plain it produced a sense of awe. And—but this could only have been a delusion—we seemed to be drawn towards it by its magnetic attraction.

On reaching its base, we found the various articles on which the magnet had exerted its power; arms, utensils, the *Paracuta's* grapple, all adhering to the monster's sides. There too was all the iron from the *Halbrane's* boat, all her utensils, arms and fittings, even to her nails and the iron fastenings of her rudder.

There was no possibility of resuming possession of any of them. Even were they not held against the loadstone at too great a height to be reached, they adhered to it too closely to be detached. Hurliguerly was infuriated at the impossibility of recovering his knife,

which he perceived fifty feet above his head. Shaking his clenched fist at the imperturbable monster he cried :

"Thief of a sphinx !"

Naturally the articles which had belonged to the *Halbrane's* boat and the *Paracuta* were the only ones to adorn the mighty sides of the lonely mystic form. Never had any ship reached such a latitude in the Antarctic. We were the first who had trodden this part of the southern continent. And any vessel that might have approached this colossal magnet would have met with certain destruction. Our schooner must have perished, even as its boat had been dashed into a shapeless wreck.

West now reminded us that it was imprudent to stay too long upon this Land of the Sphinx—as it deserved to be named. Time pressed, and a few days' delay might force us to winter on the ice-barrier.

The order to return to the beach had just been given, when the voice of the half-breed was heard once more :

"There ! There ! There !"

We followed the sounds to the back of the monster's right paw. There we found Dirk Peters on his knees, with his arms outstretched towards a body, almost naked but preserved intact by the cold of these regions, and as rigid as iron. The head was bent, a white beard hung down to the waist, the nails of the feet and hands resembled claws.

How was this body held against the rock six feet above the ground ?

Across the body, held in place by its cross-belt, we saw the twisted barrel of a musket half-eaten away by rust.

"Pym—my poor Pym !" groaned Dirk Peters.

He tried to rise, to approach and kiss the ossified corpse. But his knees bent under him, a strangled sob seemed to rend his throat, with a terrible spasm his faithful heart broke, and the half-breed fell back—dead !

The story was easy to read. After their separation, the boat had carried Arthur Pym through these Antarctic regions. Like us, once he had passed beyond the south pole he came into the zone of the monster ! And there, while his boat was swept along northwards by the current, he was seized by the magnetic field before he could free himself from the musket slung over his shoulder, and he had been hurled against that fatal loadstone, the Sphinx of the Ice-realm.

Now the faithful half-breed rests under the clay of the Land of the Antarctic Mystery, by the side of his "poor Pym", that

hero whose strange adventures found a chronicler no less strange in the great American poet !

CHAPTER XXVII

A HANDFUL OF SURVIVORS

THAT SAME day, in the afternoon, the *Paracuta* sailed away from the coast of the Land of the Sphinx.

By the death of Dirk Peters, our number was reduced to twelve. These were all who remained of the crew of the two schooners, the first numbering thirty-eight, the second, thirty-two; seventy souls in all. But let us not forget that the *Halbranes* voyage was to fulfil a duty to humanity, and to this the *Jane's* survivors owed their rescue.

And now there remains but little to tell. No need to dwell upon our return voyage which was favoured by the constant currents and wind; its last part was indeed accomplished amid great fatigue, suffering, and danger, but it ended in our safe deliverance.

A few days after we left the Land of the Sphinx, the sun set behind the western horizon to reappear no more for the winter. It was thenceforward in the semi-darkness of the austral night that the *Paracuta* pursued her monotonous course. True, the Southern Lights often appeared; but they were not the sun, and their capricious splendour could not replace his unchanging light. That long darkness sheds a moral and physical influence, a gloomy and overwhelming impression almost impossible to resist.

Of all the *Paracuta's* passengers, the boatswain and Endicott especially preserved their habitual good-humour; both alike were unaffected by our weariness and the peril. West, too, was ever ready to face every emergency, and was always on the alert. As for the two brothers Guy, their happiness in being restored to one another made them oblivious of our anxieties and risks.

Of Hurliguerly I cannot speak too highly. He proved himself a thoroughly good fellow, and it raised our drooping spirits to hear him repeat in his jolly voice :

"We shall get to port all right, my friends, be sure of that. And if you only reckon things up, you will see that we have had more

good luck than bad. Oh, yes, I know, there was the loss of our schooner! Poor *Halbrane*, carried up into the air like a balloon, then flung into the deep like an avalanche! But, on the other hand, there was the iceberg which brought us to the coast, and the *Tsalal* boat which brought us and Captain William Guy and his three companions together. And don't forget the current and the breeze that have pushed us on up to now, and will keep pushing us on, I'm sure of that. With so many trumps in our hand we can't possibly lose the game. The only thing I'm sorry for is that we shall have to land in Australia or New Zealand, instead of anchoring at the Kerguelens, in front of the 'Green Cormorant'."

For a week we pursued our northwards course without deviation to east or west, and it was not until March 21 that we lost sight of *Halbrane* Land, whose coast had a north-easterly trend.

Although the waters were still open, they carried a flotilla of icebergs and icefields. Hence arose serious difficulties and dangers in the midst of the dense fog, when we had to manoeuvre, either to find a lead or to keep our little craft from being crushed.

Moreover, Captain Len Guy could no longer ascertain his position. The sun being absent, it was impossible to take bearings, and the *Paracuta* abandoned herself to the current, which invariably bore us northward. By dead reckoning, however, we concluded that on March 27 our boat was between the 69th and the 68th parallels—only about 70 miles from the Antarctic Circle.

Ah! If no obstacle existed, the *Paracuta* might get out of the austral seas in a few days. But soon the ice-barrier would confront us and unless we could find a lead we should have to try to go round it either by east or west.

Once we had cleared it indeed. . . .

Ah! The barrier once cleared, we should be in a frail craft upon the terrible Pacific Ocean, at the period when its tempests rage with redoubled fury and the stoutest ships dread the might of its waves.

We decided not to think of this. Heaven would aid us, and some vessel would be sure to pick us up. This the boatswain asserted confidently, and we had to believe him.

For six whole days, the *Paracuta* held her course along the ice-barrier, whose crest towered 800 feet above sea-level. Its ends were not visible either to east or west, and if our boat did not find an open channel we could not clear it. By a most fortunate chance we found one, on April 2, though to traverse it required all the zeal, skill, and courage of our crew.

At last we were in the South Pacific, but our boat had suffered severely, and had sprung more than one leak. We were kept busy baling out the water.

The breeze was gentle, the sea more calm than we could have hoped, and the real danger was that not a ship was visible, not a whaler on the fishing grounds. Early in April these are forsaken, and we had arrived some weeks too late.

No ship, then, was in those waters; so that, when our nut-shell *Paracuta* was "alone on a lone, lone sea" beyond the ice-barrier, we were forced to believe that there was no longer any hope of our being rescued.

We were fifteen hundred miles away from the nearest land and winter was only a month old!

Hurliguerly himself had to admit that the last chance had failed us.

On April 6 we were at the end of our resources; the sea became threatening, and our boat seemed likely to be swallowed up in the angry waves.

"A ship!" cried the boatswain, and we made out a vessel about four miles to the north-east, beneath the slowly-clearing mist.

Signals were made, and seen; the ship lowered her largest boat and sent it to our rescue.

She was the *Tasman*, an American three-master, from Charles-town, and we were received with as eager welcome and cordiality as though we had been the captain's own fellow countrymen.

She had come from the Falkland Islands, where the captain had learned that seven months earlier the schooner *Halbrane* had gone south in search of the survivors of the *Jane*. But as the season advanced and she had not returned she had been given up for lost.

Fifteen days after our rescue the *Tasman* disembarked the survivors at Melbourne, and it was there that our men were paid the sums so hardly earned and so well deserved.

The maps then showed us that the *Paracuta* had emerged into the Pacific from between the land called Clarie by Dumont d'Urville, and that called Fabricia, discovered in 1838 by Bellenny.

Thus terminated this adventurous and extraordinary expedition, which had cost, alas, too many victims. Our last word is that although the chances and the necessities of our voyage had carried us farther towards the south pole than any of our predecessors,

although we had actually passed beyond the earth's axis, discoveries of great value still remain to be made in those waters.

Arthur Pym, the hero whom Edgar Poe has made so famous, has shown the way. It is for others to follow, and to wrest the last Antarctic Mystery from the Sphinx of the Ice-realm.

EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT

THE IDEA of a Magnetic Mountain which wrecks all ships that approach it, either by ripping away their iron fittings, or by attracting them bodily to crash against its lodestone cliffs, is centuries old. It appears in certain versions of *Sinbad the Sailor*, and is even illustrated, somewhere in the vicinity of the North Pole, on certain antique maps. The quest for the North-West Passage dispelled this idea, so far as the North Pole was involved; and when the North Magnetic Pole was reached it displayed no special features except its action upon the magnetic needle, making it point vertically downwards. So the romancers were free to place the Mountain in that rumoured land of marvels, the *Terra Australis Incognita* of the Antipodes—until the discovery of the South Magnetic Pole beneath the Antarctic Ice.

This mountain, dimly looming through the mists, buried in snow and gleaming with a covering of frozen rain, might well appear to the nerve-strained mind of Pym as that cryptic "shrouded human figure" whose appearance ends the *Narrative*, especially if, as Jeorling suggests, he were subject to hallucinations. Such certainly seems to be the idea which Verne had in mind.

Verne's attempt to explain such a mountain as being due to the action of the Trade Winds on a contorted lode of magnetic iron ore with its crest towering above the ground, is ingenious if perhaps a little cryptic. With this he combined another belief venerable only by reason of its antiquity, that if a corpse should be preserved from decay its hair and beard, as well as the nails of its fingers and toes, would continue to grow indefinitely. This, as might well be supposed, had already inspired several occult and horror stories; it was reserved for the practical-minded Verne to weave it into science fiction.

